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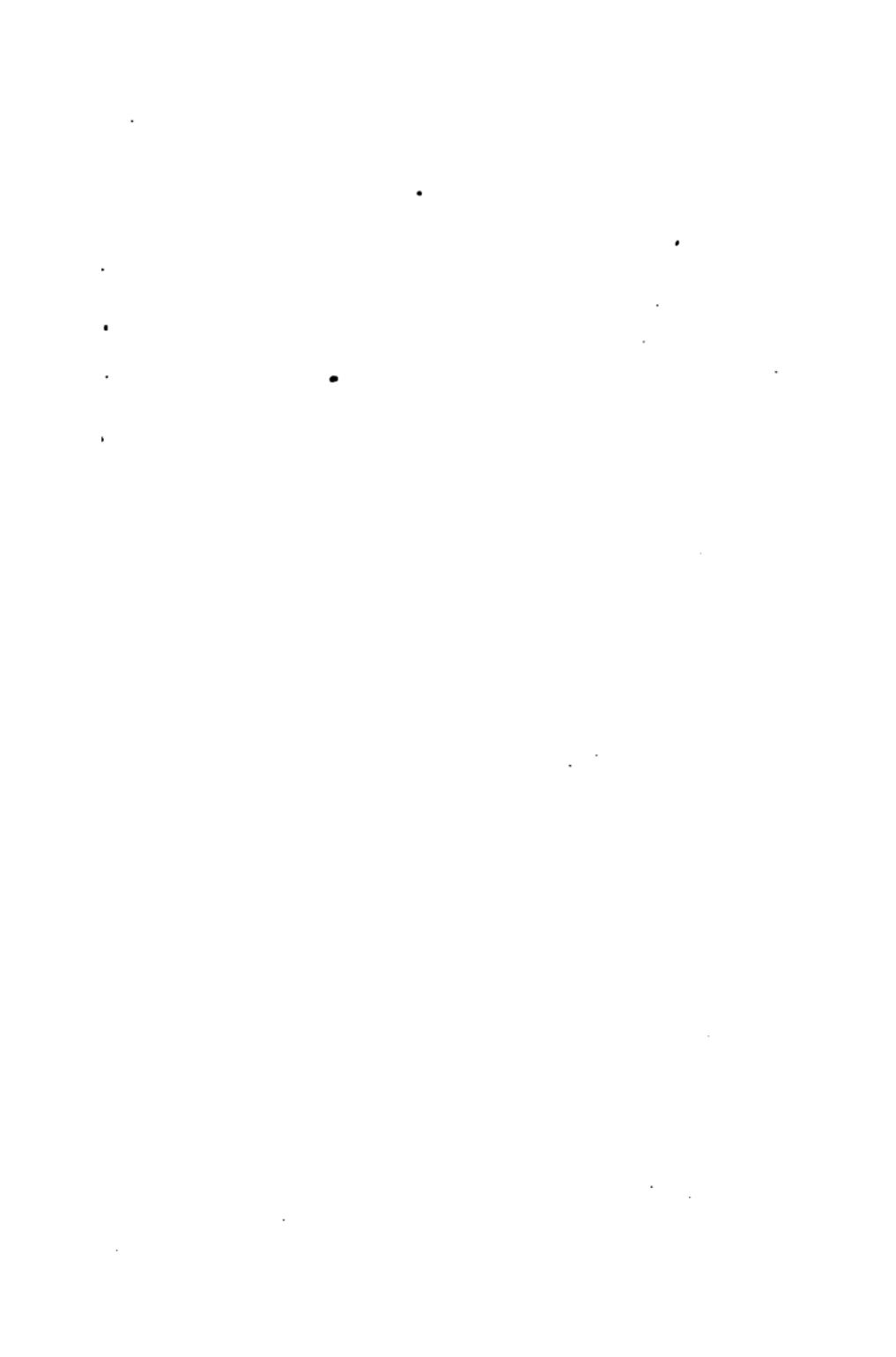
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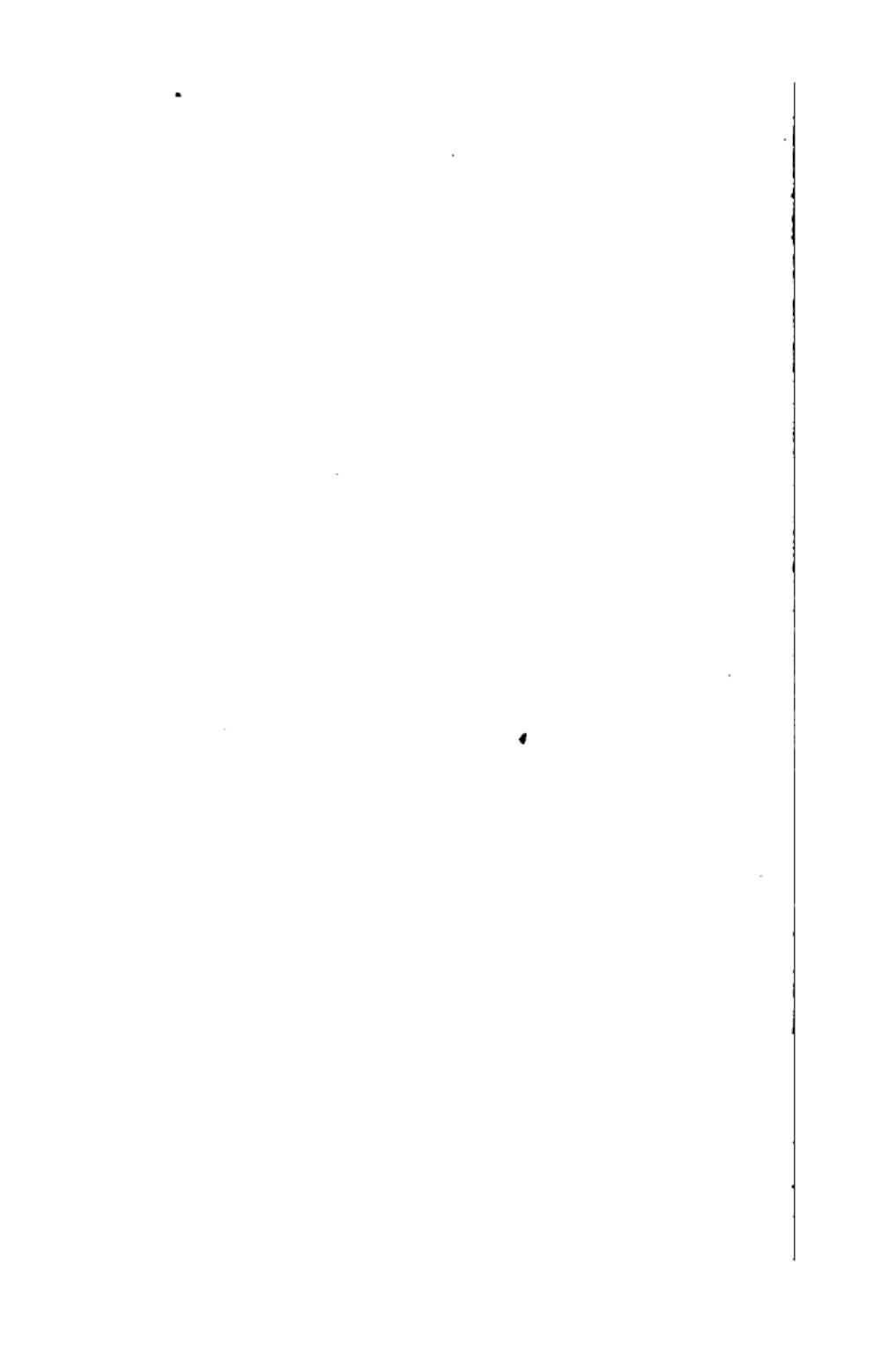
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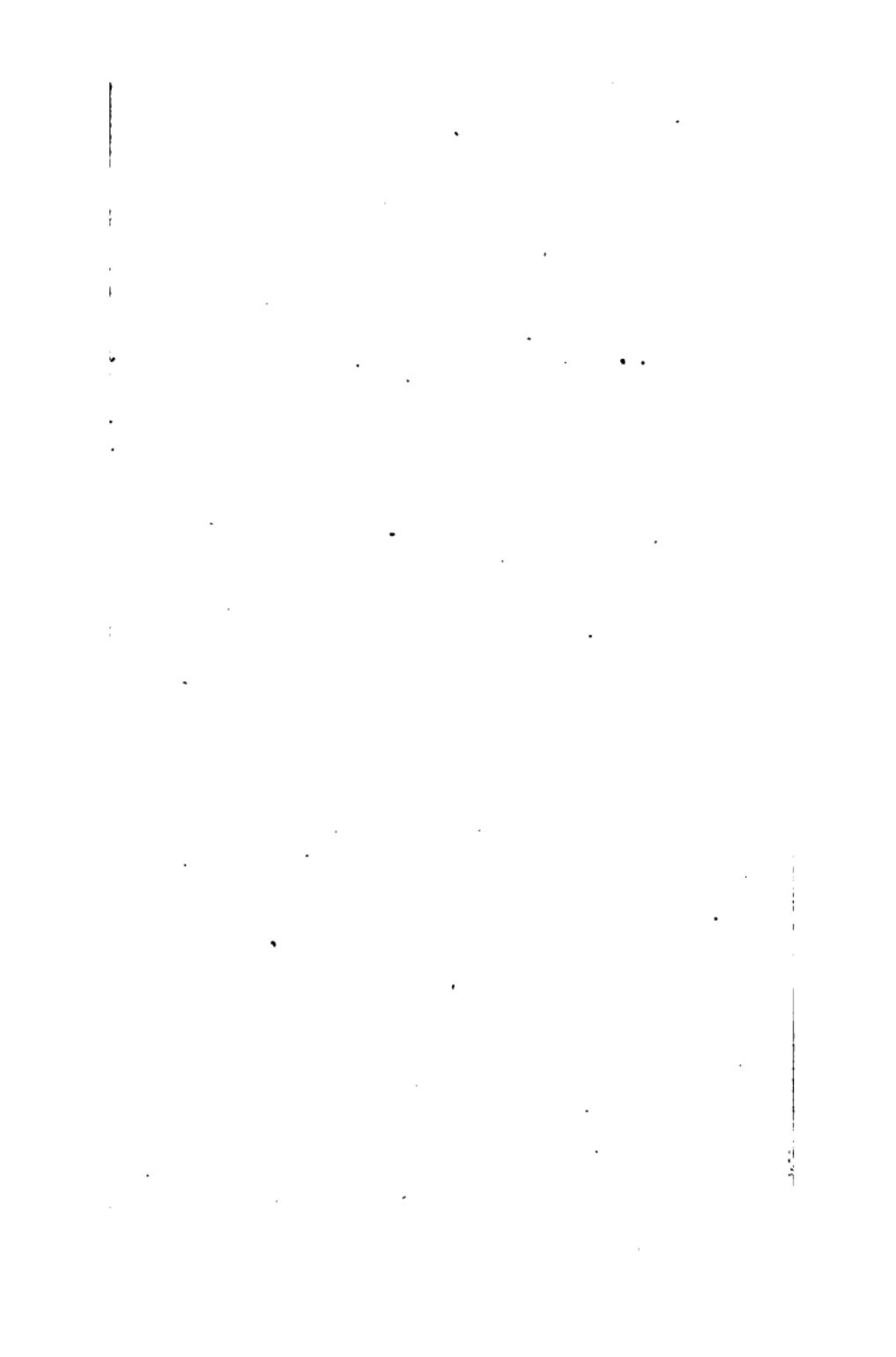


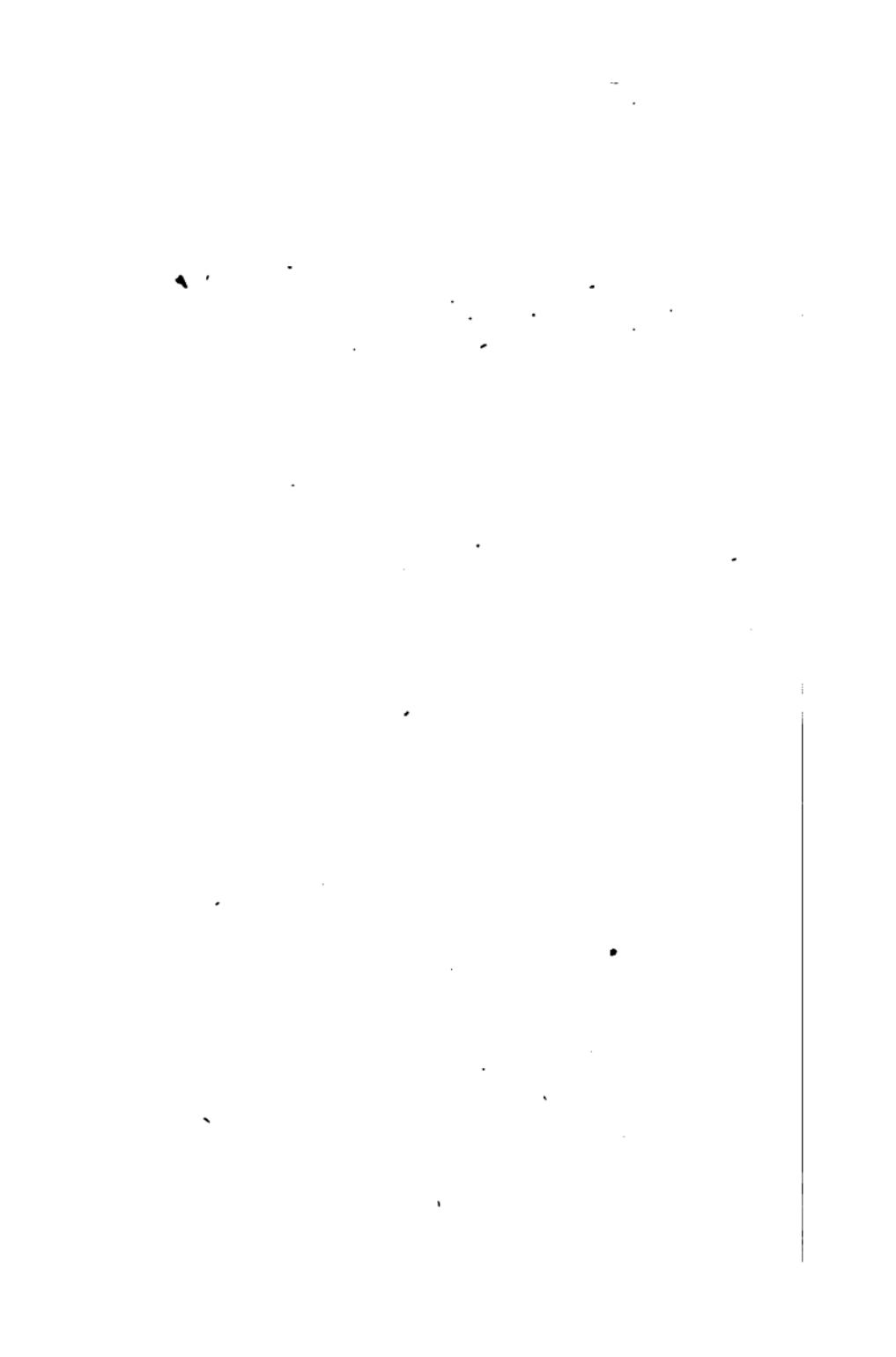
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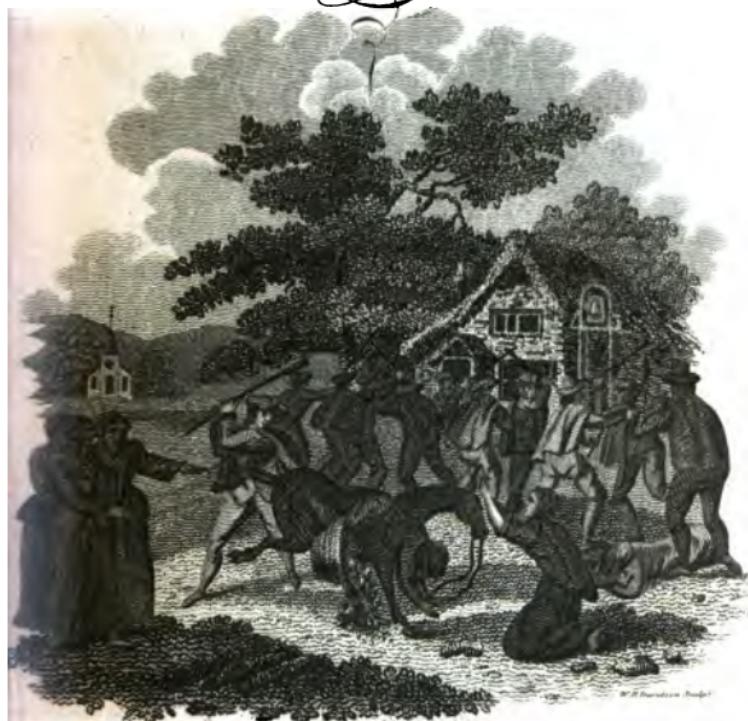






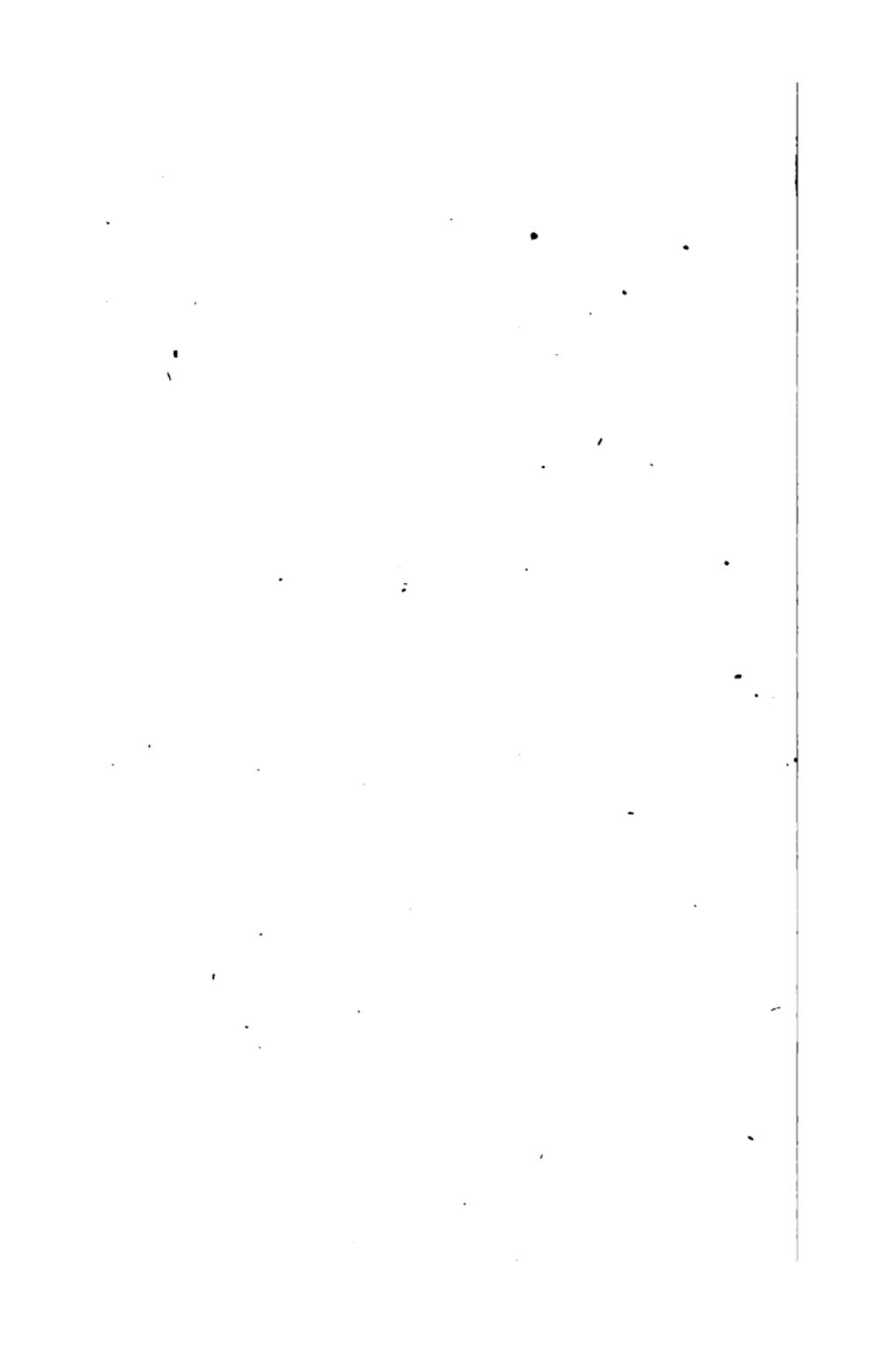


THE
BRITISH
MASTER.
VOL II.



*He stert to his gray meir,
And aff he tumblit the crulis.*

Published by Thos. Blackie & Co. Glasgow, and J. Ballantyne & Co. Edinburgh.





THE

BRITISH MINSTREL;

A SELECTION OF

BALLADS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

WITH

NOTES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY

JOHN STRUTHERS,

Author of the Poor Man's Sabbath, Peasant's Death, &c. &c.

“ Consider them warily, read afterer than anis,
Weel at ane blink slic poetry not tane is.”

Gawin Douglas.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

—
LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE COWIE, & CO.;

And Sold by

W. BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH; AND T. OGILVIE, GLASGOW.

1822.

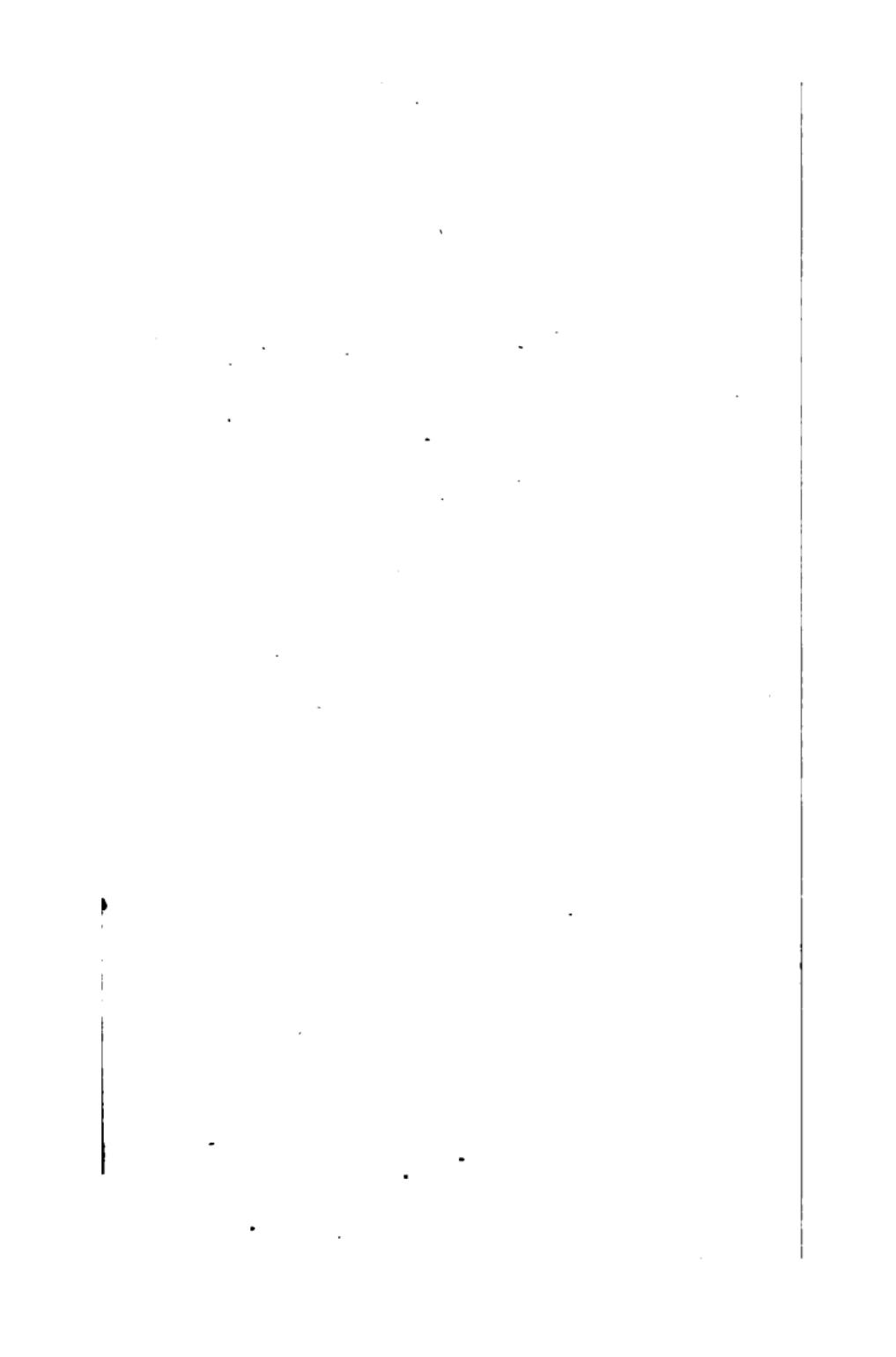
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BALLADS.





HARDY KNUTE.



W. R. Darlington Sculp.

*The wounded Knight reply'd,
Kind Chieftain, your intent pursue
For here I marn abide.*

Published by Constable, Blackie & Co., Glasgow, and A. Fullerton & Co., Edinburgh.

THE
British Minstrel.

HARDYKNUTE.

PART I.

STATELY sttep he east the ha,
And stately sttep he west;
Full sevnty yeirs he now had sene,
With scerce sevin yeirs of rest.
He livit whan Britons breach of faith
Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,
And ay his sword tauld to their cost
He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And gudely chambers fair to see,
Whare he lodgit mony a knicht.
His dame sae peirles anes, and fair,
For chaste, and bewtie, shene,
Nae marrow had in a' the land,
Save Emengard the quene.

Full thirtein sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout,
In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;

Four yit remeind ; lang mote they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Greit luv they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister saft and deir,
 Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
 And gowdin glist her hair.
 What waefou wae her bewtie bred !
 Waefou to young and auld,
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse, in summer tide,
 Puft up with pouir aod micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
 Wi mony a hardie knight.
 The tidings to our gude Scots king
 Came as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs, in braive aray,
 Drinking the bluid-red wyne.

“ To horse, to horse, my royal liege ?
 “ Your faes stand on the strand ;
 “ Full twenty thousand glittering speirs
 “ The chiefs of Norse command.
 “ Bring me my steid Mage dapple gray.”
 Our gude king raise and cryd :
 A trustier beist in all the land,
 A Scots king nevir seyd.
 “ Gae, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 “ Wha lives on hill sae hie,
 “ To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 “ And haste and follow me.”
 The little page flew swift as dart,
 Flung by his master’s arm ;
 ‘ Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,
 ‘ And red your king frae harm.’

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheeks
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;

His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
 In danger grit to da.

He has tane a horn as green as grass,
 And gien five sounds sae shrill,

That trees in grene wode shake thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glie
 Had past the summer's morn;
 Whan lo ! down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their father's horn.

“ That horn,” quoth they, “ neir sounds in peace,
 ‘ We have other sport to bide;’
 And sune they hied them up the hill,
 And sune were at his side.

“ Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace
 “ To end my lengthened lyfe;

“ My age nicht well excuse my arm
 “ Frae manly feats of stryfe :

“ But now that Norse does proudly boast
 “ Fair Scotland to enthral,

“ It's neir be said of Hardyknute,
 “ He feird to ficht or fall.

“ Robin of Rothsay bend thy bow,
 “ Thy arrows shute sae leil,

“ That mony a comely countenance
 “ They've turn'd to deadly pale.

“ Braive Thomas taik ye but your lance,
 “ Ye neid nae weapons mair;

“ Gif ye fecht wi't, as ye did anes,
 “ Gaint Westmoreland's fierce heir.

“ And Malcolm, licht of fute as stag
 “ That runs in forest wilde,

“ Get me my thousands thrie of men
 “ Weil bred to sword and shield :

" Bring me my horse and harness,
 " My blade of metal clere."
 If faes but kend the hand it bare,
 They sune had fled for feir.

" Farewell my dame sae peirless gude,"
 And tuke her by the hand,
 " Fairer to me in age you seem
 " Than maids for bewtie famd :
 " My youngest son shall here remain,
 " To guard these stately touirs,
 " And shute the silver bolt that keips
 " Sae fast your painted bowers."

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
 And then her boddice grene;
 The silken cords of twirtle twist
 Were plet with silver shene;
 And apron set with mony a dyee
 Of neidle-wark sae rare,
 Wove by mae hand, as ye may guess,
 Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
 Owre hills and mony a gles,
 When he cam to a wounded knicht,
 Making a heavy mane :
 " Here maun I lye, here maun I dye
 " By treacheries fause gyles ;
 " Witless I was that eir gave faith
 " To wicked woman's smyles."
 " Sir knicht, gin ye were in my bouir,
 " To lean on silken seat,
 " My ladies kindlie care you'd pruve
 " Wha neir kend deidly hate ;
 " Hirsell wald watch ye all the day,
 " Hir maids at deid of night ;
 " And Fairly fair your heart would cheir,
 " As she stands in your sicht.

" Arise young knicht, and mount your steid,
 " Bricht lows the shynand day;

" Chuse frae my menzie wham ye pleise,
 " To leid ye on the way."

Wi smyless luik, and visage wan
 The wounded knicht replyd,

Kind chieftain your intent pursue,
 For heir I maun abide.

To me nae after day nor nicht
 ' Can eir be sweet or fair;

But sunne beneath sum draping tree,
 ' Cauld dethle sall end my care.'

Still him to win strave Hardyknute,
 Nor strave he lang in vain;

Short pleidng eithly nicht prevale,
 Him to his lure to gain.

I will return wi speid to bide,
 " Your plaint and mend your wae:

But private grudge maun neir be quelled,
 " Before our countries fae.

Mordac, thy eild may best be spaird
 " The fields of stryfe fraemang;

Convey Sir knicht to my abode,
 " And meise his egre pang."

Syne he has gane far hynd, out ower
 Lord Chattan's land sae wyde;

That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
 Whan faes his courage seyd:

Of Pictish race, by mother's side:
 Whan Picts ruled Caledon,

Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
 When he sav'd Pictish crown.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train
 He recht a rising hicht,

Whare brad encampit on the dale,
 Norse army lay in sicht;

" Yonder my valiant sons, full fierce
 " Our raging rievers wait,
 " On the unconquerit Scottish swaird
 " To try with us their fate.
 " Mak orisons to him that sav'd
 " Our souls upoa the rude;
 " Syne braively shaw your veins are fill'd
 " Wi Caledonian bluid."
 Then furth he drew his trustie glaive,
 While thousands all around,
 Drawn frae their sheiths glanc'd in the sun,
 And loud the bugils sound.
 To join his king, adown the hill
 In haste his anarcha he made,
 While playand pibrochs minstrals meit
 Afore him stately strade.
 • Thrise welcum, valiant stoup of weir
 ' Thy nation's shield and pride,
 • Thy king nae reasoun has to feir,
 ' Whan thou art by his side.
 Whan bows were bent, and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scerce cold they flie,
 The darts clave arrows as they met,
 Eir faes their dint mote drie.
 Lang did they rage, and fecht full fierce,
 Wi little skaith to man;
 But bluidy, bluidy was the feild
 Or that lang day was done !
 The king of Scots that sindle bruik'd
 The war that luik'd like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows seim'd but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothsay, ' Mine I'll keep,
 I wat its bleid a score.'
 " Haste up my merrie men," cry'd the king,
 As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
 Wi him to mense the faucht;
 But on his forehead there did licht,
 A sharp unsonsic shaft:
 As he his hand pat up to feil
 The wound, an arrow kein,
 O waefu chance! there pinnd his hand
 In midst atweene his eyne.

‘ Revenge! revenge! ’ cried Rothsay’s heir,
 ‘ Your mail-coat soll nocht bide
 ‘ The strength and sharpness of my dart,
 ‘ Whilk shared the riever’s aide.’
 Anither arrow weil he mark’d
 It pierc’d his neck in twa;
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He low as eard did fa.

‘ Sair bleids my liege! Sair, sair he bleids!
 Again with micht he drew,
 And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow;
 Fast the braid arrow flew:
 Wae to the knicht he ettled at;
 Lament now quene Elgreid;
 Hire dames to wail your darling’s fall,
 His youth, and comely meid.

‘ Tak aff, tak aff his costly jupe,’
 (Of gold well was it twin’d,
 Knit like the fowler’s net, through whilk
 His steily harnes shynd.)
 ‘ Beir Norse that gift frae me, and bid
 ‘ Him venge the bluid it weirs;
 ‘ Say if he face my bended bow
 ‘ He sure nae weapon feirs.’

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulder, and arms strong;
 Cry’d, ‘ Whare is Hardyknute sae fam’d,
 ‘ And feir’d at Britain’s throne?

‘ Tho’ Briton’s tremble at his name,
 ‘ I sune sall mak him wail,
 ‘ That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
 ‘ Sae saft his coat of mail.

That brag his stout heart could na bide,
 It leant him youthfu micht :
 “ I’m Hardyknute. This day,” he cryed,
 “ To Scotland’s king I hicht
 “ To lay thee low as horse’s hufe;
 “ My word I mean to keip :”
 Syne with the first dint eir he strake
 He gard his body bleid.

Norse eue like grey gosehawk staid wilde,
 He sich’d wi shaine and spyte ;
 ‘ Disgrac’d is now my far famd arun
 ‘ That left thee pouir to stryke.’
 Syne gied his helm a blow sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 Sae low as he to ladies us’d,
 In courtly gyse to lout.

Full sune he rais’d his bent body ;
 His bow he marveld sair,
 Sen blows till than on him but dar’d
 As touch of Fairly fair.
 Norse ferlied too as sair as he,
 To see his stately luik ;
 Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Whare, like a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae, wi’ luik enrag’d,
 Up towards him did prance.
 He spard his steid throuch thickest ranks
 The hardy youth to quell ;
 Wha stude unmuvit at his approach
 His furie to repell

‘ That short brown shaft, sae mainly trimd,
 ‘ Lukis like poor Scotland’s geir ;
 ‘ But dreadfu’ seims the rusty point !’
 And loud he leuch in jeir.
 “ Aft Britons blude has dim’d its shyne
 “ Its point cut short their vaunt.”
 Syne perc’d the boster’s bairded cheik
 Nae time he tuke to taunt.

Short while he in his sadil swang ;
 His stirrup was nae stay,
 But feible hang his unbent knie,
 Sure taken he was fey !
 Swyth on the harden’d clay he fell,
 Richt far was heard the thud ;
 But Thomas luk’d not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude.

Wi’ careless gesture, mind unmuv’d,
 On rade he north the plain
 His seim in peace, or fercest stryfe,
 Ay reckless, and the same,
 Nor yit his heart dames’ dimpled cheik
 Cold meise saft hivre to brník ;
 Till vengefu’ Ann retournd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his luke.

In throwis of dethe, wi’ wallowit cheik,
 All panting on the plain,
 The bleidin corps of warriours lay,
 Neir to arise again :
 Neir to return to native land ;
 Nae mair wi’ blythesum sounds
 To boast the glories of that day,
 And shaw their shynand wounds.

On Norway’s coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks wi’ teirs,
 May lang luke owr the shipes seas
 Before her mate appeirs.

Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lyes in the clay;
 The valiant Scots na rievers thole
 To carry lyfe away.

There on a lee, whar stands a cross
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu ferce, that summer's day,
 Fill'd kene wars black intent.
 Let Scots while Scots praise Hardyknute
 Let Norse the name aye dreid;
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
 Sall latest ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy shouir,
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
 Wan neir his stately touir:
 His touir that us'd wi torches bleise
 To shyne sae far at nicht
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid:
 Nae marvel sair he sich'd.

“ There's nae licht in my lady's bouir,
 “ There's nae licht in my ha;
 “ Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
 “ Nae ward stands on my wa.
 “ What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say.”
 Nae answer fits their dreid.
 “ Stand back my sons I'll be your gyde.”
 But by they past wi' speid.
 “ As fast I hae sped owr Scotland's faes—”
 There ceis'd his brag of weir,
 Sair sham'd to mind ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair.
 Black feir he felt, but wha to feir
 He wist nae: yit wi' dreid
 Sair shuke his body, sair his limbs
 And a the warriour fled.

PART II.

“ RETURN, return, ye men of bluid,
 “ And bring me back my chylde !”
 A dolefū voice frāe mid the ha
 Reculd, wi’ echoes wylde.
 Beстраught wi’ dule and dreid, nae pouir
 Had Hardyknute at a’ ;
 Full thrise he raught his ported speir,
 And thrise he let it fa.

“ O haly God, for his deir sake,
 “ Wha savd us on the rude——
 He tint his praiser, and drew his glaive,
 Yet reid wi’ Norland bluid.
 “ Brayd on, brayd on, my stalwart sons,
 “ Grit cause we hae to feir ;
 “ But ay the canny fierce contemn
 “ The hap they canna veir.”

‘ Return, return, ye men of bluid,
 ‘ And bring me back my chylde !’
 The dolefū voice frāe mid the ha
 Reculd, wi’ echoes wylde.
 The storm grew ryfe, throuch a’ the lift
 The rattling thunder rang,
 The black rain shour’d, and lichtning glent
 Their harnisine alang.

What feir possest their boding breasts
 Whan, by the gloomy glour,
 The castle ditch wi’ deed bodies
 They saw was filled out owre !
 Quoth Hardyknute “ I wold to Chryste
 “ The Norse had wan the day,
 “ Sae I had keipt at hame but anes,
 “ Thilk bluidy feats to stay.”

Wi' speid they past, and syne they recht
 The base-courts sounding bound,
 Deip groans sith heard, and throuch the mirk
 Lukd wistfully around.
 The moon, frae hind a sable cloud,
 Wi' sudden twinkle shane,
 Whan, on the cauldrif eard, they fand
 The gude Sir Mordac layn.

Besprent wi' gore, fra helm to spur,
 Was the trew-heartit knicht ;
 Swith frae his steid sprang Hardyknate
 Muv'd wi' the heavy sicht.
 " O say, thy master's shield in weir,
 " His sawman in the ha,
 " What hestfu chance could hae the ponir
 " To lay thy cild *sae* law !"

To his complaint the bleidng knicht
 Returnd a piteous mane,
 And recht his hand, whilk Hardyknute
 Claucht streitly in his ain :
 ' Gin eir ye see lord Hardyknute,
 ' Frae Mordac ye maun say,
 ' Lord Draffan's treasoun to confute
 ' He usd his steddiest fay.'

He micht nae mair, for cruel dethe
 Forbad him to proceid ;
 " I vow to God, I *wimma* sleip
 " Till I see Draffan bleid.
 " My sons your sister was owre fair :
 " But brauk he sall na lang
 " His gude betide ; my last forbode
 " He'll trow belyve nae sang.
 " Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth
 " To me your luvе *sae* deir ;
 " The Norse' defeat mote weill persuade
 " Nae riever ye neid feir."

The spearmen wi' a mighty shout
 Cryd ' Save our master deir !
 ' While he dow beir the sway bot care
 ' Nae riever we shall feir.'

' Return, return, ye men of bluid
 ' And bring me back my chylde !'
 The dolefu voice frae said the ha
 Reculd wi' echoes wylde.
 " I am to wyte my valiant friends :"
 And to the ha they ran,
 The stately dore fall strectly steiked
 Wi' iron boltis thrie they fand.

The stately dore, thouch strectly steiked
 Wi' waddin iron boltis thrie,
 Richt sune his might can eithly gar
 Frae aff its hinges flie.
 " Whar ha ye tane my dochter deir ?
 " Mair wold I see her deid
 " Than see her in your bridal bed
 " For a your portly meid.

" What thouch my gude and valiant lord
 " Lye strecth on the cauld clay ?
 " My sons the dethe may ablins spair
 " To wreak their sisters wae."
 Sae did she crune wi' heavy cheir,
 Hyt luiks, and bleirit eyne;
 Then teirs first wet his manly cheik
 And snawy baird bedeene.

' Na riéver here, my dame sae deir,
 ' But your leid lord you see ;
 ' May hiest harm betide his life
 ' Wha brocht sic harm to thee !
 ' Gin anes ye may beleive my word,
 ' Nor am I usd to lie,
 ' By day-prime he or Hardyknute
 ' The bluidy dethe shall die.'

The ha, whare late the linkis bricht
 Sae gladsum shind at een,
 Whare penants gleit a gowden bleise
 Our knichts and ladys shene,
 Was now sae mirk, that, through the bound,
 Nocht mote they wein to see
 Also through the southern port the moon
 Let fa a blinkand glie.

“ Are ye in suith my deir luvd lord?”
 Nae mair she doucht to say,
 But swounit on his harnest neck
 Wi’ joy and tender fay.
 To see her in sic balefu sort
 Revived his selcouth feirs;
 But sune she raised her comely luik,
 And saw his fa’ing tears.

“ Ye are nae wont to greit wi’ wreuch,
 “ Grit cause ye ha I dreid;
 “ Hae a’ our sons their lives redemp
 “ Frae furth the dowie faid?”
 “ Saif are our valiant sons, ye see,
 “ But lack their sister deir;
 “ When she’s awa, bot any doubt,
 “ We hae grit cause to feir.”

“ Of a’ our wrangs, and her depart,
 “ Whan ye the suith sall heir,
 “ Nae marvel that ye hae mair cause,
 “ Than ye yit weit, to feir.
 “ O wharefore heir yon feignand knicht
 “ Wi’ Mordac did ye send?
 “ Ye suner wald hae perced his heart
 “ Had ye his etting kend.”

“ What may ye mein my peirles dame?
 “ That knicht did muve my ruthe
 “ We balefu mane; I did na doubt
 “ His curtesie and truthe.

‘ He maun hae tint wi’ sma renown
 ‘ His life in this fell rief;
 ‘ Richt sair it grieves me that he heir
 ‘ Met sic an ill relief?’

Quoth she, wi’ teirs that down her cheiks
 Ran like a silver shouir,
 “ May ill besa the tide that brocht
 “ That fause knicht to our tourir :
 “ Ken’d ye na Draffan’s lordly port,
 “ Thouch cled in knightly graith
 “ Tho hidden was his hautie luik
 “ The visor black benethe ?

‘ Now, as I am a knicht of weir,
 ‘ I thocht his seeming trew ;
 ‘ But, that he sae deceived my ruthe,
 ‘ Full sairly he sall rue.’

“ Sir Mordac to the sounding ha
 “ Came wi’ his cative fere ;”
 ‘ My sire has sent this wounded knicht
 ‘ To pruve your kyndlie care.

‘ Your sell maun watch him a’ the day,
 ‘ Your maids at deid of night ;
 ‘ And Fairly fair his heart maun cheir
 ‘ As she stands in his sicht.’

“ Nae suner was Sir Mordac gane,
 “ Than up the featour sprang ;”
 ‘ The luve aelse o’ your dochtr deir
 ‘ I feil na ither pang.

‘ Tho Hardyknute lord Draffan’s suit
 ‘ Refus’d wi’ mickle pryde ;
 ‘ By his gude dame and Fairly fair
 ‘ Let him not be deny’d.’

“ Nocht muvit wi’ the cative’s speech,
 “ Nor wi’ his stern command ;
 ‘ I treason ! cry’d, and Kenneth’s blade
 “ Was glisterand in his hand.

" My son, lord Draffan heir you see,
 " Wha means your sister's fay
 " To win by guile, when Hardyknute
 " Strives in the irie fray."
 ' Turn thee ! thou riever Baron, turn !'
 " Bauld Kenneth cryd aloud ;
 " But, sune as Draffan spent his glaive,
 " My son lay in his bluid."
 ' I did nocht grein that bluming face
 ' That deths sae sune sold pale ;
 ' Far less that my trew lufe, throuch me,
 ' Her brither's deths sold wail.
 ' But syne ye sey our force to prive,
 ' Our force we sall you shaw !'
 " Syne the shrill-sounding horn bedeen
 " He tuik frae down the wa.
 " Ere the portculie could be flung,
 " His kyth the base-court fand ;
 " When scantly o their count a teind
 " Their entrie nicht gainstand.
 " Richt sune the raging rievers stude
 " At their fause master's syde,
 " Wha, by the haly maiden, sware
 " Nae harm sold us betide.
 " What syne befell ye well may guess,
 " Rest o our eilds delicht."
 ' We sall na lang be rest, by morne
 ' Sall Fairly glad your sicht.
 ' Let us be gane, my sons, or now
 ' Our menzie chide our stay ;
 ' Fareweil my dame ; your dochter's lufe
 " Will sune cheir your effray.'
 Then pale pale grew heir teirfu cheik ;
 " Let ane o my sons thrie
 " Alane gyde this emprise, your eild
 " May ill sic travel drie.

“ O whare were I, were my deir lord,
 “ And a’ my sons, to bleid !
 “ Better to bruik the wrang than sae
 “ To wreak the hie misdede.”

The gallant Rothsay rose bedeen
 His richt of age to pleid ;
 And Thomas shawd his strenthy speir ;
 And Malcolm mein’d his speid.
 ‘ My sons your stryfe I gladly see,
 ‘ But it sall neir be sayne,
 ‘ That Hardyknute sat in his ha,
 ‘ And heird his son was slayne.
 ‘ My lady deir, ye neid na feir ;
 ‘ The richt is on our syde :’
 Syne rising with richt frawart haste
 Nae parly wald he byde.
 The lady sat in heavy mude,
 Their tunefu march to heir,
 While, far ayont her ken, the sound
 Na mair mote roun her eir.

O hae ye sein sum glitterand touir,
 Wi’ mirrie archers crownd,
 Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae
 Keipt frae their countrie’s bound ?
 Sic ausum strenth shawd Hardykaute ;
 Sic seimd his stately meid ;
 Sic pryde he to his menzie bald,
 Sic feir his faes he gied.

Wi’ glie they past our mountains rude,
 Owre muirs and mosses weit ;
 Sune as they saw the rising sun,
 On Draffan’s touirs it gleit.
 O Fairly bricht I marvel sair
 That featour eer ye lued,
 Whase treasoun wrocht your father’s bale,
 And shed your brither’s blude !

The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
 Wha sleipd his bouir intill :
 ' Nae time for sleuth, your raging faes
 ' Fare doun the westlin hill.
 ' And, by the libbard's gowden low
 ' In his blue banner braid,
 ' That Hardyknute his dochtrir seik,
 ' And Draffans dethe, I rede.'

" Say to my bands of matchless might,
 " Wha camp low in the dale,
 " To busk them arrows for the fecht,
 " And streatly gird their mail.
 " Sync meit me here, and wein to find
 " Nae just or turney play;
 " Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
 " War bruiks na lang delay."

His halbrik bricht he brac'd bedseen ;
 Frae ilka skaith and harm
 Securit by a warloc auld,
 Wi' mony a fairy charm.
 A seimly knicht cam to the ha :
 ' Lord Draffan I thee braive,
 ' Frae Hardyknute my worthy lord,
 ' To fecht wi speir or glaive.'

" Your hautie lord me braives in vain
 " Alane his might to prive,
 " For wha, in singlefeat of weir,
 " Wi' Hardyknute may strive ?
 " But sith he meins our strength to sey,
 " On case he sune will find,
 " That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,
 " In force they're far behind.

" Yet cold I wete that he wald yield
 " To what bruiks nae remeid,
 " I for his dochtrir wald nae hain
 " To se half o my steid.

Sad Hardyknute apart frae a'
 Leand on his birnist speir;
 And, whan he on his Fairly deimd,
 He spar'd nae sich nor teir.

“ What meins the felon cative vile?
 “ Bruiks this reif na remeid?
 “ I scorn his gylefu vows ein thouch
 “ They recht to a' his steid.”
 Bownd was Lord Draffan for the fecht,
 Whan lo ! his Fairly deir
 Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha
 Wi' a' the speid of feir.

Ein as the rudie star of morne
 Peirs throuch a cloud of dew,
 Sae did she seim, as round his neck
 Her snawy arms she threw.
 ‘ O why, O why, did Fairly wair
 ‘ On thee her thouchtless luve?
 ‘ Whase cruel heart can ettle aye
 ‘ Her father's dethe to pruve !

And first he kissd her bluming cheik,
 And syne her bosom deir;
 Than sadly strade athwart the ha,
 And drapd ae tendir teir.
 “ My menzie heid my words wi' care,
 “ Gin ony weit to slay
 “ Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I sweir
 “ Wi' lyfe he sall nae gae.”

‘ My maidens bring my bridal gowne,
 ‘ I little trewd yestrene,
 ‘ To rise frae bonny Draffan's bed,
 ‘ His bluidy dethe to sene.’
 Syne up to the hie balconie
 She has gane wi' a' her train,
 And sune she saw her stalwart lord
 Attein the bleising plain.

Owre Nethan's weily streim he fared
 Wi' seeming ire and pride;
 His blason, glisterand owr his helm,
 Bare Allan by his syde.
 Richt sunne the bugils biew, and lang
 And bludy was the fray;
 Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,
 Had hundreds tint their day.

Like beacon bricht at deid of night,
 The mighty chief muv'd on;
 His basnet, blasing to the sun,
 Wi deidly lichtning shone.
 Draffan he socht, wi' him at anes
 To end the cruel stryfe;
 But aye his speirmen thranging round
 Forfend their leider's lyfe.

The winding Clyde wi' valiant blaid
 Ran reiking mony a mile;
 Few stude the faucht, yet dethe slane
 Cold end their irie toil.
 ' Wha flie, I vow, sall frae my speir
 ' Receive the dethe they dreid !'
 Cryd Draffan, as alang the plain
 He spurd his bluid-red steid.

Up to him sunne a knight cam prance, ?
 A' graith'd in silver mail:
 " Lang have I socht thee throuch the field,
 " This lance will tell my tale."
 Rude was the fray, till Draffan's skill
 Oercame his youthfu' micht;
 Perc'd throuch the visor to the eie
 Was slayne the comely knicht.

The visor on the speir was deft,
 And Draffan Malcolm spied;
 ' Ye should your vaunted speid this day,
 ' And not your strenth, ha sey'd.'

“ Cative, awa ye meun na flie,”
 Stout Rothsay cry’d bedeen,
 “ Till, frae my glaive, ye wi’ ye beir
 “ The wound ye fein’d yeistrene.”

“ Mair o your kins bluid hae I spilt
 ‘ Than I docht evir grein ;
 ‘ See Rothsay whare your brither lyes
 ‘ In dethe afore your eyne.’
 Bold Rothsay cried wi’ lion’s rage,
 “ O hatefu cursed deid !
 “ Sae Draffan seik our sister’s luv,
 “ Nor feirs far ither meid !”

Swith on the word an arrow cam
 Frae ane o’ Rothsay’s band,
 And smote on Draffan’s lifted targe,
 Syne Rothsays splent it fand.
 Perc’d throuch the knie to his fierce steid,
 Wha pranc’d wi’ egre pain,
 The chief was forcd to quit the stryfe,
 And seik the nether plain.

His minstrals there wi’ dolefu care
 The bludy shaft withdrew ;
 But that he sae was bar’d the fecht
 Sair did the leider rue.
 ‘ Cheir ye my mirrie men,’ Draffan cryd,
 ‘ Wi’ meikle pryd and glie ;
 ‘ The praise is ours ; nae chieftain bides
 ‘ Wi’ us to bate the grie.’

That hautie boast heard Hardyknute,
 Whare he lein’d on his speir,
 Sair weiried wi’ the nune-tide heat,
 And toilsum deids of weir.
 The first sicht, when he past the thrang,
 Was Malcolm on the swaird :
 “ Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,
 “ And thy youtheid had spard !

“ Draffan I ken thy ire, but now
 “ Thy might I mein to see.”
 But eir he strak the deidly dint
 Draffan was on his knie.
 ‘ Lord Hardyknute stryke gif ye may,
 ‘ I neir will stryve wi thee;
 ‘ Forfend your dochtir see you slayne
 ‘ Frae whar she sits on hie !
 ‘ Yes:rene the priest in haly band
 ‘ Me join’d wi’ Fairly deir;
 ‘ For her sake let us part in peice,
 ‘ And neir meet mair in weir.’
 “ O king of hevin, what seimly speech
 “ A featour’s lips can send !
 “ And art thou he wha baith my sons
 “ Brocht to a bluidy end ?
 “ Haste, mount thy steid, or I sall licht
 “ And meit thee on the plain;
 “ For by my forbere’s saul we neir
 “ Sall part till ane be slayne.”
 ‘ Now mind thy aith,’ syne Draffan stout
 To Allan loudly cryd,
 Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid
 And perc’d his masters syde.
 Low to the bleidding eard he fell,
 And dethe sune clos’d his eyne.
 “ Draffan, till now I did na ken
 “ Thy dethe cold muve my tein.
 “ I wold to Chryste thou valiant youth,
 “ Thou wert in life agan;
 “ May ill befa my ruthless wrauth
 “ That brocht thee to sic pain ?
 “ Fairly, anes a my joy and pryde,
 “ Now a my grief and bale,
 “ Ye maun wi’ haly maidens byde
 “ Your deidly faut to wail.

“ To Icolm beir ye Draffan’s corse,
 “ And dochtr anes sae dier,
 “ Whar she may pay his heidles lufe
 “ Wi mony a mournfu teir.”

This celebrated, and beautiful, and sublime Ballad, was written by Lady Wardlaw, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket, of Pitferran. She was born in 1677, and in 1696, married to Sir Henry Wardlaw, of Balmulie, or Petrifie, in Fifeshire. She died about the year 1727.

She gave her Ballad to the world, through the medium of Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, her brother-in-law, who communicated the MS. to Lord Binning with the following account: “ In performance of my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found a few weeks ago, in an old vault at Dunfermline; it is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you’ll find, that the tenth part is not legible.” It was first published in 1719, by some literary gentlemen, who really believed the *vellum* and *vault* story, and was afterward admitted by Allan Ramsay into *The Ever-green*, from which almost every succeeding edition has been taken.

The Ballad celebrates an invasion of Scotland in 1263, by Haco, king of Norway, who laid waste Kintire, and the islands of Bute, and Arran—he also plundered the islands of Loch-lomond, which were at that time well inhabited, or as Boece described them, “ thirty isles well biggit with kirks, temples and houses.” A tempest, however, drove his ships on shore near Larga, where he landed his troops, there the Scotch army attacked them, on the 2d October, 1263.

The second part is still more modern than the first, though on its first publication it was given out to be by the same author, and said to have been brought to light in the same marvellous manner. It is, perhaps, inferior to the first part, but possesses too much merit to be overlooked in a selection of this kind, especially as the lovers of antiquity are indebted to the author, Mr. John Pinkerton, for much of the knowledge they possess of ancient Scottish Poetry.



THE CHILD OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle stands,
 With walles and towres bedight;
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A younge and comely knighte.

The Childe of Elle to his garden went,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 Whan, lo, he beheld fair Emmeline’s page
 Come tripping doun the dale.

The Child of Elie he hyed him thence,
 Y-wis he stooode not stille,
 And soone he mette fair Emmeline's page
 Come climbing up the hille.

Now Christe thee save thou little foot page,
 Now Christe thee save and see,
 Oh tell me how does thy lady gaye,
 And what may thy tidings be?

My lady she is all woe-begone,
 And the teares they fall from her eyne ;
 And aye she laments the deadly feude
 Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe,
 Bedewde with many a teare ;
 And bids thee sometimes think on her,
 Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of gold,
 The last boon thou mayst have ;
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake
 Whan she is laid in grave.

For ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
 And in grave soone must shee bee,
 Sith her father hath chose her a new love,
 And forbiddeth her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 And within three dayes she must him wedde,
 Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
 And greet thy ladye from mee.
 And tell her that I, her owne true love,
 Will dye or set her free.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
 And let thy fair ladye know
 This night will I be at her bowre-windowe,
 Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
 He neither stint na stayd,
 Until he came to fair Emmeline's bowre,
 Whan kneeling downe he sayd;

O, ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
 And hee greets thee well by mee;
 This night will he bee at thy bowre windowe,
 And die or sett thee free.

Now day was gone and night was come,
 And all were fast asleepe:
 All save the lady Emmeline,
 Who sate in her bowre to weape.

And sume she heard her true love's voice,
 Lowe whispering at the walle;
 Awake, awake, my dear ladye,
 'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake my ladye deare,
 Come mount this fair palfraye;
 This ladder of ropes will lete thee downe,
 Ile carrye thee hence awaie.

Nowe naye, now aye, thou gentle knicht,
 Nowe naye this maye not bee;
 For aye should I tine my maiden fame,
 If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye thou with a knight so true
 Mayst safely wend alone,
 To my lady mother I will thee bring,
 Where marriage shall make us one.

" My father he is a baron bolde,
 " Of lynage proud and hye,
 " And what would he say if his daughter
 " Away with a knight should fly?

 " Ah well I wot he nevir would rest,
 " Nor his meate should do him no goode,
 " Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
 " And seyne thy deare heart's bloode."

O, lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
 And a little space him fro,
 I would not care for thy cruel father,
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

O, lady, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
 And once without this walle,
 I would not care for thy cruel father,
 Nor the worst that might befall.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe,
 At lengthe he seizde her lilly-white hand,
 And doun the ladder he drewe.

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
 And kist her tenderlie:
 The tears that fell from her fair eyes
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

He mounted himselfe on his steede so tale,
 And her on a fair palfraye,
 And slung his bugle about his necke,
 And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her own damselle,
 In her bed whereas she lay,
 Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this
 So I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bold !
 Awake, my noble dame !
 Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elie,
 To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
 And calide his merry men all ;
 " And come thou forth, Sir Johs the knighte,
 " The ladye is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline sent had ridden a mile,
 A mile forth of the towne,
 When she was aware of her father's men
 Come galloping over the downe.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 " Nowe stop, newe stop, thou false traitour,
 " Nor carry that lady awaye.

" For she is come of hye lynage,
 " And was of a lady borne ;
 " And ill it beseems thee a false churles sonne,
 " To carry her hence to scorne."

Now loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight,
 Now thou doest lye of mee ;
 A knight me goot, and a ladye me bore,
 Soe never did none by thee.

But light now doun, my lady faire,
 Light down and hold my steed,
 While I and this discouerteous knighte
 Do try this arduous deede.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe ;
 While twixt her love and the carlish knight,
 Past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Eile he fought soe well,
 As his weapon he wavde amaine,
 That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
 And layd him upon the playne.

And now the baron and all his men
 Full fast approached nye,
 Ah what may ladye Emmeline doe?
 'Twere now no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
 And blew both loud and shrill,
 And soone he sawe his owne merry men
 Come rydyng over the hill.

Now hold thy hand thou bold baron,
 I pray thee hold thy hand;
 Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
 Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde,
 Full long and many a day,
 But with such love as holy kirke
 Hath freelye said wee may.

O give consent she may be mine,
 And blesse a faithful pare;
 My lands and livings are not small,
 My house and lynage faire.

My mother she was an erle's daughter,
 And a noble knight my sire—
 The baron he frownde, and turn'd away,
 With meikle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
 And did all trembling stand;
 At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,
 And held his listed hand.

Pardon, my lord and father deare,
 This fair young knight and mee,
 Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
 I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you calld your Emmeline,
 Your darling and your joye ;
 O let not then your harsh resolves
 Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakd his dark broun cheeke,
 And turnd his head asyde,
 To wipe away the starting teare
 He proudly strave to hyde.

In deep revolving thought he stoode,
 And mus'd a little space ;
 Then rais'd fair Emmeline from the grounde,
 With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd ;
 And gave her lillye hand :
 Here take my deare and only child,
 And with her half my land.

Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,
 In dayes of youthful pride,
 Do thou the injury repayre
 In fondness for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
 Heaven prosper thee and thine ;
 And now my blessing wend wi' thee
 My lovelye Emmeline.

THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

In *Auchtermuchty* dwelt a Man,
 An Husband, as I heard it tauld,
 Quha weil could tipple out a Can,
 And nowther huvit Hungir nor Cauld,
 Till anes it fell upon a Day,
 He zokit his Plewch upon the Plain;
 But schort the Storm wald let him stay,
 Sair blew the Day with Wind and Rain.

He lowsd the Plewch at the Lands End,
 And draife his Owsen hame at Ene;
 Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
 And saw his *Wyfe* baith dry and clene,
 Set beikand by a Fyre full bauld,
 Suppand fat Sowp, as I heard say:
 The Man being weary, wet and cauld,
 Between thir twa it was nae Play.

Quod he, quhair is my Horses Corn,
 My Owsen has nae Hay nor Strae,
 Dame, ye maun to the Plewch the Morn,
 I soll be Hussy gif I may.
 This Seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
 And ze sit warm, nae Troubles se;
 The Morn ze soll gae with the Lad,
 And syne zeil ken what drinkers drie.

Gudeman, quod scho, content am I,
 To tak the Plewch my Day about,
 Sac ye rule weil the Kaves and Ky,
 And all the House baith in and out:
 And now sen ze hafif made the Law,
 Then gyde all richt and do not break;
 They sicker raid that neir did faw,
 Therefore let naithing be neglect.

But sen ye will Hüssyskep ken,
 First ye maun aift and syne sall kned ;
 And ay as ze gang butt and ben,
 Luke that the Bairns dryt not the Bed :
 And lay a saft Wysp to the Kiln,
 We haif a dear Farm on our Heid ;
 And ay as ze gang forth and in,
 Keip weil the Gaislings fræ the Gled.

The wyfe was up richt late at Ene,
 I pray Luck give her ill to fair,
 Scho kirn'd the Kirn, and skumt it clene,
 Left the Gudeman but bledoch bair :
 Then in the Morning up scho gat ;
 And on hir Heart laid hir Disjune,
 And pat as meikle in hir Lap,
 As micht haif serd them baith at Nune,

Says, *Jok*, be thou Maister of Wark,
 And thou sall haud, and I sal ka,
 Ise promise thee a gude new Sark,
 Either of round Claith or of sma.
 Scho lowst the Ousen aught or nync,
 And hynt a Gad-staff in her Hand :
 Up the *Gudeman* raise astir syne,
 And saw the *Wyfe* had done Command.

He draif the Gaislings forth to feid,
 Thair was but sevensum of them aw,
 And by thair comes the greidy Gled,
 And lickt up five, left him but twa :
 Then out he ran in all his Mane,
 How sun he hard the Gaislings cry ;
 But than or he came in again,
 The Kaves brak louse and suukt the Ky.
 The Kaves and Ky met in the Loan,
 The Man ran with a Rung to red,
 Than by came an illwilly Roan,
 And brodit his Buttoks till they bled :

Syne up he tuke a Rok of Tow,
 And he sat down to sey the Spinning;
 He loutit doun owre neir the Low,
 Quod he this Wark has ill Beginning.

The Leam up thro the Lum did flow,
 The Sute tuke Fyre it flyed him than,
 Sum Lumps did fa' and burn his Pow;
 I wat he was a dirty Man;
 Zit he gat Water in a Pem,
 Quherwith he slokened out the Fyre:
 To soap the House he syne began,
 To haund all richt was his Desyre.

Hynd to the Kirn then did he stoure,
 And jumblit at it till he swat,
 Quhen he had rumblit a full lang Hour,
 The Sorrow crap of Butter he gat;
 Albeit nae Butter he could get,
 Zit he was cunnert with the Kirn,
 And syne he het the Milk sae het,
 That ill a Spark of it wad zyne.

Then ben their cam a greidy Sow,
 I trow he cund hir little Thank:
 For in scho shot hir mekle Mow,
 And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank.
 He tuke the Kirnstaff be the Schank,
 And thocht to reik the Sew a Rout,
 The twa left Gaislings gat a Clank,
 That Straik deng baith their Harns out.

Then he bure Kendlin to the Kill,
 But scho start all up in a Low,
 Quhat eir he heard what eir he saw,
 He kendna now what next to do.
 Then he zied to take up the Baivas,
 Thocht to have fund them fair and clese;
 The first that he gat in his Armas,
 Was a bedirtin to the Enc.

The first it smeltt sae sappylis,
 To touch the lave he did not grein :
 The Deil cut aff thair Hands, quoth he,
 That crand zour Kytes sae strute zestrein.
 He trailda the foul Sheits down the Gate,
 Thocht to haif wash'd them on a Stane,
 The Burn was risen grit of Spait,
 Away frae him the Sheits has tane.

Then up he gat on a Know-heid,
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout ;
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
 But stoutly steird the Stots about.
 Scho draif the Day unto the Nicht,
 Scho lowst the Plewch, and syne came hame ;
 Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
 I trow the Man thocht mekle Schame.

Quoth he, my Office I forsake,
 For all the hale Days of my Lyfe ;
 For I wald put a House to Wraik,
 Had I been twenty Days Gadewyfe.
 Quoth scho, weil mot ze bruke your Place,
 For truely I sall neir accept it ;
 Quoth he, Feynd fa the Lyars Face,
 But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

Then up scho gat a mekle Rung ;
 And the Gudeman made to the Dore,
 Quoth he, Dame, I sal hald my Tung,
 For and we fecht I'll get the war :
 Quoth he, when I forsuke my Plewch,
 I trow I but forsuke my Skill :
 Then I will to my Plewch again ;
 For I and this House will nevir do weil.

This is one of the most exquisite comic Ballads, to be found in the language. It was first made known to the general reader by Allan Ramsay, who published it in his *Ever-green* from the *Banatyne MSS.*, where it is subscribed Moffat; but whether this be John Moffat, author of a pious piece, "Remember the End," printed in Hales collection of ancient

poems, is altogether uncertain. Nor is any part of the biography of *Moffat*, nor even the exact time when he lived, more certainly known than his works, at least, if they be, the work *containing them*, not fallen within the range of my reading. It has however been learned that he was an ecclesiastic, and the supposition is not improbable that the learning of that age (the 15th century) was almost wholly ecclesiastic, and the greater part of the early poets, whose works we still possess, either were ecclesiastics or at least interested in the honours and emoluments of the order.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry!
" And I'll give thee a silver pound,
" To row us o'er the ferry.—"

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
" This dark and stormy water?
" Oh I'm the chief of this isle,
" And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

" And fast before her father's men
" Three days we've fled together,
" For should he find us in the bower,
" My blood would stain the bower.

" His horsemen hard behind us come,
" Should they our steps discern?
" Then who will cheer my bonny bairn,
" When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight
" I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :—
" It is not for your silver bright;
" But for your winsome lady :—

" And by my word! the bonny bird
" In danger shall not tarry;
" So, though the waves are raging white,
" I'll row you o'er the ferry.—"

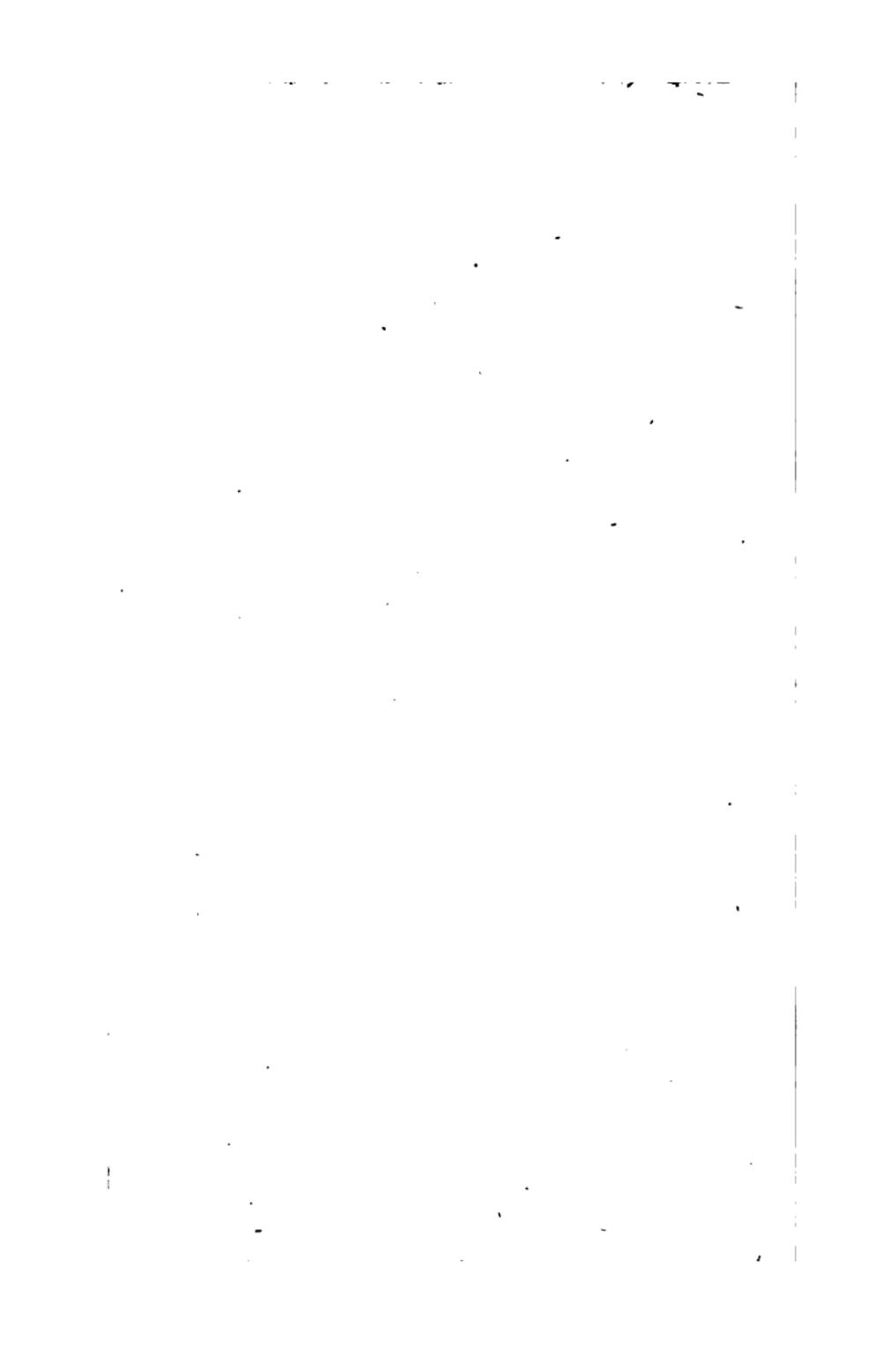
LORD ULIN'S DAUGHTER



W. D. Brewerton, A.R.A.

*Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.*

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By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.—

“ O haste thee, haste !” the lady cries,
 “ Though tempests round us gather;
 “ I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 “ But not an angry father.”—

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When oh ! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather’d o’er her.—

And still they row’d amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,
 His wrath was chang’d to wailing.—

For sore dismay’d through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover :—
 One lovely hand she stretch’d for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,
 “ Across this stormy water :
 “ And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 “ My daughter ! oh my daughter.”—

’Twas vain the loud waves lash’d the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :—
 The waters wild went o’er his child—
 And he was left lamenting.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
 Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
 And the star that faded slowly
 Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
 Calm and sweet the moonlight rose :
 Even a captive's spirit tasted
 Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
 Came an Eastern lady bright :
 She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
 Saw and lov'd an English knight.

“ Tell me, captive, why in anguish
 “ Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
 “ Where poor Christians as they languish
 “ Hear no sound of Sabbath bell ? ” —

“ 'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat
 “ When the cresent shone afar,
 “ Like a pale disastrous planet
 “ O'er the purple tide of war —

“ In that day of desolation,
 “ Lady, I was captive made ;
 “ Bleeding for my Christian nation
 “ By the walls of high Belgrade.”

“ Captive, could the brightest jewel
 “ From my turban set thee free ? ” —
 “ Lady, no ! the gift were cruel,
 “ Ransom'd, yet if rest of thee.

“ Say, fair princess ! would it grieve thee
 “ Christian climes should we behold ? ”
 “ Nay, bold knight ! I would not leave thee
 “ Were thy ransom paid in gold ! ”

Now in heaven's blue expansion
 Rose the midnight star to view,
 When, to quit her father's mansion,
 Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

" Fly we then, while none discover!
 " Tyrant barks in vain ye ride!"
 Soon at Rhodes the British lover
 Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride.

The two preceding Ballads are from the pen of the accomplished author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, &c. &c. and bear, the first especially, all the characteristics of his powerful genius. The single stanza,

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

is worth a volume of the singsong stuff that is frequently extruded upon the world, and praised too, as exquisite Ballad poetry. Mr. Campbell and his works I consider to be indeed, far beyond any praise of mine; but I cannot suppress an expression of regret, in common with the rest of my countrymen, that, possessing, as he does, so completely the public attention, he so seldom makes use of his privilege. Why are his delightful effusions, so happily calculated to warm the heart, refine the feelings, and sublime the understanding, "Like angel visits few and far between?" while the ravings of that world where truth, mercy, and hope are alike unknown, embodied in *Giours*, *Manfreda*, *Beppos*, and *Don Juan*, are day by day bubbling the multitude out of their principles and their understandings at the same time? Pope, with that laconic sarcasm that was peculiar to his character, described the people as a manyheaded beast, and abundance of facts might be adduced to prove that this venerable personage (it would be very rude, in these days of liberality, to say beast,) is not very discerning in his taste; but were it not for the scantiness of such golden fruitage as *Gertrude*, *O'Connor's Child*, &c. it is altogether incredible that he would deign to feed upon such garbage, that can be compared to nothing superior to leeks, garlic, and "shotten herring."



DUNBAR'S DREGY;

Made to King James V. being in Stirling.

W^e that ar heir in Heavens Glory,
 To zou that ar in Purgatory,
 Commends us on our hearty Ways,
 I mene we Folk in Paradyce,

In *Edinbrugh* with all Mirryness,
 To zou in *Stirling* in Distress,
 Quhair nowther Pleasance nor Delyt is,
 Thus pittyng ane Apostle wryts.

O ze Hermits and Hankersaidlis,
 That tak zout Pénance at zour Tables,
 And eit nae Meat restorative,
 Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,
 But Ale that is baith thin and small,
 With but few Courses in zour Hall,
 Bot Company of Lords or Knychts,
 Or ony uther guidly Wichts,
 Solitar walkand zour alone,
 Seing naething but Stock or Stane
 Out of zour painfull Purgatory,
 To bring zou to the Bless of Glory:
 Of *Edinbrugh* the mirry Toun
 We sall begin a carefull Soun,
 Ane Dregy kynd, devout and meik,
 The Blest abune we sall beseik
 Zou to delyvir out of zour Noy,
 And bring zou sune to *Edinbrughs* Joy,
 Thair to be mirry amang zour Freins,
 And sae the Dregy thus begins.

LECTIO I.

The ***
 The mirthfull *Mary*, Virgin chast,
 Of Angels all the Orders nyne,
 And all the heavenly Court divyne,
 Sune bring ze frae the Pyne and Wae
 Of *Stirling*, ilka Court Mans Fae,
 Again to *Edinbrughs* Joy and Bliss,
 Quhair Worschip, Wealth and Weifair is,
 Play, Pleasance, and eik Honesty,
 Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Responsio, tu autem Domine.

Tak Consolation in sour Pain,
 In Tribulation, tak Consolation,
 Out of Vexation cum hame again,
 Tak Consolation in sour Pain;

Jube Dom. benedicite.

Out of Distress of *Stirling Toun*
 To *Edinbrugh* bless Gon mak ze boun.

LECTIO II.

Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles deir,
 Virgins, Confessouris, Martyris cleir,
 And all the Seat celestiall,
 Devoutly we upon them call,
 That sune out of zour Pains fell,
 Ze may in Heaven heir with us dwell,
 To eat Cran, Pertrick, Swan and Pliver,
 And every Fisch that swyms in River,
 To drink with us the new fresch Wyne
 That grew upon the River *Ryne*,
 Fresch fragrant Clarits out of *France*,
 Of *Angiers* and of *Orliance*,
 With mony Comforts of grit Dainty,
 Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Responsum, tu autem Dom.

God and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy
 Baith sune and weil, God and Sanct *Jeil*,
 To Sonce and Seil, Solace and Joy,
 God and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy,
 Out of *Stirlings* Pains fell,
 In *Edinbrugh* Joy sune mot ze dwell.

LECTIO III.

We pray to all the Saints in Heaven,
 That ar abune the Starns seven,
 Zou to bring out of zour Penance,
 That ze may sune sing, play and daunce

In *Edinbrugh* heir, and mak gude Cheir,
 Quher Wealth and Weelfare is bot Weir;
 And I that do zour Pains discryve
 Intend to vissy zou belyve,
 In Desart not with zou to dwell,
 But as the Angel Saint *Gabriell*
 Dois go betein, frae Heavens Glory,
 To them that ar in Purgatory,
 Sum Consolation them to give,
 Quhyle they in Tribulation live,
 And schaw them, quhen thair Pains ar past,
 They sall cum up to Heaven at last;
 Hou nane deserves to haif Sweitness,
 That nevir tastit Bitterness;
 And therfor hou suld ze consider
 Of *Edinbrugh* Bless, quhen zou cum hidder:
 But gif ze tastit had befoir
 Of *Stirling* Toun, the Pains soir,
 And therfore tak in Patience
 Zour Penance and zour Abstinence,
 And ze sall cum or *Zule* begin
 Into the Bless that we ar in;
 Quhilk grant we pray to all on Hy,
 Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Respons. tu autem Dom.

Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirling*,
 Frae hydious Hell cum hame and dwell,
 Quhair Fisch to sell ar nane but Spirrling,
 Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirling*.

* * * * *

~~~~~

### THE FLYTING.

*Dunbar to Kennedie.*

Easch brybour Baird, vyle Beggar with thy Bratts,  
 —bittin *Kennedie*, Coward of Kynd,  
 Ill-far't and dryit, as *Densman* on the Ratts,  
 Lyke as the Gledds had on thy gule Snowt dynd;

Monster mismaid, ilk Mune out of thy Mynd,  
 Rebald renounce thy ryming, thou but roysis,  
 Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;  
 A lawland Erse wald mak a better Noyis.

Riven, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaldrie,  
 Scart Scorpion, scaldit in Scurilitie,  
 I se the haltane in thy Harlotrie,  
 And into uther Science nothing slie,  
 Of every Vertew wyd, as Men may se;  
 Quyt claim with Clergy, cleik to thee a Club,  
 Blasphemar Baird, in Brybrie ay to be;  
 Wisdom and Wit a Wisp frae thee may rub.

Dastard, thou speirs, Gif I dare with thee fecht?  
 Ze *Dagone*, dowbart, therof haif thou nae Dout;  
 Quhair eir we meit therto, my Hand I hecht  
 To redd thy Rebald ryming with a Rout:  
 Throw *Britain* braid it sall be blawn about,  
 Hou that thou, poysond Pelour, gat thy Paiks  
 With a Dog-Leisch, I schepē to gar the schout,  
 And nowther to thee tak Knyfe, Swerd or Aix.

Thou Crop and Rute of Traytor treasonable,  
 Fader and Muder of Morthor and Mischeif,  
 Deceitfull Tyrand, Serpent tungd, unstable,  
 Cuckald, Cradoun, Couard and common Theif;  
 Thou purposd anes to undo our Lord and Chief,  
 In *Paislay*, with a Poyson that was fell,  
 For quhilk Brybour zit sall thou thole a Brief;  
 Pelor, I sall it prieve on thee my sell.

Tho' I wald lie, thy frawart Phisnomy  
 Dois manifest thy Malice to all Men;  
 Fy Traytour Theif, fy Glengore Loun, fy, fy,  
 Fy Feyndlyke Front, far fouler than a Fen,  
 My Freynds thou hast reprovit with thy Pen,  
 Traytour thou leis, quhilk I sall on thee preive;  
 Suppose thy Heid wer armit Tymis ten,  
 Thou sall recryit, or I thy Crown sall cleive.

Or thou durst move thy Mynd malitious,  
 Thou saw the Sail abune my Heid updraw ;  
 But *Eolus* full wid, and *Neptunis*,  
 Mirk and Muneless, was met with Wind and Waves,  
 And mony a hundredth Myles hynd coud us blaw  
 By *Holand*, *Zetland* and the *Northway* Coast,  
 In Deserts vast, quhair we wer famist aw,  
 Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to lay thy Boast.

Thou callis thee Rethory with thy goldin Lipps :  
 Na, glowrand, gapeand Fule, thou art begyld,  
 Thou art but Glunschoch with the gilit Hipps,  
 That for thy Lounrie mony a Leisch has fyld ;  
 Vaip Widdifow, out of thy Wit gane wyld,  
 Laithly and lowsy, lathand as a Leik,  
 Sen thou of Worschip wad sae fain be styld ;  
 Hail Sovraign Schir, thy B—s hing throw thy Breik.

Forworthin Fule, of all the Ward Refuse,  
 Quhat Ferly is thocht thou rejoyce to flyt ?  
 Sic Eloquence as they in *Earsty* use,  
 In sic is set thy trawart Appityte ;  
 Thou has full little Feil of fair Indyte,  
 I haif on me a Pair of *Lowthiane* Hipps,  
 Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair perfyte,  
 Than thou can bleber with thy *Carrick* Lipps.

Bettir thou gains to leid a Dog to skomer,  
 Pynd Pyck-purse Pelour, than with thy Maister pingle ;  
 Thou lay richt prydles in the Peis this Sommer,  
 And fain at Evin for to bring hame a Single,  
 Syne rubbd it at ane uther auld Wyfis Ingle :  
 In Winter now for Purtith thou art trakit,  
 Thou has nae Breiks to let thy Hawlocks gingle ;  
 Gae beg a Club, for Bard thou sall gae nakit.  
 Lean, lounger, lowsy, baith in Lisk and Lunzie,  
 Fy, skowdert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and Skrumple ;  
 For he that rosted *Lawrance* had thy Grunzie,  
 And he that hid Saint Johns Een with a Wimple,

And he that dang Saint *Augustyne* with a Rumple,  
 Thy foul Front had he that *Bartimo* flayd;  
 The Gallows gapes after thy graceles Gruntle,  
 As thou wald for a Haggies, hungry Gled.

Comerwald Crawdon, nane compts the a Kers,  
 Sweir swapit, swanky Swyne, Kepar ay for Swats:  
 Thy Commissar *Quintyne* bids the cum kis his Erss,  
 He lykes not sic a forlane Loun of Laits;  
 He says, Thou skaffs and begs mair Beir and Aits,  
 Nor ony Cripe in *Carrick* Land about:  
 Uther pure Beggars thole with thee Debates,  
 Carlings deceipt on *Kennedie* cry out.

Matter enough I haif, I neid not fenzie,  
 Thocht thou foul Trumper has upon me lied,  
 Carrion corrupt, hich sall I cry thy Senzie;  
 Thinks thou not hou thou came into grit Neid,  
 Greitand in *Galloway*, lyke *Gallow* Breid,  
 Ramand and rowpand, beggand Ky and Ox,  
 I saw thee there into thy Watchmans Weid,  
 Quhilk was not worth a Pair of auld gray Socks.

Ersch Katherene with thy Polk, Breik and Rilling,  
 Thou and thy Quean as greidy Gleds ze gang  
 With Polks to Mill, and begs baith Meil and Schilling,  
 Thair is but Lyce and lang Nails zou amang,  
 Foul Heggerbald, for Hens this will ze hang,  
 Thou has a perilus Face to play with Lambs;  
 A Thousand Kids wer they in Falds full strang,  
 Thy Limmer Luke wald fley them and thair Dams.

Intill a Glen thou has, out of Repair,  
 A laithly Ludge that was the Lipper Mens,  
 With thee a Soutars Wyfe of Bliss as bair,  
 Ze lyke twa Stalkers steils in Cocks and Hens,  
 Thou pluks the Poultry, scho pulls aff the Pens,  
 All *Carrick* crys, God gin this Dowf wer drownd;  
 And quhen thou heirs a Guse quaik in the Glens,  
 Sweiter thou thinkst than Mattins Bell of Sound.

Thou Lazarus, thou laithly lein Tramort,  
 To all the Wardl thou may Example be,  
 To luke upon thy gryalie pitious Port,  
 For hydious, how and holkit is thine Ee,  
 Thy Cheik bane bair, and blaikint is thy Blie,  
 Thy Chop, thy Chol, gars mony Men live chaste,  
 Thy Gane it gars us mynd that we maunte die ;  
 I conjure thee, thou hungert hyland Ghaist.

The larbar Lukes of thy lang leinest Craig,  
 Thy pure pynd Thropole peilt, and out of Ply,  
 Thy skoldirt Skin, hewd lyke a Saffron-bag,  
 Gars Men dispyt thair Flesch, thou Spreit of Gy :  
 Fy ! feyndly Front, Fy ! Tyks Face, Fy ! O Fy !  
 Ay Loungand, lyke a Lock-man on a Ladder ;  
 Thy ghastly Luke fleys Folks that pas thee by,  
 Lyke a deid Theif thaths glowrand in a Tedder.

Nyse Nagus, Nipcaik, with thy Schulders narrow,  
 Thou lousy lukes, and tume of Luminis Aw,  
 Hard Hurcheon, hirpland, hippit like an Harrow ;  
 Thy Rig-bane ratles, and thy Riba on raw,  
 Thy Hanches hurklis with Hukebanes harsh and haw,  
 Thy laithly Lymms are lein as ony Treis :  
 Obey, Theif Bard, or I sall brek thy Gaw,  
 Foul Carrybald, cry Mercy on thy Kneis.

Thou scowry hippit, ugly Averil,  
 With hurkland Banes, ay howkand throu thy Hyde,  
 Reistik and crynd, as hangit Man on Hill,  
 And aft beswakit with an owre hie Tyde,  
 Quhilk brews richt meikle Barret to thy Bryd,  
 Hir Care is all to clenge thy Cabroch Howa,  
 Quhair thou lyes sawsly in Saffron back and Syde,  
 Powdert with Primrose, swarmand all with Clowa.

Worlin Wanworth, I warn thee it is written,  
 Thou skyland Skarth, thou has the-Hurle behind,  
 Wan wraigland Wasp, mae Worms thou has besitten  
 Than there is Grass on Ground or Beist on Lisd ;

Tho' thou did first sic Folly to me find;  
 Thou sall again with mae Witnes than I,  
 Thy Gulschoch Gane does on thy Back it bind,  
 Thy whostand Hippes let neer thy Hose be dry.

Thou held the Burch lang with a borrowit Gown,  
 And an Caprowsy barkit all with Sweit;  
 And quhen the Lads saw thee sae like a Loun,  
 They bickert thee with mony a Bae and Bleit,  
 Now upland thou lives rife on rubit Quhiest,  
 Aft for ane Cause thy Burdclaith neids nae spredding,  
 For thou has nowther for to drink or eit,  
 But like a bardless Bard that had nae Bedding.

Strait Gibbons Air, that neir owrestrade a Horse,  
 Blae barefut Bairn, in bare Tyme was thou born;  
 Thou brings the *Carrik* Clay to *Edinburgh* Cross,  
 Upon thy Boetings hobbland hard as Horn,  
 Strae Wisps hing out quhair that the Wats ar worn,  
 Cum thou again to skar us with thy Straes,  
 We sall gar skale our Schulis all thee to skorn,  
 And stane thee up the Cawsy as thou gaes.

The Boys of *Edinburgh*, as the Beis out throws,  
 And ay crys out, *Heir cumis our awin quier Clerk*;  
 Then fleis thou lyk a Houlat chaist with Craws,  
 Quhyle all the Bitches at thy Buitings bark.  
 Then Carlings cry, Keip Curches in the mesk,  
 Our Gallows gapes, lo quhair a graceless gaes:  
 Anither says, I se him want a Sark,  
 I red ye Kimmer tak in your Linning Clais.

Then rins thou doun the Gate, with Gild of Boys,  
 And all the Toun Tykes hingand at thy Heils;  
 Of Lads and Lowns ther ryses sic a Noyse,  
 Quhyle Wenches rin away with Cards and Quheils,  
 And Cadgers Avers cast baith Coals and Creils;  
 For Reird of thee, and rattling of thy Butes,  
 Fish Wyves cry fy, and cast down Skulls and skeils,  
 Sum clashes thee, some elods thee on the Cutes.

Loun lyke *Maboun*, be boun me till obey ;  
 Thief, now in Greif, Mischief sall betyde,  
 Cry Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chase and fley,  
 Owl, rair and zoul, I sall defoul thy Pryde ;  
 Peild Gled, baith fed, and bred of Bitches Syde,  
 Sae lyke a Tyke, Purspyke, quhat Man sets by thee,  
 Forfitten, — bitten, beshitten barkit Hyde.  
 Climb Ledder, fyle Tedder, foul Edder, I defy thee.

Mauch Mutton, byle Button, percht Glutton, Air to  
 Hillhouse ;  
 Rank Beggar, Oyster-dreggar, foul flegger in the Fleit ;  
 Chitter-lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-schilling in the Mill-  
 house :  
 Bawd Rebator, Thief of Nature, false Traytor, Feynds  
 Get,  
 Filling of Tauch, Rak sauch, Cry Crauch thou art  
 owreset ;  
 Mutton Dryver, Girnal Ryver, zad Skyvar foul fell thee ;  
 Herityck, Lunatyck, Purspyk, Carlines Pet,  
 Rotten Crok, dirten Dok, cry Cok, or I sall quell thee.

~~~~~

Kennedie to Dunbar.

DOTHANE Deils Son, and Dragon dispytous,
Abiram's Birth, and bred with *Beliall*,
 Wod Werwouf Worm, and Scorpion vennemous
Lucifers Laid, and foul Feynds Face Infernal ;
 Thou *Sodomite* seperate frae Saints Celestial ;
 Put I not Silence to the Shiphird Knave,
 Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rave,
 Thou sall be made baith blate and bleir Eied Bestial.

How thy Forbeirs are come, I have a Feil,
 Of *Cockburns-Petk*, the Writ makes me awar,
 Generit betwixt a scho Beir and a Deil ;
 Sae he was calld *Deilber* and not *Dunbar* :

This *Deilber* generit of a Meir of *Mar*.

Corspatrick Earl of *Merch*, and be Ilusion,
The first that eir pat *Scotland* in Confusion,
Was that false Traytor firmly say I dare.

Quhen *Bruce* and *Baliol* differt for the Croun,
Scots Lords could not obey the *Inglis* Laws;
This *Corspatrick* betrayed *Berwick* Town,
And slew Seven thousand *Scots* within thae Waws:
The Battle syne of *Spottsmuir* he gart cause,
And came with *Edward Langshanks* to the Field,
Where Twelve thousand true *Scottish* Men were
kill'd,
And *Wallace* chaist, as the Chronicle shaws.

Scots Lords and Chiftains he gart hald and *Chesson*,
In Firmance fast, till all the Field was done,
Within *Dunbar* that auld Spelunk of Treason;
Sae *Inglis* Tykes in *Scotland* wan abune;
Then spulziet they the Haly Stane of *Scone*;
The Cross of *Halyroodhouse*, and sic Jewells;
He birns in Hell, Body, Banes and Bowells,
This *Corspatrick* that *Scotland* has undone.

Wallace gart cry an Counsale into *Perth*,
And call'd *Corespatrick* Traytor be his Style,
But that damn'd *Dragon* drew him in Diserth,
And said he kend but *Wallace* King in *Kyle*,
Out of *Dunbar* that Thief he made Exyle,
Unto *Edward* and *Inglis* Ground again:
Serpents and Tails and Tigers sall remain,
In *Dunbar* Waws, Tod, Woufs and Beists vyle.

Nae Fowles of Effect, now amange thae Binks,
Biggs nor abydes, for nothing that may be,
Thy Stanes of Treason as the Bruntstane stinks,
Of *Deilbers* Mother casten in the Se.

The Variet Aple of the forbidden Tree,
 That *Adam* eit quhen he tint Paradyce,
 Scho eit envennom'd like a Cockatryce,
 Syne marriet with the Deil for Dignitie.

Zit of new Treason I can tell the Tales,
 That cumns on Nicht by Vision in my Sleip,
Archbauld Dunbar betray'd the House of *Hales*,
 Because the zung Lord had *Dunbar* to keip,
 Throu that pretendand to their Rowms to creip;
 Richt crewely his Castle he purseuet,
 Brought him forth boundin, and the Place reskewt,
 Set him in Fetters in a Dungeon deip.

It were against baith Nature and gude Reason,
 That *Deilbers* Bairns were true to God or Man,
 Quhilk were baith gotten, born and bred in Treason,
Belzebubbs Oys and curst *Corspatricks* Clan,
 Thou was prescryvt and ordain'd be Sathan,
 Now to be born to do thy Kin Defame,
 And gar me shaw thy Antecessours Schame,
 Thy Kin that lives may wary thee and ban.

Sen thou on me thus, Lymmer, leis and trattis,
 And sends sic Sentence foundit of Envy;
 Thy Elders Banes ryse ilka Nicht and rattle;
 And on thy Corss, Vengance, Vengance they cry,
 Thou art the Cause they may not rest nor ly;
 Thou says for them few *Paters*, Salms or Creids,
 But gars me tell their Rentells and Misdeids,
 And thair auld Sin with new Schame certery.

Insenswat Sow, ceis fals *Eustaces* Air,
 And knaw, kein Scald I hold of *Alathia*,
 And gar me not the Cause lang to declair,
 Of thy curst Kin *Deilber* and his *Alia*;
 Cum to the Corss on Kneis and mak a *Cria*,
 Confess thy Cryne, hold *Kennedie* thy King,
 And with a Hawthorn scourge thy sell and ding,
 Thus drie thy Pennance *dele quiisi quia*.

Pass to my *Comisar* and be confest,
 Before him cour on Kneis and cum in Will;
 And syne gar *Stobo* for thy Lyfe protest:
 Renunce thy Rymes, baith ban and burn thy Bill,
 Heive to the Heaven thy Hands and hald thee still.
 Do thou not this Brigane thou soll be brint
 With Pik, Tar, Fyre, Gun-powder and Lint,
 On *Arthur-Sate*, or ony hicher Hill.

I haif ambulate on *Parnaso* the Mountain,
 In spyrt with *Hermes* frae his golden Sphere,
 And dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,
 Quhen purifeet with Frost, and flowand cleir,
 And thou hast cum in *Merch* or *Februeir*;
 There till ane Pule and drunk the Paddock Rude,
 That gars thee Ryme in Terms of Sence denude,
 And blaber Things that wyse Men hate to heir.

Thou luyes nae *Ersch*, Elf, I understand,
 But it suld be all true *Scotismens* Beid;
 It was the first gude Language of this Land,
 And *Scota* gart it multyplie and spreid,
 Till *Corspatrick* that we of Treason reid,
 Thy Fore-fader, made *Ersch* and *Erschnuen* thin,
 Throu his Treason brocht *Inglis* Fassouns in,
 Sae wald thyself, micht thou to him succeed.

Fule Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,
 It may be verryfeit thy Wit is thin,
 Quhen thou wryts *Densmen* dryd upon the Ratts,
Densmen of *Denmark* are of the Kings Kin,
 The Wit thou suld have had was casten in,
 Even at thy Erse backward with an Staw-slung;
 Therefore, fals Harlot Hure-son, hald thy Tung;
Deilber thou deives the Deil thy Eme with Din.

Quhairas thou says, that I steil Hens and Lamms,
 I let thee Wit I haif Land Store and Staks,
 Thou wald be fain to gnaw Lad with thy Gamms
 Under my Burde frush Banes behind Dogs backs

Thy Purse its tume, I haif baith Steids and Caiks,
 Thou tint the Sok, I Coulter haif and Pleuch;
 Thy Geir and Substance is a Widdy teuch,
 On *Falconn* Mount, about thy Craig to rax.

And zit mount *Falconn* Gallows is owre fair,
 For to be fleyt with sic a frontles Face;
 Cum hame and hing under an Trie of *Air*,
 To eard thee under it, I sall purchase Grace,
 To eit thy Flesh the Dog sall haif nae Space.
 Ravens sall ryve naething but thy Tung Rutes;
 For thou sic Malice of thy Master mutes,
 It is weil set that thou sic barret brace.

A small Fynance amang thy Freinds thou beggit,
 To stanche thy skorne with Haly Mulds thou lost
 Thou saild to get a Dowkar for to dreggit;
 It lyés clos'd in a Clout on *Northway* Coast,
 Sic Revel gars thee be servt with cauld Roast,
 And aft sit supperless beyond the Se,
 Cryand at Doris, *Caritas amore DEI*,
 Breikles, Barefute, and all in Duds up dost.

Deilber has nocht ado with a *Dunbar* ;
 The Earls of *Murray* bure that Surname richt,
 That to their King ay true and constant war;
 Of that Kin came *Dunbar* of *Westfield* Knicht,
 That Succession is hardy, wyse and wicht;
 And has naething ado now with the Deil,
 But *Deilber* is thy Kin, and kens the Weil,
 And has in Hell for thee a Chalmer dicht.

Curst crupand Craw, I sall gar crop thy Tung,
 And thou sall cry *Cormundum* on thy Kneis,
 Derch I sall ding thee till I gar thee dung,
 And thou sall lick thy Lipps and sweir thou lies:
 I sall degrad the gracless of thy Greis,
 Scald thee for Skorn, and scor thee af thy Sule,
 Gar round thy Heid transform thee as a Fule,
 And with Treason gar trone thee on the Treis.

Rawmoud Rebald, and Ranegald Rehator,
 My Lynage and Forbeirs war evir leil,
 It cumis aft to thy sell to be a Traytor,
 To ryde by Nicht, to rin, to reive and steil,
 Quhen thou puts Poyson to me I appeil
 Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Person,
 Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, *Garson*,
 Thou sall buy it deir enouch, Derch of the Deil.

In *England*, Owl, sould be thy Habitation;
 Homage to *Edward Langshanks* made thy Kin,
 Into *Dunbar* resaivt him thy fals Nation:
 They sould be exylt *Scotland* mair and myn,
 Ane stark Gallows, a Widdy and a Pin:
 The Heid Poynt of thy Elders Arms are
 Written abune in Poysie, Hang *Dunbar*,
 Quarter and draw, and make that Surname thin.

I am the Kings Blude, his trew and special Clerk,
 That nevir zit imagind his Offence,
 Constant in Mynd, in Thocht, in Word, and Wark,
 Dependand only on his Excellence,
 Trestand to have of his Magnificence,
 Gwairdoun, reward, and Benyfice bedein,
 Quhair that the Ravins sall ryve out baith thy Ein
 And on the Rattis sall be thy Residence.

Frae *Atrick* Forest forward to *Domfreise*,
 Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,
 Collaps, Cruds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and Geis,
 And undernicht quhyles thou stall Staigs and Stirkis,
 Because now *Scotlond* of thy begging irks,
 Thou shaips in *France* to be Knicht of the Field,
 Thou has thy Clam Shells and thy Burdoun keild,
 Ilk Ways unhonest, Wolrun, that thou works.

Thou may not pass Mount *Bernard* for wild Beists,
 Nor win throw Mount *Scarpary* for the Snaw,
 Mount *Nicholas*, Mount *Godard* thee arreists,
 Sic Beis of Briggand blinds them with a Blaw.

In *Paris* with thy Master *Burreau*,
 Abyde and be his Prentise neir the Bank,
 And help to hang *Fripsons* for half a *Frank*,
 And at the last thy self maun thole the Law.

Thou haland Harlot neir a gude thou hais,
 For Falt of Pussance, Peilor, thou may pak thee;
 Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedset thy Clais;
 There is nae Lord in Service that will tak thee.
 A Pack of Flae-Skins Fynance for to mak thee,
 Thou sall receive at *Danskyn* of my Tailzie,
 With *de profundis* set thee and that failzie,
 And I sall send the blak Deil for to bak thee.

Into the *Katherine* thou made a foul Kahute;
 For thou bedrait hir doun frae Stern to steir,
 Upon her Sydes was sein that thou could schute,
 The Dirt cleaves till hir Tows this Twenty Zeir,
 The Firmament nor Firth was never cleir,
 Quhyle thou, Deils Birth *Deilber*, was on the Se,
 Ilk Saul had sunkin throu the Sin of thee,
 War not the People made sae mickle Prayer.

Quben that the Schip was saynt and under Sail,
 Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpost for to pass,
 Thou schot and was not sicker of thy Tail,
 Beshait the Steir, the Compas and the Glass,
 The Skiper bad gar land thee at the Bass,
 Thou spewd and custe mony a laithly Lump,
 Faster nor all the Mariners coud pump,
 And zit thy Wame is war nor eir it was.

Had they been sae provided of Schot of Gun
 By Men of Weir, bot perell they had past;
 As thou was lowse and ready with thy Bun,
 They neid haif tane nae towing at the last,
 For thou could cuke a Cartful at a Cast;
 Ther is nae Ship that thee will now resaif,
 Faster thou fylt than Fyfteensum might laife,
 And myrd them with thy Muck to the mid Mast.

Throw *Ingland* theive, and tak thee to thy Fute,
 And bound to haif with thee a fals Botwand,
 Ane Horsmanshell thou call thee at the Mute,
 And with that Craft convoy thee throw the Land;
 Be naithing airch, but fairly tak in Hand;
 Happen thou to be hangit in *Northumber*,
 Then all thy Kin are weil quit of thy Cumber,
 For that maun be thy Dume I understand.

Hie soverain Lord, let neir this sinful Sot
 Do Schame frae hame unto zour Nation;
 Let neir again sic ane be call'd a *Scot*,
 A rotten Crok Lowse of the Dok ther doun.
 Frae honest Folk devyde the laithly Loun,
 On sum wyld Desert quhair ther is no Repair,
 For fylng and infecting of the Air,
 Carry this cankert corrupt Carion.

Thou was consavit in the grit Eclips,
 Ane Monster maid be grit *Mercurius*,
 Nae Hald-again or Ho is on thy Hipps,
 Infornunate, curst, false and furious,
 Ill-schriven, wan-thriven, not clean nor curious,
 A Myting for fylting, the Flurdome maist lyke,
 A crabbit, scabbit, ill-facit Messen-tyke,
 A Schit, bot Wit, schrewt and injurious.

Greit in the Glaiks, gude Maister Gwiliane Gowkks,
 Maist imperfyte in Poetrie and Prose,
 All closs under the Cloud of Nicht thou coukks;
 Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Rose!
 Lunatick Lymmar, Luschbald, lous thy Hose,
 That I may touch thy Tung with Tribulation,
 In recompensing of thy Conspiration,
 Or turss thee out of *Scotland*, tak thy Choice.

A Benifice quha wald gife sic a Beist,
 But gif it wer to jingle *Judas* Bells,
 Tak thee a Fiddle or a Flute to jest,
 Undocht thou art, ordain'd for naithing ells,

Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam-schells,
 Cleik on thy Cross, and fair on into *France*,
 And cum thou neir again without Mischance ;
 The Feynd fair with the forward ower the Fells.

Cankert Cayne, try'd Trowane, *tute-villous*,
 Marmadin, Mynmerkin, Monster of all Men,
 I sall gar bake thee to the Laird of *Hillhouse*,
 To swelly thee instead of a pullt Hen ;
 Fazart Fowmart, fostert in Filth and Fen,
 Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Physnomy,
 Thy Dok ay dreips of Dirt, and will not dry ;
 To tume thy Tun wald tyre Carlings ten.

Curst Conspirator, Cockatrice, Hells Ka,
 Turk, Trumper, Traytor, Tyranne, intemprate,
 Thou yrefull Attercap, Pylat, *Apostata*,
Judas, Jew, Janglor, lollard Lawreat,
 Sarazen, *Symonite*, proud Pagan, pronounceat,
Mahometit, mansworn, Atheist abominable,
 Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce insatiable ;
 With Gog and *Magog* greit Glorificat.

Nero thy Nevoy, *Goliath* thy Grandsyre,
Pharo thy Fader, *Egypta* thy Dame,
 Deilbeir thir ar, the Cause that I conspyre
 'Gainst thee, and ilka sutie Deil thy Eme ;
Belzebub thy full Brudder he will claim
 To be thy Air, and *Cayphas* thy Sector,
Pluto Heid of thy Kin and thy Protector,
 To leid the doun to Hell frae Licht and Leine.

Deilbeir, thy Speir of Weir, bot Feir, thou zeild,
 Hangit, Mangit, Edder-stangit, Stryndie *Stalorun*,
 To me, maist hie, *Kennedie*, and flie the Feild ;
 Picket, wicket, stricket, convickit, Lump *lullardorum*,
 Defamit, schamit, blamit, *primus Paganorum* ;
 Out out, I schout upon that Snout that sneivils,
 Tale-teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the Divels ;
 Spink, sink, with Stink *ad Tartara termitagorum*.

The fityng of Dunbar and Kennedy, one of them at least among the most accomplished poets of his day, holding orders in the church, and a constant attendant upon the court, gives a very gross idea of the manners of our *ould forbears*. When men of learning, placed in the first rank of society, could so forcibly and freely scatter the language of Bilinggate, what must have been the state of the middle and lower orders of society?

What were the particular grounds of quarrel between the rival bards has not been recorded. Some have conjectured that it was merely a strife of words, without any thing of enmity on either side; but this we think extremely improbable. Such abusive language could only be prompted by the bitterest rancour, and behaved to excite in the parties either the most consummate contempt or the deepest hatred.

Of Walter Kennedy there appears to be now no memorial except his satires on Dunbar, and two insignificant poems, entitled "An envecte against Mouth Thankless," and the "Prais of Aige." From Dunbar's account of him, he appears to have been a native of Carrick, and to have resided principally at Ayr; and from one of his poems we gather that he was, unlike the poets his contemporaries, a zealous disciple of what was then termed the old faith, or, in other words, a true Papist, for he complains bitterly of the "Tempestous wind and rain of Lollerdry," the term of reproach used at that time to designate those that derived their religion from the Scriptures.

Of William Dunbar, a poet who has been compared with Chaucer, almost nothing is known but what is gathered from his own writings. He is supposed to have been born about the year 1465, and the place of his birth, from his boast of having "Ane pair of Lothian lippe," is supposed to have been somewhere in the counties that go by that name. Others have supposed that he was of the county of Fife. Wherever was the place of his birth, it appears that Edinburgh was generally the place of his residence; that he was educated for, and had his expectations centered in the church. In his youth he appears to have been a travelling noviciate of the order of St. Francis. He appears to have been most assiduous in his attendance upon the court, and to have omitted no opportunity of bringing himself into notice, yet neglect and poverty seems to have accompanied him even to old age. Whether his own imprudence retarded his advancement, or if he was neglected merely through the caprice of those who had preferment to bestow, we have no means of ascertaining. From the strain of his writings in general, we should be inclined to judge rather unfavourably for the poet, did we not know the general licentiousness of churchmen in that age, as well as of the age itself. The man who wrote such a production as "The Dregy addressed to the King at Stirling," was certainly not the man whom a considerate person would have wished to see promoted to influence and dignity in the church.

The works of Dunbar are numerous, and a great part of them, both in sentiment and expression, truly abominable. Others of them are sufficiently chaste, and almost all of them display poetical talent of no common order. Of his superior talents, *The Thistle and the Rose*, and *The Golden Terge*, will probably remain monuments, as enduring as the language in which they are written.

The following "Meditation, written in Wynter," will give every reader of taste a very high opinion of his talents, and will be perused with no common interest as the solitary musings of neglected genius.

Into thir dark and drublie dayis,
Ouhan sabill all the hevin arrayayis,
Ouhan mystic vapours cluddis the skyis,
Nature all curage me denvis
Of sange, ballatis, and of playis.

Quhan that the nycht dois lenthin houris;
 With wind, with haill, and havige schouris,
 My dule spreit dois lurk for schoir.
 My haire for langour dois forloir,
 For laik of Symmer with his flouris.

I wak; I turne; sleep may I nocht:
 I vexit am with havige thocht.
 This warkd all ouir I east about;
 And ay the mair I am in dout,
 The mair that I remed have socht.

I am assayit on everie syde.
 Dispair says ay, ' In tyme provyde;
 * And get sum thing quhalron to leif.
 * Or with grit trouble and mischief
 * Thow sail into this court abyde.

Than Patience says, ' Be na agast:
 * Hald hoip and treuthe within the fast;
 * And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
 * Quhan that no rasoun may assuage,
 * Quhill that hir glas be run and past.

And Prudence in my eir says ay,
 ' Quhy wald you hald what will away?
 * Or craif what yow may have no space
 * [To bruik, as] to an uther place
 * A jourray going every day?'

And than says Age, ' My friend cum neir;
 * And be not strange, I thee reueir.
 * Cum, brudir, by the hand me tak:
 * Remember thow hee compt to mak
 * Of all the tyme thow spendit heir.'

Syne Deid casts up his yettis wyd;
 Saying, ' Thir oppin sail ye byd;
 * Albeit that yow wer never so stout,
 * Undir this lyntall sail thow lout:
 * Thair is name uther way besyd.'

For feir of this all day I drowp.
 No gold in kist, nor wyne in cowp,
 No ladeis bewtie, nor lufis blis,
 May lat me to remember this:
 How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

Yit quhan the nicht begynnis to schort;
 It dois my spreit sum paift confort,
 Of thocht oppreasit with the schouris.
 Cum, lustie Symmer! with thi flouris,
 That I may leif in sum dispot.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

At beltane, quhen ilk bodie bownis
 To Peblis to the Play,
 To heir the singin' and the soundis;
 The solace, suth to say,
 Be firth and forrest furth they found;
 Thay graythit tham full gay;
 God wait that wald they do that stound,
 For it was thair feist day,

Thay said,

Of Peblis to the Play,

All the wenchis of the west
 War up or the cok crew;
 For reiling thair might na man rest,
 For garray, and for glew:
 Ane said my curches ar nocht prest;
 Than answerit Meg full blew,
 To get an hude, I hald it best;
 Be Goddis saull that is true,

Quod scho,

Of Peblis to the Play.

She tuik the tippet be the end,
 To lat it hing scho leit not;
 Quod he, thy bak sall beir aue bend;
 In faith, quod scho, we meit not.
 Scho was so guckit, and so gend,
 That day ane byt scho eit nocht;
 Than spak hir fallowis that hir kend;
 Be still, my joy, and greit not

Now.

Of Peblis to the Play.

Evir allace ! than said scho,
 Am I nocht cleirlie tynt?
 I dar nocht cum yon mercat to
 I am so evvil sone-brint;

Amang yon marchands my duds do?
 Marie I sall anis mynt
 Stand of far, and keik thaim to;
 As I at hame was wont,
 Quod scho.
 Off Peblis to the Play.

Hop, Calye, and Cardronow
 Gaderit out thik-fald,
 With Hey and How rohumbelow;
 The young folk were full bald.
 The bagpipe blew, and thai out threw
 Out of the townis untald.
 Lord sic ane schout was thame amang,
 Quhen thai were our the wald
 Thair west,
 Off Peblis to the Play.

Ane young man stert in to that steid,
 Als cant as ony colt,
 Ane birkin hat upon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt;
 Said, Mirrie Madinis, think not lang;
 The wedder is fair and smolt.
 He cleikit up ane hie ruf sang,
 'Thair fure ane man to the holt.
 Quod he.
 Of Peblis to the Play.

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait
 Quhen the madinis come upon thame;
 Ilk ane man gaif his consait,
 How at thai wald dispone thame:
 Ane said The fairest fallis me;
 Tak ye the laif and fonne thame.
 Ane uther said Wys me lat be.
 On, Twedell syd, and on thame
 Swyth,
 Of Peblis to the Play.

Than he to ga, and scho to ga,
 And never ane bad abyd you:
 Ane winklot fell und her taill up;
 Wow, quod Malkin, hyd yow
 Quhat neidis you to maik it sua?
 Yon man will not ourryd you.
 Ar ye owr gude, quod scho, I say,
 To lat thame gang besyd yow
Yonder,
 Of Peblis to the Play?

Than thai come to the townis end
 Withouttin more delai,
 He befoir, and scho befoir,
 To see quha was maist gay.
 All that lukit thame upon
 Leuche fast at thair array:
 Sum said that thai were merkat folk;
 Sum said the Quene of May
Was cumit
 Of Peblis to the Play.

Than thai to the taverne hous
 With meikle oly prance;
 Ane spak wi' wourdis wonder crouss
 A done with ane mischance!
 Braid up the burde, (he hydis tyt)
 We are all in ane trance;
 Se that our napre be quhyt,
 For we will dyn and daunce,
Thair out,
 Of Peblis to the Play.

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,
 Ane scorit upon the wauch.
 Ane bad pay, ane ither said, nay,
 Byd quhill we rakin our lauch.

The gudwyf said, Have ye na dreed?
 Ye sal pay at ye aucht.
 Ane young man stert upon his feit,
 And he began to lauche
 For heydin,
 Off Peblis to the Play.

He gat ane trincheour in his hand,
 And he began to compt;
 Ilk man twa and ane happenie,
 To pay thus we war wound.
 Ane uther stert upon his feit,
 And said thow art our blunt
 To tak sik office upoun hand;
 Be God thow servite ane dunt
 Of me,
 Off Peblis to the Play.

Ane dunt, quod he, quhat dewil is that?
 Be God yow dar not du'd.
 He stert till ane broggit stauf,
 Wincheand as he war woode.
 All that hous was in ane reirde;
 Ane cryit, 'The halie rude!
 ' Help us lord upon this erde
 ' That thair be spilt na blude
 ' Heirin,
 ' Off Peblis to the Play.'

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis.
 Withouttin ony reddin;
 Gilbert in ane guttar glayde
 He gat na better beddin.
 Thair wes not ane of thame that day
 Wald do ane utheris biddin.
 Thairby lay thre and threttie sum,
 Thrunland in ane midding
 Off draf.
 Off Peblis to the Play.

Ane cadgear on the mercat gait
 Hard thame bargane begin;
 He gaiff ane schout, his wyff came out;
 Scantlie scho nicht ourhye him:
 He held, scho drew, for dust that day
 Nicht na man se ane styme

To red thame.

Of Peblis to the Play.

He stert to his greit gray meir,
 And of he tunablit the creilis.
 Alace, quod scho, hald our gude man:
 And on hir knees scho knelis.
 Abyd, quod scho; why nay, quod he,
 In till his stirrapis he lap;
 The girding brak, and he flew of,
 And upstart bayth his heilis

At anis,

Of Peblis to the Play.

His wyf came out, and gaif ane schout,
 And be the fute scho gat him;
 All bedirtin drew him out;
 Lord God! richt weil that sat him!
 He said, Quhair is you culrouan knaif?
 Quod scho, I reid ye lat him
 Gang hame his gaites. Be God, quod he,
 I sall anis have at him

Yit.

Of Peblis to the Play.

Ye fylit me, fy for schame! quod scho;
 Se as ye have drest me;
 How feil ye, schir, as my girdin brak
 Quhat meikle devil may lest me.

I wait weil quhat it wes
 My awin gray meir that kest me:
 Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt,
 And syn lay doun to rest me

Yonder,

Of Peblis to the Play.

Be that the bargan was all playit
 The stringis stert out of thair nokks;
 Sevin-sum that the tulye maid,
 Lay gruffling in the stokks.
 John Jaksoun of the nether warde
 Had lever have giffin an ox,
 Or he had cuming in that cumpanie,
 He sware be Goddis cokkis,

And mannis bayth,

Of Peblis to the Play.

With that Will Swane come sueitand out,
 Ane meikle miller man;
 Gif I sall dance have donn lat sé
 Blaw up the bagpyp than:
 The schamon's dance I mon begin;
 I trow it sall not pane.
 So hevelie he hochit about
 To se him, Lord, as thai ran

That tyd,

Of Peblis to the Play!

Thay gadderit out of the toun
 And neirar him thai dreuch;
 Ane bade gif the daunsaris rowme,
 Will Swane makis wounder teuche.
 Than all the wenschis Te he thai playit;
 But, lord, as Will Young leuchie!
 Gude gossip cum hyn your gatis,
 For we have daunsit aneuchie

At anis

At Peblis at the Play.

Se feralie fyr heit wes the day
 His face began to frekill.
 Than Tisbe tuik him by the hand,
 (Wes new cuming fra the Seckill)
 Allace, quod scho, quhat soll I do?
 And our doure hea na stekill.
 And scho to ga as hir taill brynt;
 And all the cairlis to kekill
 At hir.
 Of Peblis to the Play.

The pyper said now I begin
 To tyre for playing to;
 Bot yit I have gottin nathing
 For all my pyping to you;
 Thre happenis for half ane day
 And that will not undo you:
 And gif ye will gif me richt nocht,
 The meikill devill gang wi' you,
 Quod he,
 Of Peblis to the Play.

Be that the daunsing wes all done,
 Thair leif tuik les and mair;
 Quhen the winklottis and the wawarris twynit
 To se it was hart sair.
 Wat Atkin said to fair Ales,
 My bird now will I fayr:
 The dewil a wourde that scho might speik,
 Bet swownit that sweit of swair
 For kyndnes.
 Of Peblis to the Play.

He sippilit lyk ane faderless sole;
 ' And be still my sweit thing.
 ' Be the halyrud of Peblis
 ' I may nocht rest for greiting.

He quhissillit, and he pypit bayth,
 To mak hir blyth that meiting:
 My hony hart how sayis the sang,
 'Thair sall be mirth at our meting'
 'Yit.'

Of Peblis to the Play.

Be that the sone was settand schaftis;
 And neir done wes the day:
 Thair men nicht heir schriken of chaftis;
 Quhen that thai went thair way.
 Had thair bein mair made of this sang,
 Mair suld I to yow say.
 At beltane ilka bodie bownd
 To Peblis to the Play.



CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
 Sik dancing nor deray;
 Nowther at *Falkland on the green*,
 Or *Peebles at the Play*.
 As wes of wooers as I ween,
 At Christ's Kirk on a day;
 There came our Kittys washen clean
 In new kyrtis of gray,
 Fou gay that day,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

To danss thir damysells them dight;
 Thir lasses light of laits.
 Thir gluvis war of the raffal right,
 This shoon war o' the straits.

Thir kirtles were of Lincome light,
 Weel prest wi' mony plaits:
 They were sae skych, whan men them nicht,
 They squeild, like ony gaits,
 Fu loud that day,
At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Of a' thir maidins myld as meid
 Was nane sae jimp as Gillie;
 As ony rose her rude was red,
 Her lire was like the lillie;
 Fou yellow yellow was her heid;
 And scho, of luve sae sillie,
 Thoch a' her kin had sworn hir deid,
 Scho wald hae nane but Willie
 Alane that day,
At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Scho skornit Jock, and skrapit at him,
 And murgeoned him wi' mokks;
 He wald hae Iuvit, scho wald not lat him
 For a' his yellow lokks.
 He cherish'd her, scho bid gae chat him;
 Scho compt him not twa clokkis:
 Sae schamefully his schort goun sat him
 His legs war lyke twa rokkis
 Or rungs that day
At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Tam Lutar was thair minstrel meet.
 Gude Lord how he coud lans!
 He playt sae schill and sang sae sweet,
 Quhuyle Towsie took a transs,
 Auld Lightfute thair he coud foreleet,
 And counterfittet Franss:
 He held him as a man discreet,
 And up the Morreis-danss
 He tuke that day
At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Then Steen cam stappin in wi' stends,
 Nae rynt micht him arrest,
 Splae-fut he bobbit up wi' bends ;
 For Mause he maid reueist.
 He lap quhyle he lay on his lends,
 But rysand was sae preist,
 Quhyle he did hoast at baith the ends
 For honour o' the feist,
 And dauns'd that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Then Robene Roy begouth to revell,
 And Towsie to him drugged ;
 Let be, quo' Jock, and cawd him Jovel,
 And be the tail him tuggit.
 The kenzie clicked to a kevel,
 God wots if thir twa luggit !
 They parted manly wi' a nevel :
 Men say that hair was ruggit
 Betwixt them twa
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt coud steer him ;
 Grit skayth wead to haif skard him ;
 He cheist a flane as did effeir him :
 The toder said, Dirdum Dardum.
 Throuch baith the cheiks he thocht to chier him,
 Or throch the erse haif chard him :
 Be ane akerbraid it came na neir him ;
 I canna tell quhat mard him
 Sae wide that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Wi' that a fricn' o' his cried Fy !
 And up an arrow drew :
 He forgot it sae forcefully
 The bow in flinders flew.

Sik was the will of God, trow I;
 For, had the tree been trew,
 Men said, that kend his archery,
 He wald haif slain enow
 Belyve that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

An hasty hensure, callit Harry,
 Quha was an archer heynd,
 Tytt up a taikel withoutten tary,
 That torment sae him teynd:
 I wat nae quhidder his hand coud vary,
 Or the man was his friend,
 For he escapit, threw the michts of Mary,
 As man that nae ill meind
 But gude that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Then Lowry lyke a lyon lap,
 And sone a flane can fedder:
 He hecht to perce him at the pap,
 Thereon to wad a wedder:
 He hit him on the wame a wap,
 It buft like ony bledder,
 But sua, his fortune was and hap,
 His doublet made o' lether
 Saift him that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

The buff sae boistrousy abait him
 That he to th' erd dusht down;
 The ither man for deid there left him,
 And fled out o' the toun.
 The wives came forth, and up thay reft him,
 And fand lyfe in the loun.
 Then wi' three routs on's erse they reir'd him,
 And cur'd him out o' soone
 Frae hand that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

A yape young man, that stude him neist,
 Lous'd aff a schot wi' yre :
 He etlit the bern in at the briest ;
 The bolt flew owr the byre.
 Ane cry'd Fy ! he had slain a priest
 A myle beyond a myre.
 Then bow and bag fræ him he keist ;
 And fled as fers as fire
 Fræ flint that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Wi' forks and flails they lent grit flaps,
 And flang togidder like fryggs ;
 Wi' bougars of barns they best blew kappes,
 Quikyle they of barns maid briggs.
 The reard raise rudely wi' the rappes,
 Quhen ruhgs war laid on riggs ;
 The wyfis came forth wi' crys and clappis,
 Lo ! where my lyking liggs !
 Quoth thay, that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Thay girnit, and lute gird wi' granes ;
 Ilk gossip oder grieved.
 Sum strak wi' stings, sum gaddert stains,
 Sum fled and ill mischevet.
 The menstrual wan within twa wains,
 That day fu' weil he prieveit ;
 For he came hame wi' unbirs'd bains,
 Quhar fechters war mischieved
 For evir that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Heich Hatchean, wi' a hissil ryss,
 To redd can throw them rummil.
 He muddilt them doua lyk ony myce :
 He was nae baity ~~blitney~~.

Thoch he was wicht he was nae wyss
 With sic jangleurs to jummil;
 For frae his thoume they dang a sklyss
 Quhyle he cried, Barlafummil!

I'm slain this day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Quhen that he saw his blude sae reid
 To fle micht na man let him.
 He weind it had been for auld feid;
 He thocht ane cry'd Haif at him.
 He gart his feit defend his heed,
 The far fairer it set him,
 Quhyle he was past out of all plead;
 They sould bene swift that gat him

Throw spied that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

The toun soutar in grief was bowdin,
 His wyfe hang at his waist:
 His body was in blude a browdin;
 He grin'd lyk ony ghaist.
 Hir glitterand hair that was sae gowden
 Sae hard in lufe him laist,
 That for her sak he was nae youden
 Seven myle that he was chaist,

And mair that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

The miller was of manly mak,
 To meit him was no mows;
 There durst not ten cum him to tak,
 Sae noytit he their pows.
 The buschment hale about him brak,
 And bikkert him wi' bows:
 Syne trayterly, behint his back,
 They hew'd him on the hows

Behind that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Twa that war herdmen of the herd,
 On udder ran lyk rams:
 Then followit feymen richt unafeird,
 Bet on with barrow trams.
 But quhair thair gobs thay were ungeird
 Thay gat upon the gams;
 Quhyl bludy barkit war their bairds,
 As they had worriet lamms

Maist lyk that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

The wyves keist up a hideous yell
 Quhan all thir younkers yokkit;
 Als ferss as ony fire flauchts fell
 Freiks to the fields they flokkit.
 The carlis with clubs did uder quell
 Quhyl bluid at briests out bokkit.
 Sae ruelie rang the common bell
 That a' the steipill rokkit

For reird that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

Be this Tam Tailor was in's gear,
 When he heard the common bell;
 Said he wald mak them all asteir
 When he came there himself.
 He went to fecht with sic a fear
 While to the erd he fell;
 A wife, that hit him to the grund,
 Wi' a grit knocking mell

Fel'd him that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

When they had beirt like baited bulls,
 And branewod brynt in bales;
 They war as meik as ony mulis
 That mangit ar wi' mails.

For faintness thae forfochtin fulis
 Fell down lyk flauchtir fails;
 Fresh men cam in and hail'd the dulis,
 And dang them down in dails
 Bedeen that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

The bridegroom brought a pint of aisle,
 And bade the pyper drink it:
 Drink it, quoth he, and it so staile?
 A shrew me if I think it.
 The bride her maidens stood near by,
 And said it was na blinked:
 And Bartagacie, the bride sae gay,
 Upon him fast she winked
 Full soon that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

When a' was dune Dik with an aix
 Came furth to fell a fudder;
 Quod he, whair ar yon hangit smaiks
 Richt now wald slain my brudder?
 His wyfe bad him, gae hame Gib Glaiks,
 And sae did Meg his mudder;
 He turn'd and gaif them baith their paiks,
 For he durst ding nane udder
 For feir that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

The two preceding Ballads are, perhaps, the most perfect delineations of the manners of the Scottish peasantry, that ever were executed; and they demonstrate most forcibly how difficult it is to change the general character and manners of a people. Since the publication of these poems many causes have been in operation, which, one would be ready to suppose, should have effected a total change of character among the mass of our population, yet they are at this moment as perfectly descriptive of rustic life, as they could possibly be at the moment they were composed. There is not one country fair (throughout the south and west of Scotland) among a thousand that does not exhibit the whole scene in the utmost perfection, only that the *stocks* have disappeared, and in many places have had nothing substituted in their place, so that violence is a little more

lawless, and vicious habits subject to less restraint than formerly. Whoever is curious in these matters, and chooses to make the experiment, will find, that, after all the happy effects of parish schools, with all the addenda that modern times has brought in aid of them, our rustic youth, are, when their heads are heated by whisky, and their heels lightened by the powerful tones of the fiddle, most immoderately given to swearing and brawling; and the *winklets*, he will find, are still coarse, coquettish, and shameless.

The author of these Poems, has been pretty generally assumed to be James I. of Scotland, but who ever will be at the trouble to inquire, will find that this is mere assumption, without even the shadow of proof. Nay, all the evidence of a presumptive kind, is directly the contrary way, and goes in my opinion to establish it as a fact, that James I. could not be the author of these Poems. The reader, who is interested in such inquiries, will find the question pretty largely discussed by Dr. Gibson, the earliest editor of any of these Poems, by Mr. Callander of Craigforth, by Mr. Tytler, in his Poetical remains of James I. as also in the works of Dr. Tanner, Bishop Percy, Dr. Warton, Mr. Ritson, &c. &c. I shall content myself with stating a few simple facts, which require the reader only to turn to the life of James I. in order to verify them, and if, after thinking them over, he can really believe that James could be the author of the Poems in question, he is welcome to possess his faith, and may do so forever, without any disturbance from me.

James I. was born in 1393, carried prisoner into England 1405, being then at most in his 12th year, was not restored to his country till 1424, when he behaved to be above 30 years of age. The remainder of his days, only 13 years, were spent in fruitless endeavours to bless his country, by the exercise of that superior discernment which a better education, aided perhaps by the misfortunes of his early life, had conferred upon him. I would only after this, wish to know how it was possible for him to acquire either that perfect knowledge of the language, or that intimate acquaintance with the manners of his rude countrymen, which the author of these Poems evidently possessed.

We have moreover an undoubted production of James's, *The King's Quair*, (or Book,) the stile and manner of which is as unlike these Poems as any thing of the kind can well be supposed to be. The reader may take the following extract, which is an address to the nightingale, in the garden of Windsor, where the object of his love, the *Lady Jane*, daughter of the Earl of Somersett, is represented as walking.

An othir quibile the lytill nyghtingale,
That sat upon the twiggis, wold I chide,
And say, ryght thus, Quhare are thy notis smale,
That thou of love has song this morrowe tyde?
Seis thou not hir that sittis the besyde?
For Venus' sake, the blissfull goddesse clere,
Sing on agane, and mak my Lady chere.

And eke I pray, for all the paynes grete,
That, for the love of Proigne, thy sister dere,
Thou sufferit quhilom, quhen thy brestis wote
Were with the teres of thyne eyen clere
All bludy ronne, that ptee was to here
The cruelee of that unknychtly dede,
Quhart was fro the berest thy malede.

Lift up thyne hert, and sing with gude entent,
 And in thy notis suete the treson telle,
 That to thy sister trewe and innocent,
 Was kynthid by hir husband false and fell,
 For quhois gilt, as it is worthy well,
 Chide thir husbandis that are false, I say,
 And bid them mend in the XX deuell way.

O lytell wretch, allace ! maist thou not se
 Quho comyth yond ? Is it now time to wring ?
 Quhat soray thought is fallin upon the ?
 Opyn thy throte ; hastow no lest to sing ?
 Allace ! sea thou of reson had felyng,
 Now, swete bird, say oner to me pepe.
 I dee for wo ; me think thou gynis alope.

Hastow no mynde of lufe ? quhare is thy make ?
 Or artow seke, or smyt with jelousye ?
 Or is sche dede, or hath sche the forsaqe ?
 Quhat is the cause of thy melancoly,
 That thou no more list maken melodye ?
 Sluggart, for schame ! lo here thy golden houre
 That worth were hale all thy lyvis laboure.

Gif thou suld sing wele ever in thy lyve,
 Here is, in fay, the time, and eke the space :
 Quhat wostow than ? Sum bird may cum and stryve
 In song with the, the maistry to purchace.
 Suld thou than cease, it were great schame, allace
 And here to wyn gree happily for ever ;
 Here is the tyme to syng, or ellis never.

I thought eke thus gif I my handis clap,
 Or gif I cost, than will sche flee away ;
 And, gif I had my pea, than will sche nap ;
 And gif I crye, sche wate not quhat I say :
 Thus quhat is best, wate I not be this day,
 Bot blawe wynd, blawe, and do the letis schake,
 That sum tulg may wag, and make hir to wake.

This is rather a favourable specimen of the Poem, which like the other productions of that age, is quaint in the contrivance, withdrawn in the sentiments, and perplexed throughout with mythological conceits, and will not certainly, with any impartial reader, tend any thing to establish the authors' claim to the Poems in question.

I am indeed inclined to think that these Poems are not the work of the same hand, nor of any known author. " Pebis to the Play" I suppose to be the original, and " Christ's Kirk" a still happier imitation of the same easy and natural manner, a manner exemplified by no poet of that day, if we except the author of Robene and Makyn, which is said, but upon very doubtful authority, to be Henryson's. It is not difficult to conceive that by the despisers of fame, these natural and simple effusions would at first be but coldly received, perhaps, among their more gorgeous peers, they were for a time wholly overlooked, and being found preserved in the cabinets of the curious, without any owner, when their merit began to be appreciated, they were without enquiry given to the name, at the time possessed of the greatest celebrity.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE.

ROBENE set on gud grene hill,
 Keipand a flok of sie,
 Mirry Makyn said him till,
 Robene, thou rew on me;
 I haif the huvit lowd and still,
 Thir yeiris two or three;
 My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
 Doutles bot dreid I de.

Robene answerit, Be the rude,
 Na thing of lufe I knew,
 Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud,
 Lo quhair thay raik on raw.
 Quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,
 Makyn, to me thou schaw;
 Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude?
 Faine wald I leir that law.

At luvis lair gife thou will leir,
 Tak thair ane A, B, C;
 Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 Wyse, hardy, and fre.
 Se that no denger do the deir,
 Quhat dule in dern thou dre;
 Preiss the with pane at all poweir,
 Be patient and previe.

Robene answerit her agane,
 I wait nocht quhat is lufe,
 Bot I haif mervell incertainte,
 Quhat makis the this wanruse;
 The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
 My scheip gois haill aboif,
 And we wald play us in this plane,
 Thay wald us bayth reproif.

Robene, tak tent unto my tail,
 And wirk all as I reid,
 And thow shall haif my haire all haill,
 Eik and my madinheid.
 Sen God sendis bute for baill,
 And for murning remeid,
 I dern with the; bot gif I daill,
 Doutles I am bot deid.

Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde,
 And ye will meit me heir,
 Perventure my scheip ma gang besyd,
 Quhyll we haif liggit full neir;
 Bot maugre haif I, and I byd,
 Fra they begin to steer;
 Quhat lyis on haire I will nocht hyd;
 Makyne, than mak gud cheir.

Robene, thou reivis me roiss and rest,
 I luve bot the allone.
 Makyne, adew, the sone gois west,
 The day is neirhand gone.
 Robene, in dule I am so drest,
 That lufe will be my bone.
 Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,
 For leman I hue none.

Robene, I stand in sic a style
 I sich, and that full sair.
 Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle,
 At hame God gif I wair.
 My hinny, Robene, talk ane quhyle,
 Gif thou wilt do na mair.
 Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,
 For hamewart I will fair.

Robene on his wayis went,
 As licht as leif of tre;
 Makyne murnit in her intent,
 And trowd him nevir to se.

Robene brayd attour the beat;
 Than Makyne cryit on hie,
 Now ma thow sing, for I am schent!
 Quhat alis lufe with me?

Makyne went hame withouttin faill,
 Full merry eftir cowth weip:
 Than Robene in a ful-fair daill
 Assemblit all his scheip.
 Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail
 Out-throw his haire cowd creip;
 He followit hir fast thair till assaill,
 And till her tuke gude keep.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
 A word for ony thing;
 For all my luve it sall be thyne,
 Withouttin departing.
 All haill! thy harte for till haif myne,
 Is all my cuvating;
 My scheip to morn, quhill houris nyne,
 Will neid of no keping.

Robene, thou hes hard soung and say,
 In gestis and storeis auld,
The man that will not quhen he may,
Sall haif nocth quhen he wald.
 I pray to Jesu every day,
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
 That first preissis with the to play,
 Be firth, forrest, or fawld.

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wedder is warme and fair,
 And the grene woud ryght neir us by
 To walk attour all quhair:
 Thair ma na janglour us espy,
 That is to lufe contrair;
 Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,
 Unsene we ma repair.

Robene, that waird is all away,
 And quyt brocht till ane end,
 And nevir again thereto perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend;
 For of my pane thou maide it play,
 And all in vane I spend:
 As thou hes done, sa sall I say,
 Murne on, I think to mend.

Makyne, the howp of all my heill,
 My hairt on the is sett,
 And evir mair to the be leill,
 Quhile I may leif butt lett;
 Nevir to fail, as utheris fail,
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.
 Robene, with the I will not deill;
 Adew, for thus we mett.

Makyne went hame blyth anewche,
 Attoure the holtis hair;
 Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche;
 Scho sang, he sichit sair;
 And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch,
 In dolour and in cair,
 Kepand his hird under a huche,
 Amang the holtis hair.

The author of this pastoral Ballad, is supposed to have been Robert Henryson, of whose life time has left us almost no memorials. The time and the place of his birth are alike unknown. He is styled by Urry, chief schoolmaster of Dunfermline; and Lord Hailes conjectures that he officiated as preceptor in the Benedictine convent there. From the former of these writers we also learn that he flourished during the reign of Henry the eighth. That he reached an advanced age, appears from some passages of his "Testament of fair Cresseide;" and that he died before Dunbar, is evident from the following couplet of that celebrated poet's "Lament for the death of the Makkars."

In Dunfermline death hes tane Broun,
 With gude Mr. Robert Henryson.

His Fables have been printed, and likewise preserved with others of his Poems, in the Bannatyne MS. His tale of "Orpheus King, and how he yeld to hewyn and to hel to seik his quene," was printed at Edinburgh by

Chapman and Millar, in the year 1608; and his *Testament of fair Crescide*, by Henry Charters, in the year 1593; a second Edition of this work was, in the same place and in the same form, 4to. published in 1611. Many of his Poems are to be found in the various Collections of Scottish Poetry, and they have been illustrated by the critical acumen of almost every Editor of obsolete Poetry. Sometimes, however, these learned persons, are sadly bewildered by their "tuch learning," and put strange glosses upon passages, which, had they consulted their own ploughmen, or, in default of such retainers, their own kitchen wenches, instead of lexicons and vocabularies, they might easily have avoided. A very remarkable instance of this, we have in an illustration of the first stanza, of the preceding Poem.

My dule in de:n bot gif thou dill,
Doubtless bot dreid I de.

That is simply if thou do not sooth, or mitigate, or assuage my secret grief, I shall certainly die. The learned commentators, however, confounding the word *dill*, which means simply to sooth or assuage, with *doss*, which means a quantity, have put upon the passage the very forced and unnatural meaning of *sharing* the concealed grief, which renders the Poet's meaning and his expression, equally awkward and foolish. Her dule she wanted the silly shepherd not to share, but to do away by sharing her passion, which was the cause of her dule. I have somewhere seen Ramsay ridiculed by one of these learned Editors, as a paltry fellow, who knew no language but that of the vulgar, the very language in which these works, which they seem to set so great a value upon, are written, and without the knowledge of which they cannot be understood. The truth is, that Ramsay's deficiency as an Editor, and especially as a critic upon these remnants of the olden time, lay in his knowledge of vulgar language, and vulgar manners, being rather circumscribed than otherwise. Had he been taught to reap corn rigs, in place of being sent to reap beards, or, as heard reaping scents to be an idea scouted by his ardent admirers, had he remained in the country to theek cornstax, instead of the "witty pushes" of Edinburgh, I have no doubt that his Editorial labours had been much more valuable to mankind. I do not by this mean to be understood as speaking disrespectfully of these labours, my opinion is, that they are more valuable than those of some who have been among the harshest of his detractors.



THE VISION.

BEDOUN the bents of Banquo brae
Mi-lane I wandert waif and wac,
Musand our main mischaunce;
How be thay faes we ar undone,
That staw the sacred stane frae Scone,
And leid us sic a daunce:

Quhile Ingland's Ederts tak our tour,
 And Scotland ferst obeys,
 Rude ruffians ransak ryal bours,
 And Baliol homage pays;
 Throch feidom our freidom
 Is blottit with this skore,
 Quhat Roman's, or no man's
 Pith culd eir do befoir.

The ayr grew ruch with bousteous thuds,
 Bauld Boreas branglit throw the cluds,
 Maest lyke a drunken wicht;
 The thunder crackt, and flauchts did rift
 Frae the black vissart of the lift;
 The forest schuke with fright:
 Nae birds abune thair wing exten,
 They ducht not byde the blast;
 Ilk beist bedeen bang'd to thair den,
 Until the storm was past:
 Ilk creature in nature
 That had a spunk of sence,
 In neid then, with speid then,
 Methocht cryt, "In defence."

To se a morn in May sae ill,
 I deimt dame Nature was gane will,
 To rair with rackles reil;
 Quhairfor to put me out of pain,
 And skonce my skap and shanks frne rain
 I bure me to a biel,
 Up ane hich craig that lundgit alaft,
 Out owre a canny cave,
 A curious cruf of Nature's craft,
 Quhilk to me shelter gaif;
 Ther vexit, perplexit,
 I leint me doun to weip,
 In brief ther, with grief ther
 I dottard owre on sleep.

Heir somnas in his silent hand
 Held all my sences at command,
 Quhile I forgot my cair;
 The mildest meid of mortal wichts
 Quha pass in piece the private nichts,
 That wauking finds it rare;
 Sae in saft, slumbers did I ly,
 But not my wakryfe mynd,
 Quhilk still stude watch, and couth espy
 A man with aspeck kynd,
 Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
 With baird thre quarters skant,
 Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,
 He seimt to be a sanct.

Grit daring dartit frae his ee,
 A braid-sword schogled at his thie,
 On his left arm a targe;
 A shinand speir filled his richt hand,
 Of stalwart mak, in bane and brawnd,
 Of just proportions large;
 A various rain-bow-colourt plaid
 Owre his left spawl he threw,
 Doun his braid back, frae his quhyte heid,
 The silver whimplers grew;
 Amaisit, I gaisit
 To se, led at command
 A strampant and rampant
 Ferss lyon in his hand;

Quhilk held a thistle in his paw,
 And round his collar graift I saw
 This poesie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune lacess-
et:—In Scots, Nane tall oppress
Me, unpunisht with pain.

Still schaking, I durst naithing say,
 Till he with kynd accent
 Sayd, Fere, let nocht thy heart affray,
 I cum to heir thy plaint ;
 Thy graining and maining
 Haith laitlie reik'd mine eir,
 Debar then affar then
 All eiryness or feir.

For I am ane of a hie station,
 The Warden of this auntient nation,
 And can nocht do thee wrang ;
 I vissyt him then round about,
 Syne with a resolution stout,
 Speird, Quhair he had been sae lang ?
 Quod he, Althoch I sum forsuke,
 Becaus they did me slicht,
 To hills and glens I me betuke,
 To them that luves me richt ;
 Quhase mynds yet inclynds yet
 To damm the rappid spate,
 Devysing and prysing
 Freidom at ony rate.

Our trechour peirs thair tyramns treit,
 Quha jib them, and thair substance eit,
 And on their honour stramp ;
 They puire degenerate ! bend thair baks,
 The victor, Longshanks, proudly cracks
 He has blawn out our lamp :
 Quhyle trew men, sair complainand, tell,
 With sobs, thair silent grief,
 How Baliol thair richts did sell,
 With small howp of relieve ;
 Regretand and fretand
 Ay at his cursit plot,
 Quha rammed and crammed
 That bargain doon their throt.

Braif gentrie sweir, and burghers ban,
 Revenge is muttert by ilk clan
 That's to thair nation trew;
 The cloysters cum to cun the evil,
 Mail-payers wiss it to the devil,
 With its contryving crew.
 The hardy wald with hairy wills,
 Upon dyre vengeance fall;
 The fechless fret owre heuchs and hills,
 And eccho answers all,
 Repetand and gretand,
 With mony a sair alace,
 For blasting and casting
 Our honour in disgrace.

Waes me ! quod I, our case is bad,
 And mony of us are gane mad,
 Sen this disgraceful paction;
 We are fell'd and herryt now by foras,
 And hardly help fort, that's yit warse,
 We are sae forsfairn with faction.
 Then has not he gude cause to grumble,
 That's forst to be a slaiif?
 Oppression dois the judgment jumble,
 And gars a wyse man raif.
 May chains then, and pains then
 Infernal be thair hyre
 Quha dang us, and flang us
 Into this ugsum myre.

Then he with bauld forbidding luke
 And stately air did me rebuke,
 For being of sprite sae mein :
 Said he, Its far beneath a Scot
 To use weak curses, quhen his lot
 May sumtym sour his splein;

He rather sould, mair lyke a man,
 Some braif design attempt;
 Gif its not in his pith, what than!
 Rest but a quhyle content,
 Not feirful, bat cheirful,
 And wait the will of Fate,
 Which mynds to, desynds to
 Renew your auntient state.

I ken sum mair than ye do all
 Of quhat sall afterward befall,
 In mair auspicious tymes;
 For often far abuse the mune,
 We watching beings do convene,
 Frae round eard's utmost clymes,
 Quhair ev'ry Warden represents
 Cleirly his nation's case,
 Gif Famine, Pest, or Sword torments,
 Or vilains hie in place,
 Quha keip ay, and heip ay
 Up to themselves grit store,
 By rundging and spunging
 The leil laborious puire.

Say then, said I, at your hie state,
 Lernt ye oucht of auld Scotland's fate,
 Gif eir schoil be her sell?
 With smyle celest, quod he, I can,
 But its nocht fit an mortal man
 Should ken all I can tell:
 But part to thee I may unfold,
 And thou may saifly ken,
 Quhen Scottish peirs slight Saxon gold,
 And turn trew heartit men;
 Quhen knaivrie and slaiivrie,
 Ar equally dispysd,
 And loyalte, and royalte,
 Universallie are prysd.

Quhen all your trade is at a stand,
 And cunyie clene forsaiks the land,
 Quhilk will be very sune,
 Will priests without thair stypands preich ?
 For noucht will lawyers causes streich ?
 Faith that's nae easy dune.
 All this, and mair, maun cum to pass,
 To cleir your glomourit sicht ;
 And Scotland maun be made an ass,
 To set hir judgment richt.
 They'l jade hir, and blad hir,
 Until scho brak hir tether,
 Thoch auld schois, yit bauld schois,
 And teuch lyke barkit lether.

But mony a corss sall braithless ly,
 And wae sall mony a widow cry,
 Or all rin richt again ;
 Owr Cheviot prancing proudly North,
 The faes sall tak' the field near Forth,
 And think the day their ain :
 But burns that day sall ryn with blude
 Of them that now oppress ;
 Their carcasses be corbys fude,
 By thousands on the gress.
 A King then sall ring then,
 Of wyse renoun and braif,
 Quhase puisans and sapiens,
 Sall richt restoir and saif.

The view of freidomis sweit, quod I,
 O say, grit Tennent of the skye,
 How neiris that happie tyme ?
 We ken things but be circumstans :
 Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
 Lest I commit a cryme.

Quhat eir ye plees, gae on, quod I,
 I sall not fash ye moir,
 Say how, and quhar ye met, and quhy,
 As ye did hint befoir.
 With air then sae fair then,
 That glanst like rais of glory,
 Sae godlyk and oddlyk
 He thus resumit his storie.

Frae the sun's rysing to his sett,
 All the pryme rait of Wardens met,
 In solemn bricht array,
 With vehicles of aither cleir;
 Sic we put on quhen we appeir
 To sauls rowit up in clay;
 Ther in a wyd and splendid hall,
 Reird up with shynand beims,
 Quhais rufe-tries were of rain-bows all,
 And paift with starrie gleims,
 Quhilk prinkled and twinkled
 Brichtly beyont compair,
 Much famed and named

A CASTILL IN THE AYR.

In midst of quhilk a tabill stude,
 A spacious oval, reid as blude,
 Made of a fyre-flaucht,
 Arround the dazeling walls were drawn,
 With rays be a celestial hand,
 Full mony a curious draucht.
 Inferiour beings flew in haist,
 Without gyde or derectour,
 Millions of myles throch the wyld waist,
 To bring in bowlis of nectar:
 Then roundly and soundly
 We drank lyke Roman gods:
 Quhen Jove sae dois rove sae,
 That Mars and Bacchus nods.

Quhen Phebus' heid turns licht as cork,
 And Neptune leans upon his fork,
 And limpand Vulcan blethers:
 Quhen Pluto glows as he were wyld,
 And Cupid, luves wee wingit chyld,
 Fals down and fyls his fethers.
 Quhen Pan forgets to tune his reid,
 And flings it cairless bye,
 And Hermes, wing'd at heils and heid,
 Can nowther stand nor lye:
 Quhen staggirand and swaggirand,
 They stoyter hame to sleip,
 Quhyle centeries and enteries
 Immortall watches keip.

Thus we tuke in the hich brown liquor,
 And bang about the nectar biquor;
 But evir with this ods,
 We neir in drink our judgments drensch,
 Nor scour about to seik a wensch,
 Lyk these auld baudy gods;
 But franklie at ilk uther ask,
 Quhat's proper we suld know,
 How ilk ane has performit the task,
 Assign'd to him below.
 Our mynd then, sae kynd then,
 Is fixt upon our care,
 Ay noting and ploting
 Quhat tends to thair weifair.

Gothus and Vandall baith lukt bluff,
 Quhyle Gallus sneer'd and tuke a snuff,
 Quhilk made Allmane to stare;
 Latinus bad him naithing feir,
 But lend his hand to haly weir,
 And of cowd crouns tak' care;

Batavius with his paddock-face
 Luking asquint, cry'd, Fisch !
 Your monks are void of sence or grace,
 I had leur ficht for fisch ;
 Your schule-men ar fule-men,
 Carvit out for dull debates,
 Decoying and destroying
 Baith monarchies and states.

Iberius with a gurlie nod
 Cry'd, Hogan, yes, we ken your God,
 Its herrings ye adore.
 Heptarchus, as he us'd to be,
 Can nocht with his ain thochts agre,
 But varies bak and fore ;
 Ane quhile he says, It is not richt
 A Monarch to resist ;
 Neist braif all ryal pouir will slight,
 And passive homage jest :
 He hitches and fitches
 Betwein the *hic* and *hoc*,
 Ay jieand and fleand
 Round lyk a wedder-cock.

I still support my precedens
 Abune them all, for sword and sens,
 Thoch I haif layn richt lown,
 Quhilk was, becaus I bure a grudg
 At sum fule Scotis, quha lyk'd to dradg
 To princes no thair awin ;
 Sum Thapis thair tennants pykit and squeist,
 And pursit up all thair rent,
 Syne wallopit to far courts, and bleist,
 Till riggs and schaws war spent ;
 Syne bynding, and whynding,
 Quhen thus redusit to howps,
 They dander and wander
 About, quire lickmadowps,

But now its tyme for me to draw
 My shynand sword against club-law,
 And gar my lyon roir;
 He sall or lang gie sic a sound,
 The echo sall be heard around
 Europe frae schore to schore;
 Then let them gadder all thair strength,
 And strye to wyrk my fall,
 Thoch numerous, yit at the length
 I will owrcum them all,
 And raise yit and blase yit
 My braifrie and renown,
 By gracing and placing
 Aright the Scottis crown.

Quhen my braif Bruck the same sall weir
 Upon his ryal heid, full cleir,
 The diadem will shyne;
 Then sall your sair oppression ceis,
 His intrest yours he will not fleice,
 Or leif you eir inclyne:
 Thoch millions to his purse be lent,
 Ye'll neir the puirer be,
 But rather richer, quhyle its spent
 Within the Scottish se:
 The field then sall yield then
 To honest husband's welth,
 Gude laws then sall cause then
 A sickly state haif helth.

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
 A wondir fair ethereal dame,
 And to our Warden say'd,
 Grit Callydon I cum in serch
 Of you, frae the hich starry arch
 The councill wants your aid;

Frae ev'ry quarter of the sky,
 As swift as a quhirl-wynd,
 With spirits speid the chieftains hy,
 Sum grit thing is desynd.
 Owre muntains be fountains,
 And round ilk fairy ring,
 I haif chaist ye, O haist ye,
 They talk about your king.

With that my hand methocht he schuke,
 And wischt I happiness micht bruke,
 To eild by nicht and day,
 Syne quicker than an arrow's flicht,
 He mountit upwards frae my sicht,
 Straicht to the milkie way;
 My mind him followit throw the skyes,
 Untill the brynie streme
 For joy ran trickling frae myne eyes,
 And wakit me frae my dreime;
 Then peiping, half sleiping,
 Frae furth my ryal beild,
 It eisit me, and pleisit me
 To se and smell the feild.

For Flora in hir clene array,
 New washen with a showir of May,
 Lukit full sweit and fair;
 Quhile hir cleir husband frae above
 Sched doune his rayis of genial luve,
 Hir sweits perfumit the ayr;
 The wynds war husht, the welkin cleir'd.
 The glumand clouds war fled,
 And all as saft and gay appeir'd
 As ane Elysian sched;
 Quhile heisit and bleisit
 My heart with sic a fyre,
 As raises these praises,
 That do to heaven aspyre.

This is evidently the production of Allan Ramsay, and is certainly among the best of his pieces. It was first published in *The Ever-Green*, and said to be " compylit in Latin by a most lernit Clerk, in tyme of our hairship and opresyon, anno 1300, and translatis in 1526." As no copy of the Poem has ever been even pretended to have been seen or heard of, previous to the publication by Ramsay himself; as his family knew and have affirmed it to be his; and as it has never been claimed by, or for any other, it would be superfluous to enter into any discussion upon the subject. Should any one entertain doubts upon the matter, I would only advise him to peruse, along with the Poem, carefully, the acknowledged Works of Ramsay, and I have no doubt that if he is not convinced that it is Ramsay's, he will be satisfied that the writer whoever he was, was a most happy imitator both of his beauties and blemishes.

Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen, the elegant and accomplished author of *The Minstrel*, seems to have seen through the flimsy pretence of antiquity, ascribed to this Poem by its author, for the purpose of avoiding the odium and contempt, which, at that time, attached to the votaries of Superstition and Tyranny, (for it had not yet become fashionable to lose sight of the interests of the present, and of future generations, in an affectation of sympathy for a worthless *Vermin*, whose highest claim of merit was a towpenny cord, and the first thorn-bush that was high enough to hang him,) and, in a letter to Mr. Pinkerton he says "the best Scottish Poem of *modern times* that I have seen, (for, though the title pretends it was written four hundred years ago, I have reason to think that it was produced in this century,) is called *The Vision*. I am inclined to think that the author, whoever he was, must have read Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull*. But there are noble images in it, and a harmony of versification superior to every thing I have seen in the kind. I suspect that it is the work of some friend of the family of Stuart, and that it must have been composed about the year 1715."

Pinkerton in a note to his Edition of the Poem, says, "The principles of this Poem are utterly detested by the editor, as they are by every friend of mankind: he only gives it as a piece of fine writing in its way. The unhappy attachment to the family of Stuart, has wasted the finest estates, and shed some of the best blood in Scotland. It now exists only in the breasts of old women." Could the present dealers in Jacobite ribaldry, bawdry, and blasphemy, plead, in extenuation of their conduct, the weak, nears of sex, and the dotage of age, it were certainly very fortunate for their reputations.



JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
" Though wedded we have been
" These twice ten tedious years, yet we
" No holiday have seen.

“ To morrow is our wedding day,
 “ And we will then repair
 “ Unto the *Bell* at Edmonton,
 “ All in a chaise and pair.

 “ My sister and my sister’s child,
 “ Myself and children three,
 “ Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 “ On horseback after we.”

He soon reply’d—“ I do admire
 “ Of woman-kind but one;
 “ And you are she, my dearest dear,
 “ Therefore it shall be done.

“ I am a linen-draper bold,
 “ As all the world doth know;
 “ And my good friend Tom Callender,
 “ Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—“ That’s well said;
 “ And, for that wine is dear,
 “ We will be furnish’d with our own,
 “ Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kiss’d his loving wife;
 O’erjoyed was he to find,
 That though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allow’d
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was staid,
 Where they did all get in;
 Six precious souls; and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folks so glad ;
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
 Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
 Although it griev'd him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down stairs,
 " The wine is left behind ! "

" Good luck !" quoth he; " yet bring it me,
 " My leathern belt likewise,
 " In which I bear my trusty sword
 " When I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul !
 Had two stone-bottles found,
 To hold the liquor which she lov'd,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew ;
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So " fair and softly," John did cry;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb and rein

So stooping down, as he needs must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

The horse, who never had before
Been handled in this kind,
Affrighted fled; and, as he flew,
Left all the world behind.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay;
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cry'd out, " Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he !
His fame soon spread around—
" He carries weight!—he rides a race!—
" 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
"Twas wonderful to view,
How, in a trice, the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back,
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
And made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As he had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus, all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way ;
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife,
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much
 To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! here's the house !”
 They all at once did cry ;
 “ The dinner waits, and we are tir'd !”
 Said Gilpin—“ So am I !”

But, ah ! his horse was not a whit
 Inclin'd to tarry there ;
 For why ?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend Tom Callender's
 His horse at last stood still.

Tom Callender surpris'd to see
 His friend in such a trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him—

“ What news, what news !—the tidings tell :
 “ Make haste and tell me all !
 “ Say, why bare headed you are come,
 “ Or why you come at all ?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke ;
 And thus unto Tom Callender,
 In merry strains, he spoke—

“ I come because your horse would come ;
 “ And if I well forebode,
 “ My hat and wig will soon be here ;
 “ They are upon the road.”

Tom Callender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear ;
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
 Thus shew'd his ready wit—
 “ My head is twice as big as yours,
 “ They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away
 “ That hangs upon your face ;
 “ And stop and eat—for well you may
 “ Be in a hungry case !”

Said John—“ It is my wedding day ;
 “ And all the world would stare,
 “ If wife should dine at Edmoston.
 “ And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,
 “ I am in haste to dine ;
 “ 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 “ You shall go back for mine.”

Ah ! luckless word and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spoke, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear :

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar ;
And gallop'd off, with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin—and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first :
For why ? They were too big.

Now, Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown :

And thus, unto the youth she said
That drove them to the *Bell*,
“ This shall be yours, when you bring back
“ My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet :
John coming back a main ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin—and away
Went post-boy at his heels ;
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue and cry.

“ Stop thief!—stop thief!—a highwayman!”
 Not one of them was mute,
 And all and each that pass'd that way,
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race:

And so he did, and won it too;
 For he got first to town:
 Nor stopp'd, till where he had got up,
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing—Long live the king;
 And Gilpin, long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see.

“ The facetious History of John Gilpin” illustrates most forcibly The adage of the poet,

Great wit to madness sure is near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

and proves to a demonstration that melancholy and mirth are, frequently, if not inmates, very near neighbours. The outlines of the story were told by Lady Austen to the author, William Cowper, to divert one of those fits of gloomy despondency, to which he was for a great part of his life, daily subjected, and which finally laid the noble fabric of his genius in ruins, and the effect upon his faculties was such, that he told her next morning, he had been in convulsions of laughter through the whole night, and had already turned her history of John Gilpin into a Ballad. Perhaps no work of a similar kind was ever more widely circulated, or more generally admired. It is indeed, for genuine simplicity and exquisite humour, without a parallel in the language, though, no doubt, its celebrity has been increased by the extraordinary circumstances of the author's life, and the pre-eminent excellence of his more serious productions.

Of the history of his life, which appears to us the most singular and the most instructive of any recorded in English literature, we can only afford

record for a very meagre abstract. He was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on the 26th of November, 1731. His father the Rev. John Cowper, D. D. Rector of that place, and one of the chaplains to George II. was the son of Spencer Cowper, Chief Justice of Chester, and the nephew of the Lord Chancellor Cowper. On the death of his mother, which happened when he was only six years of age, he was placed under the care of Dr. Pitman, who had established himself as a Teacher in that neighbourhood, who appears to have been very ill qualified for his business, allowing a license to the strong to trample upon the weak, in such a degree as seems to have made the gentle and unassuming poet (to be) most perfectly wretched. After two years endurance under this worthy knight of the *Fauns*, owing to the appearance of specks upon his eyes, he was placed in the family of a female Oculist in London, where he remained two years more without receiving any benefit from her medical exertions. He was now removed to Westminster school, where his extreme sensibility, still subjected him to the deepest suffering from the persecution of his school-fellows. Here, however, he acquired considerable eminence as a scholar, and at the age of eighteen, returned to Berkhamstead, where he remained only a few months; being articled with a Mr. Chapman, a solicitor in London. The study of the law, however, seems not to have suited the inclinations of Cowper, and, by his own confession, the three years of his apprenticeship were consumed in idleness. Nor does it appear that twelve years more spent in the temple, were any better improved. When he had attained the age of thirty-two years, his friends procured him an appointment as a clerk in the house of Lords, when his fears for an examination before that honourable house, actually reduced him to a state of insanity, and he was placed at St. Albans, under the care of Dr. Cotton, with whom he remained a considerable time after his recovery. He afterward removed to Huntingdon and became an inmate in the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, where he remained till within a little of his death, which happened in the month of April, 1800, when he had reached, notwithstanding great delicacy of constitution, nearly his 70th year. Many speculations have been indulged concerning that settled gloom, always bordering upon and frequently carried all the length of real madness, that hung over the mind of Cowper, a mind at the same time benevolent, cultivated, and pure in no ordinary degree. Nothing appears to us more evident, than that it arose in a great measure from the errors of his education, and the misdirection or the total neglect of his talents. The following extract shews that he himself was perfectly sensible of the cause, and it claims the most serious attention of all who have any influence in directing the views or any charge in the education of the young.

"The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments. Had I employed my time as wisely as you, in a situation very similar to yours, (he is writing to Mr. Rose, who held a respectable place in the administration of the government of the country,) I had never been a poet perhaps, but I might by this time have acquired a character of far greater importance in society, and a situation in which my friends would have been better pleased to see me. But three years misspent in an attorney's office, were almost of course followed by several more equally misspent in the temple, and the consequence has been, as the Italian epitaph says, 'Sto qui.'—The only use I can make of myself now, at least the best, is to serve in *terrorem* to others when occasions may happen to offer, that they may escape (so far as my admonitions can have any weight with them,) my folly and my fate."

His late Majesty bestowed upon him a pension of £300 per annum, but by the time he received it, his disorder had gained a fatal ascendency over him, and it never appeared to give him the smallest satisfaction.

A great part of his life, and particularly the latter years thereof, from the prevalence of his malady, was spent in indescribable agony, which all the attention of his friends could do nothing to remove. The only mitigation of his anguish, was when he could be enticed to listen to a story read or repeated, and with this view, his kind and worthy kinsman, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, exhausted all the libraries within his reach; he also in this state read over to him all his own writings, which he listened to with apparent attention, except John Gilpin, which he could on no account be brought to hear. The following little Poem, said to be the last of his compositions, will be read with melancholy interest, by all who can be moved by the view of unfortunate genius, and afflicted worth.

THE CASTAWAY.

Obscurest night envolv'd the sky,
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd;
When such a destin'd wretch as I
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudd'd still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And such as storms allow,
The caak, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
What ere they gave, should visit morn.

Not, cruel as it seem'd, could he
There haste himself condemn'd,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld;
 And so long he, with unspent power,
 His destiny repell'd:
 And ever as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried—"adieu."

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in every blast
 Could catch the sound no more:
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him: but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age,
 Is wet with Anson's tear;
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date:
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case.

No voices divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone;
 When snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd each alone.
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.



THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

FRAE Dunidier as I cam throunch,
 Doun by the hill of Banochie,
 Alangst the lands of Garioch:
 Grit pitie was to heir and se
 The noys and dulesum hermonie,
 That evir that dreiry day did daw,
 Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
 Alas ! Alas ! for the Harlaw.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy!
 I wist nocht quha was fae or freind;
 Zit quietly I did me carrie.
 But sen the days of auld King Hairie,
 Sic slauchter was not herde nor sene,
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
 For bisness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay
 Requeesting him to make me quaint,
 Of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Marlaw;
 Then he entreited me tak tent,
 And he the truth sould to me schaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim,
 Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 And to the Governour he came,
 Thaim for to haif gif that he micht;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht:
 And thairfore answerit with disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
 He vowed to God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his graif.
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit like a slaiif,
 That bargain sould be derly bocht.
 Then haistyle he did command,
 That all his weir-men should convene,
 Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand,
 To meit and heir quhat he did mein;

He waxit wrath and vowit tein
 Sweirand he wald surprese the North,
 Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
 Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
 Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
 With mony maid, with fors and wyls,
 Richt far and neir baith up and doun:
 Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
 Allangst the lands of Ross he roars,
 And all obey'd at his bandown,
 Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars.

Then all the countrie men did yield ;
 For nae resistans durst they mak,
 Nor offer battill in the field,
 Be fors of arms to beir him bak ;
 Syne they resolvit all and spak,
 That best it was for their behoif,
 They sould him for thair chiftain tak,
 Believing well he did them luve.

Then he a proclamation maid
 All men to meet at Inverness,
 Throw Murray land to mak a raid,
 Frae Arthursyre into Speyness.
 And further mair, he sent express,
 To schaw his colours and ensenzie,
 To all and sindry, mair and less,
 Throchout the bounds of Byne and Enzie.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
 His purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhaſoevir durst gainstand,
 That race they should full fairly rew.
 Then he bade a' his men be trew,
 And him defend by fors and slicht,
 And promist them rewardis anew,
 And mak' them men of mukle micht.

Without resistans as he said,
 Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
 But Garioch was all agast.
 Throw all these feilds he sped him fast,
 For sic a sicht was never sene;
 And then, forsuth, he lang'd at last
 To se the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this proud enterprise,
 The stout and michty Erle of Marr
 With all his men in arms did ryse,
 Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
 And down the side of Don richt far,
 Angus and Mearns did all convene
 To fecht, or Donald camé sae nar
 The royal bruch of Aberdene.

And thus the martial Erle of Marr,
 Marcht with his men in richt array,
 Befoir the enemie was awarr
 His banner bauldly did display.
 For weil enowch they kend the way,
 And all their semblance well they saw,
 Without all dangir, or delay,
 Cum haistily to the Harlaw.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy,
 Of Angus sheriff principall,
 The Constabill of gude Dunde,
 The vanguard led before them all.
 Suppose in number they war small,
 Thay first richt bauldlie did persew,
 And maid thir faes before them fall,
 Quha then that race did sairly rew.

And then the worthy Lord Salton,
 The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,
 The stalwart Laird of Lauristone,
 With ilk thair forces all and sum.

Panmuir with all his men did cum,
The provost of braif Aberdene,
With trumpets and with tuik of drum,
Came schortly in thair armour schene.

These with the Erle of Marr came on,
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair enemies to set upon;
In awful manner hardily,
Togither vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony mylis
For to suppress the tyrannie
Of doubted Donald of the Yles.

But he in number ten to ane,
Richt subtilie alang did ryde,
With Malcomtosch and fell Maclean,
With all thair power at thair syde,
Presumeand on thair strength and pryde,
Without all fair or ony aw,
Richt bauldlie battil did abyde,
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
The dandring drums aloud did tuik,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,
Till ane of them the feild suld bruik.
Nae help was thairfair, nane wald jouk,
Fers was the fecht on ilka syde,
And on the ground lay mony a bouk
Of them that thair did battill byd.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
The bluidy battil lastit lang,
Each man his nibours fors thair felt;
The weakest aft times gat the wrang:
Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,
That Echo maid a dulefull sang,
Thairto resounding frue the rocks.

But Donald's men at last gaif back ;
 For they wer all out of array.
 The Erie of Marr's men throw them brak,
 Pursegowing sharply in thair way,
 Thair enemys to tak or slay,
 Be dynt of fors to gar them yield,
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And sae for feirdness tint the feild.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
 To mountains hiech for all his micht ;
 For he and his war all agast,
 And ran till they were out of sicht ;
 And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
 Thocht mony men with him he brocht,
 Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
 And all he wan was dearly bocht.

This is (quod he) the richt report
 Of all that I did hear and knew,
 Thocht my discourse be sunthig schort,
 Tak this to be a richt sethe saw ;
 Contrarie God and the king's law,
 Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
 Into the battill of Harlaw,
 This is the sum, sae I conclude.

But zit a bonny quhyle abyde,
 And I sall mak thee clearly ken
 Quhat slauchter was on ilka syde,
 Of Lowland and of Highland men,
 Quha for thair awin haif ever bene :
 These lazie lowns micht weil be spar'd,
 Chasit lyke deirs into their dens,
 And gat thair wages for reward.

Malcomtoesch of the clan heid cheif,
 Maclean with his grit haughty heid,
 With all thair succour and relief,
 War dulefully dang to the deid :

And now we are freid of thair feid,
 They will not lang to cum agen;
 Thousands with them without remeij,
 On Donald's syde that day war slain.

And on the other syde war lost,
 Into the feild that dismal day,
 Chief men of worth (of meikle cost)
 To be lamentit sair for ay.

The Lord Salton of Rothemay,
 A man of micht and meikle main;
 Grit dolour was for his decay,
 That sae unhappylie was slain.

Of the best men among them was,
 The gracious gude Lord Ogilwy,
 The sherrif-principall of Angus;
 Renownit for truth and equitie,
 For faith and magnanimitie;
 He had few fallows in the feild,
 Zet fell by fatal destinie,
 For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knicht,
 Grit constabill of fair Dunde,
 Unto the dulefull deith was dicht,
 The king's chief bannerman was he,
 A valziant man of chevalrie,
 Quhais predecessors wan the place
 At Spey, with gude King William frie,
 'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
 The much renownit Laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was better sene,
 Quhen they war semblit all and sum;
 To praise him we sould not be duran,
 For valour, witt, and worthyness,
 To end his days he ther did cum,
 Quhois ransom is remeidyless.

And thair the Knicht of Lauriston
 Was slain into his armour schene,
 And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
 Quha provost was of Aberdene,
 The Knicht of Panmure, as was sene,
 A mortal man in armour bricht,
 Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
 Left to the wairld their last gude nicht.

Thair was not sen King Kenneth's days
 Sic strange intestine crewel stryfe
 In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
 Quhair mony liklie lost their lyfe ;
 Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
 And mony children faterless,
 Quhilk in this realme has been full ryfe :
 Lord help these lands, our wrang redress !

In July, on Saint James his even,
 That four and twenty dismal day,
 Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven
 Of zeirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say ;
 Men will remember as they may,
 Quhen thus the veritie they knew,
 And mony aane may murn for ay,
 The brim battill of the Harlaw.

This Ballad relates very faithfully, and very circumstantially, the cause and issue of the battle fought in 1411, between Donald of the Isles, and the Earl of Marr, nephew to the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland during the captivity of James I. In the complaint of Scotland, published in 1549, a Ballad, with this title, is mentioned as being then popular, and, making allowance for a few alterations, which more modern reciters would substitute, this may very probably be the one alluded to. It is on this account highly curious, though it cannot be ranked high in point of poetical merit.

THE BATTLE OF REID-SQUAIR.

ON July seventh, the suthe to say,
 At the Reid-Squair the tryst was set.
 Our wardens they affixt the day,
 And as they promist, sae they met:
 Allace ! that day I'll neir forzet,
 Was sure sae feir'd, and then sae fain,
 They cam thair justice for to get,
 Will nevir grein to cum again.

Carmichael was our warden then,
 He causit the countrey to convene,
 And the Laird's Watt, that worthy man,
 Brocht in his surname weil be sene:
 The Armstrangs that ay haif bene
 A hardy house, but not a hail;
 The Elliots honours to mentain,
 Brought in the laif of Liddisdale.

Then Twidail lads came to with speid,
 The Scheriff brocht the Douglas doun,
 With Cranstane, Gladstane, gude at neid,
 Baith Rewls-water and Hawick Town.
 Beanjeddert bauldly maid him boun,
 With all the Trumbulls strang and stout;
 The Ruthirfuirds, with grit renoun,
 Convoyit the town of Jedbruch out.

With other Clanns I can nocht tell,
 Because our wairning was nocht wyde,
 Be this our folk hes tane the fell,
 And plantit pallions thair to byde:
 We lukit down the uther syde,
 And saw cum briesting owr the brae,
 Wi' Sir George Foster for thair gyde,
 Full Fyftene hundred men and mae.

It grait him sair that day I trow,
 With Sir John Hinronie of Schipsydehouse,
 Because we were not men enow,
 He counted us not worth a louse;
 Sir George was gentil, meik and douse,
 But he was hail, and het as fyre :
 But zit for all his cracking crouse
 He rewd the raid of the Reid-Squyre.

To dail with proud men is but pain,
 For ether ze maun ficht or fie,
 Or elis nae answer mak' again,
 But play the beist, and let them be.
 It was nae wondir tho' he was hie,
 Had Tyndall, Redsaile at his hand,
 With Cucksdaile, Gladsdale on the lie,
 And Hebsrime and Northumberland.

Zit was our meiting meik enough,
 Begun with mirriness and mows,
 And at the brae abune the heugh
 The clerk sat down to call the rows,
 And sum for ky and sum for ewis,
 Callit in of Dandrie Hob and Jock,
 I saw cum merching owre the knows,
 Fyve hundred Fennicks in a flock.

With jack and speir, and bowis all bent,
 And warlike weapons at their witt;
 Howbeit we wer not weil content,
 Zit be me troth we feir'd nae ill :
 Sum zeid to drink, and sum stude still,
 And sum to cards and dyce them sped,
 Quhyle on ane Farstein they syld a bill,
 And he was fugitive and fled.

Carmichael bad them speik out plainly,
 And cloke nae cause for ill nor gude,
 The uther answering him full vainly,
 Begouth to reckon kin and blude ;

He raise and rax'd him quhair he stude,
 And bade him match him with his marrowes;
 Then Tyndal hard these reseuns rude,
 And they lute aff a flight of arrows.

Then was ther nocht but bow and speir,
 And ilka man pullit out a brand,
 A Schaftan and a Fennick their,
 Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
 The Scotismen cry'd on uther to stand,
 Frae tyme they saw John Robson slain:
 Quhat suld they cry! The King's command
 Culd cause nae cowards turn again.

Up raise the Laird to red the cumber,
 Quhilk wald not be for all his boist,
 Quhat suld we do with sic a number,
 Fyve thousand men into an hoist?
 Then Henrie Purdie provd hes cost,
 And verie narrowlie had mischief'd him,
 And ther we had our Warden lost,
 Wart not the grit God he reliv'd him.

Ane uther throw the breiks him bair,
 Quhyle flatlines to the ground he fell:
 Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,
 Into my heart it struck a knell;
 Zit up he raise, the truth to tell,
 And laid about him dunts full dour,
 His horsemen they faucht stout and snell,
 And stude about him in the stour.

Then raise the slogan with an schout,
 Fy, Tyndall to it, Jedbruch's heir:
 I trow he was not half sae stout,
 But anes his stomak was asteir.
 With gun and genzie, bow and speir,
 He might se mony a crakit crown,
 But up amang the merchant geir,
 They bussie were as we wer doun.

The swallow-tails frae teckles flew,
 Fyve hundred stain into a flicht,
 But we had pestellets anew,
 And schot amang them as we micht.
 With help of God the game gade richt,
 Frae tyme the foremost of them fell;
 Hynd owre the knowe, without gude-nicht,
 They ran with mony a shout and zell.

But after they had shaw'd their backs,
 Zit Tyndall men they turn'd again;
 And had not bene the merchant pack,
 There had bene mae of Scotland stain.
 But, Jesu ! gif the folk was fain
 To put the bussing on thair theis,
 And sae they fled with all thair main,
 Doun owre the brae lyke clogged beis.

Sir Francis Russel tane was thair,
 And hurt, as we heir men rehersel,
 Proud Wallingtoun was wounded sair,
 Albeit he was a Fenwick fers,
 But gif ze wald a sooldier serche
 Amang them all war tane that night,
 Was nane sae wordie of our verse
 As Colingwood that courteous knight.

Zung Henry Schafton, he is hurt,
 A sooldier schot him with a bow,
 Scotland has cause to make great start,
 For laiming of the Laird of Mow.
 The Laird's Watt did weil indeed,
 His friends stude stoutly by himself,
 With little Gladstane, gude in neid,
 For Gretein kend not gude be ill.

The Scheriff wantit not gude will,
 Howbeit he might not ficht sae fast :
 Benjadert, Hundie and Hunhill,
 Thir three, they laid weil on at last,

Except the horsemen of the gaird;
 If I could put men to avail,
 Nane stoutlier stude out for their Laird,
 Nor did the lads of Liddisdale.

But little harness had we thair,
 But auld Badrule had on a jack,
 And did richt weil, I zou declair,
 With all the Trumbulls at his back.
 Gude Ederstane was not to lack,
 With Kirkton, Newton, nobill-men.
 Thir is all the specials I haif spack,
 Forby them that I could nocht ken.

Quha did invent that day of play,
 We neid nocht feir to find him sune,
 For Sir John Foster, I dar weil say,
 Maid us that noysome afternune:
 Not that I speik precisely out,
 That he suppos'd it wald be perill,
 But pryd and breaking out, but dout,
 Gart Tyndall lads begin the quarrell.

The following is the account of the subject of this Ballad, given by Ridpath in his *Border-history*—“At a meeting held in the accustomed time and manner, at a hill called the *Red-Swre*, on the middle march between the kingdoms, Sir John Forrester, warden of that march on the side of England, who was then also governour of Berwick, and Sir John Carmichael, warden of the opposite march in Scotland, were employed in the ordinary business of hearing causes and redressing wrongs. In the progress of this work, an Englishman, who had been convicted of theft, and was a notorious offender, was demanded by the Scottish warden to be delivered up, according to the law of the marches, to be the prisoner of the owner of the goods stolen, until satisfaction should be made for them. This delivery being excused for the present by Forrester, on some pretence that did not satisfy Carmichael, he entered into expostulations with Forrester, who being thereby provoked, behaved haughtily, and gave signs of resentment apparent to all around him. This was sufficient incitement to some of his attendants to attack those of the other side; which they did by a flight of arrows that killed one Scotchman, and wounded several others. The Scots by this unexpected assault were driven off the field; but being nast in their flight by some Jedburgh-men, who were coming to attend the warden, they were encouraged to turn back on their enemies; which they did with so much vigour, that they put them to an entire rout. In this encounter, Sir George Heron, keeper of Tindale and Ridsdale, a man much esteemed in both realms, was slain, together with twenty-four of his countrymen. The English warden himself, his

son-in-law, Francis Russell son to the Earl of Bedford, Cuthbert Colinton, James Ogle, Henry Fenwick, and several others were taken prisoners. Being carried to Morton, at Dalkeith, they were treated with the greatest humanity; but he detained them a few days, in order to give time for their resentment to subside, which might in its first fury have been the occasion of greater mischief. He also required them to subscribe engagements to make their appearance in Scotland at a certain day, and then dismissed them with great expressions of regard." The Ballad has recorded the day of the month, the year was, 1575.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

Sum speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
And sicklike men of hie degrie;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Sumetime cal'd Laird of Gilnockie.

The King he wrytes a luying letter
Wi' his ain hand sae tenderlie,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene;
They were a gallant companie:
We'll ryde and meit our lawfull king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie;
We'll welcum heir our royal king,
I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie.

They ran their horse on the Langum Hawn,
And brake their speirs with meikle main;
The ladys lukit frae their loft windows,
" God bring our men weil back again."

Quhen Johnie came before the king,
With all his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him,
He weind he was a king as well as he.

May I find grace, my sovereign Liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me,
 For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
 And subject of zours, my Liege, said he.

Away, away, thou traytour strang,
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be,
 I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin with thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonny gift I will gie to thee,
 Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt steids,
 Were a' foal'd in as zeir to me.

I'll gie thee all these milk-whyt steids,
 That prance and nichen at a speir,
 With as meikle gude Inglish gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow heir.

Away, away, thou traytour strang,
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be,
 I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin with thee.

Grant me my life, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee,
 Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
 That gang throw a' the zeir to me.

These four-and-twenty mills compléte,
 Sall gang for thee throw a' the zeir,
 And as meikle of gude Reid quheit,
 As all their happers dow to beir.

Away, away, thou traytour strang,
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be,
 I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin with thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
 Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,
 Sall for thee fecht tho' a' sould flee.

Away, away, thou traytour strang,
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be,
 I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin with thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liegs, my King,
 And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
 All between heir and Newcastle town,
 Sall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.

Away, away, thou traytour strang,
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be,
 I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin with thee.

Ze lied, ze lied now, King, he says,
 Althocht a King and Prince ze be;
 For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
 I dare well say it, but honesty:

But a fat horse and a fair woman,
 Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir;
 But Ingland suld haif fund me meal and malt,
 Gif I had liv'd this hundred zeir.

Scho suld haif fund me meal and malt,
 And beef and mutton in all plentie;
 But neir a Scot's wyfe coud haif said,
 That eir I skaith'd her a pure flie.

To seik het water beneath cauld yce,
 Surely it is a great folie;
 I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
 But there is nae for my men and me.

But had I kend or I cam frae hame,
 How thou unkind wadst bene to me,
 I wad haif kept the border-syde,
 In spye of all thy force and thee.

Wist Ingland's king that I was tane,
 O gin a blyth man wad he be;
 For ance I slew his sister's son,
 And on his briest-bane brak a trie.

John wore a girdle about his middle,
 Imbroidred owre with burning gold,
 Bespangled with the same mettle,
 Maist bewtiful was to behold.

Ther hang nine targats at Johnie's hat,
 And ilka ane worth thrie hundred pound:
 What wants that knave that a king suld have,
 But the sword of honour and the crown.

O quhar got thou these targats, Johnie,
 That blink sae brawly abune thy brie!
 I gat them in the field fechting
 Quher, cruel King, thou durst not be.

Had I my horse and my harness gude,
 And ryding as I wont to be,
 It suld haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
 The meiting of my King and me.

God be wi' thee, Kirsty, my brither,
 Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun;
 Lang mayest thou dwell on the border-syde,
 Or thou se thy brither ride up and doun:

And God be wi' thee, Kirsty, my son,
 Quhair thou sits on thy nurse's nee;
 But and thou live this hundred zeir,
 Thy father's better thoult never be.

Farweil, my bonny Gilnockhall,
 Quhair on Esk syde thou standest stout:
 Gif I had lieved but seven zeirs mair,
 I wuld haif gilt thee round about.

John murdred was at Carlinrigg,
 And all his gallant companie;
 But Scotland's heart was neir so wae,
 To see sae mony brave men die.

Because they sav'd their country deir
 Frae Inglyshmen; nane were sae bald,
 Quhyle Johnie liv'd on the border-syde,
 Nane of them durst com neir his hald.

In the year, 1529, James V. made an expedition against the *Border thives*, forty-eight of whom he hanged at once upon growing trees, among whom was the subject of this Ballad. "He was the most redoubted Chiftain" says Pitscottie, "that had been, for a long, on the borders, either of Scotland or England. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen well horsed: yet he never molested any Scottishman. But it is said, that from the borders to Newcastle, every man, of whatsoever estate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the king, with his foremid number richly apparell, trusting that, in respect of his free offer of his person, he shoud obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, with so many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, frowardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, 'what wants that knave that a king should have?' But John Armstrong made great offers to the king, that he shoud sustain himself with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman. Secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but within a certain day, he shoud bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length, he seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, 'It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: But (said he) had I known this, I should have liv'd on the borders in despite of you both; for I know King Harry would down-weigh my best horse with gold, to know that I were condemned to die this day.'

Tradition records that one of his attendants, by the strength and swiftness of his horse, forced his way through the thousands that surrounded them, and carried the unhappy news to Gilnockie castle, which stood upon a rock, encompassed by the water of Esk, at a place now known by the name of the Hollows, a few miles below Longholm. Tradition likewise records that, in token of the king's injustice, the trees, upon which these thicves were hanged, immediately withered away! So much for Border ideas of justice.

THE YOUNG LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE.

O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,
 Listen to quhat I tell to thee,
 The King has taiken a poor prisoner,
 The wanton Laird of Ochiltree.

Quhen news came to our guidly Queen,
 She sicht, and said richt mournfullie,
 O quhat will cum of Lady Margaret,
 Quha beirs sick luve to Ochiltree?

Lady Margaret tore hir yellow hair,
 Quhen as the Queen told hir the saim:
 I wis that I had neir bin born,
 Nor neir had known Ochiltrees' naim.

Fie na, quoth the Queen, that maunna be,
 Fie na, that maunna be;
 I'll fynd ze out a better way
 To saif the lyfe of Ochiltree.

The Queen she trippet up the stair,
 And lowly knielit upon her knie:
 The first boon quwhich I cum to craive
 Is the life of gentel Ochiltree.

O if you had ask'd me castels and towirs,
 I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie;
 Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland
 Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltree.

The Queen sche trippet down the stair,
 And down sche gade richt mournfullie,
 Its a' the monie in fair Scotland
 Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltree.

Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,
 Quhen as the Queen tald hir the sain;
 I'll tack a knife and end my lyfe,
 And be in the grave as soon as him.

Ah ! na, fie ! na, quoth the Queen,
 Fie ! na, fie ! na, this maunna be ;
 I'll set ze on a better way
 To loose and set Ochiltree frie.

The Queen she slippit up the stair,
 And sche gaid up richt privatlie,
 And sche has stoun the prison-keys,
 And gane and set Ochiltree frie.

And sches gien him a purse of gowd,
 And another of whyt monie,
 Sches gien him twa pistoles by's side,
 Saying to him, Shute quhen ze win frie.

And quhen he cam to the Queen's window,
 Quhaten a joyfou shute gae he !
 Peace be to our royal Queen,
 And peace be in her companie !

O quhaten a voice is that ? quoth the King,
 Quhaten a voice is that ? quoth he,
 Quhaten a voice is that ? quoth the King,
 I think its the voice of Ochiltree.

Call to me a' my gaolours,
 Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie ;
 Quhairfoir the morn at twelve a clock
 Its hangit schall they ilk ane be.

O didna ze send zour keyis to us ?
 Ze sent thaim by thirtie and by thrie,
 And wi' thaim sent a strait command,
 To set at large zoung Ochiltree.

Ah ! na, fie ! na, quoth the Queen,
 Fie, my dear luv ! this maunna be :
 And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',
 Indeed ze maun begin wi' me.

The tane was schippit at the pier of Leith,
 The ither at the Queensferrie ;
 And now the Lady has gotten hir luv,
 The winsome Laird of Ochiltrie.

No mention is made in biographical narrative of the author of this Ballad, and tradition is equally silent respecting him; but the following circumstances, which took place in 1592, when Bothwell was plotting against the king, related by Spotswood, have generally been supposed the foundation thereof.

" At the same time, John Weymis, younger of Bogie, gentleman of his majesty's chamber, and in great favour both with the king and queen, was discovered to have the like dealings with Bothwell, and, being committed to the keeping of the guard, escaped by the policy of one of the Dutch maids, with whom he entertained a secret love. The gentlewoman, named Mistress Margaret Twynsace, coming one night whilst the king and queen were in bed, to his keepers, shewed that the king called for the prisoner to ask him some questions. The keepers, suspecting nothing, for they knew her to be the principal maid in the chamber, conveyed him to the door of the bedchamber ; and, making a stay without, as they were commanded, the gentlewoman did let him down at a window, by a cord that she had prepared. The keepers, waiting upon his return, stayed there till the morning, and then found themselves deceived. This, with the manner of the escape, ministered great occasion of laughter ; and, not many days after, the king being pacified by the queen's means, he was pardoned, and took to wife the gentlewoman, who had, in this sort, hazarded her credit, for his safety."



LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet,
 Sat ae day on a hill ;
 Whan nicht was cum, and sun was sett,
 They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
 Fair Annet took it ill ;
 A ! I wull nevir wed a wife
 Against my ain friends' wull.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
 A wife wull neir wed yee.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
 A gude rede gie to mee:
 O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet she has gut name;
 And the little bewtie fair Annet haes,
 O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brither gane:
 Now, brither, rede ye mee;
 A! sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-browne bride has kye;
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
 And her kye into the byre;
 And I sall hae naething to mysell
 Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sister gane:
 Now, sister, rede ye me;
 O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
 And let the browne bride alane;
 Lest you sould sigh, and say, Alace!
 What is this we brought hame?

No, I wull tak my ~~wither's~~ counsel,
 And marrie me ewt o' hand;
 And I wull tak the nut-browne bride;
 Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father
 Twa hours or it wer day,
 And he has gane into the bower
 Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
 Put on your silken sheene;
 Let us gae to St. Marie's kirke,
 And see that rich wedden.

My maides, gae to my dressing-room,
 And dress to me my hair;
 Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
 See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
 And dress to me my smock;
 The one half is o' the holland fine,
 The other o' neidle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
 He amblit like the wind,
 Wi' siller he was shod before,
 Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells
 Wer a tied till his mane,
 Wi' ae tift o' the norland wind,
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gude knichts
 Rade by fair Annet's side,
 And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
 As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Marie's kirke,
 She sat on Marie's stean;
 The cleding that fair Annet had on
 It skinkled in their ean.

And whan she cam into the kirke,
 She skimmer'd like the sun;
 The belt that was about her waist
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And hir een they wer sae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 He gae it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
 She spak wi' meikle spite;
 And whair gat ye that rose-water
 That does mak yee sae white?

O I did get the rose-water
 Whair ye wull neir get nane;
 For I did get that very rose-water
 Into my mither's wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
 Frae out her gay head-gear,
 And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
 That word spak nevir mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wex pale,
 And marvelit what mote bee;
 Bot whan he saw her dear hearts' blude,
 A wood-wroth waxed hee.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
 That was sae sharp and meet,
 And drove it into the nut-browne bride,
 That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
 Now stay, my dear, he cry'd;
 Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
 And fell deid by his side.

Lord Thomas was bury'd without kirk-wa',
 Fair Annet within the quiere;
 And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad faine be neare;
 And by this ye may ken right weil,
 They wer twa luvers deare.

This Ballad is almost an universal favourite, and is to be met with in every part of the country, with innumerable variations. It is one of those romantic old ditties, with which unsophisticated youth will ever be found in unison, and over which, even the mind that is selfish and hackneyed in the ways of men, will be glad, at times, to dote and enjoy the momentary dream of disinterested attachment.

ADAM O' GORDON.

It fell about the Martinmas,
 Whan the wind blew shrill and cauld:
 Said Adam o' Gordon to his men,
 " We maun draw to a hauld.
 " And what a hauld sall we draw to,
 " My mirrie men and me?
 " We will gae strait to Towie House
 " And see that fair ladie."

The lady on her castle wa'
 Beheld baith dale and doun,
 When she was 'ware of a host of men
 Riding toward the toun.

' O see ye not, my swirry men a',
 ' O see ye not what I see?
 ' Methinks I see a host of men,
 ' I marvel wha they be.'

She wein'd it had been her luvely lord,
 As he came riding hame;
 It was the traitor Adam o' Gordon,
 Wha reck'd nae sin or shame.

She had nae suner basked hersel',
 And putten on her gown,
 Than Adam o' Gordon and his men
 Were round about the toun.

The lady ran to her tourir heid
 Sae fast as she cold drie,
 To see if by her speiches fair
 She cold wi' him agree.

But whan he saw the lady safe,
 And the yates a' locked fast,
 He fell into a rage of wrauth,
 And his heart was all aghast.

" Cum doun to me ye lady gay,
 " Cum doun, cum doun to me :
 " This nicht ye soll lye in my arms,
 " The morrow my bride soll be."

' I winna cum doun ye fause Gordon,
 ' I winna cum doun to thee;
 ' I winna forsake my ain deir lord,
 ' Thouch he is far frae me.'

" Give owr your house, ye lady fair,
 " Give owr your house to me ;
 " Or I soll brin yoursel' therein,
 " Bot and your babies thrie."

‘ I winna give owr, ye fause Gordon,
 ‘ To nae sic traitour as thee;
 ‘ And if be brin mè and my babes,
 ‘ My lord soll mak ye drie.

‘ But reach my pistol, Glaud my man,
 ‘ And charge ye weil my gun,
 ‘ For, bot if I perce that bluidy butcher,
 ‘ We a’ soll be undone.’

She stude upon the castle wa’
 And let twa bullets flie;
 She mist that bluidy butcher’s heart,
 And only raz’d his knie.

“ Set fire to the house,” cry’d fause Gordon,
 A’ wood wi’ dule and ire;
 “ Fause lady ye soll rue this deid
 “ As ye brin in the fire.”

Wae worth, wae worth ye Jock my man,
 ‘ I paid ye weil your fee;
 ‘ Why pow ye out the ground-wa’ stane
 ‘ Lets in the reik to me?

‘ And ein wae worth ye Jock my man
 ‘ I paid ye weil your hire;
 ‘ Why pow ye out the ground-wa’ stane
 ‘ To me lets in the fire?’

“ Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
 “ Ye paid me weil my fee:
 “ But now I’m Adam o’ Gordon’s man;
 “ And maun or doe or die.”

O then bespak her little son
 Frae aff the nource’s knie,
 ‘ O mither deir, gi owr this house,
 ‘ For the reik it smithers me!’

“ I wald gie a’ my gowd, my chyld,
 “ Sae wald I a’ my fee,
 “ For ae blast o’ the westlin wind,
 “ To blaw the reik frae thee.”

O then bespak her dochtir deir,
 She was baith jump and sma’,
 ‘ O row me in a pair o’ sheits,
 ‘ And tow me owr the wa’.

They row’d her in a pair o’ sheits,
 And tow’d her owr the wa’,
 But on the point o’ Gordon’s speir
 She gat a deidly fa’.

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
 And chirry wero her cheiks;
 And cleir cleir was her yellow hair,
 Wharon the reid bluid drieips!

Than wi’ his speir he turn’d her owr—
 O gin her face was wan!
 Quoth he, “ Ye are the first that eir
 “ I wish’d alive again.”

He turn’d her owr and owr again—
 O gin her skin wes white!
 “ I nicht ha spar’d that bonnie face
 “ To hae been sum man’s delyte.

“ Busk and bown, my mirry men a’,
 “ For ill doom do I guess:
 “ I canna luik on that bonnie face,
 “ As it lies on the grass.”

‘ Wha luik to freits, my master deir,
 ‘ Freits will ay follow them:
 ‘ Let it neir be said, Adam o’ Gordon
 ‘ Was daunted by a dame.’

But whan the lady saw the fire
 Cum flaming owr her heid,
 She weip'd, and kist her children twain;
 " My bairns we been but deid."

The Gordon than his bugil blew,
 And said, ' Awa, awa :
 ' Sen Towie House is a' in a flame,
 ' I hauld it time to ga.'

O than bespied her ain deir lord,
 As he cam owr the lee;
 He saw his castle in a blaze
 Sae far as he cold see.

Then sair, O sair, his mind miagave,
 And a' his heart was wae;
 " Put on, put on, my wichty men,
 " Sae fast as ye can gae.

" Put on, put on, my wichty men,
 " Sae fast as ye can drie.
 " He that is hindmost o' the thrang
 " Sall neir get gude o' me."

Than sum they rode, and sum they ran,
 Fu' fast outowr the bent,
 But eir the formost could win up
 Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
 And weipt in teinfu' mude:
 " Ah traitors, for this cruel deid
 " Ye sall weip teirs o' bluid!"

And after the Gordon he has gane,
 Sae fast as he might drie:
 And sune in his foul hartis bluid
 He has wrekin his deir ladie.

The story upon which this Ballad is founded, is as follows—Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindowne, brother to the Earl of Huntly, was an active partisan for Queen Mary, under the shadow of whose authority, Bishop Spotswood says, he “committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbeses.” In 1571, he sent “one Captain Ker with a party on foot to summon the castle of Towie (or Tavoy as Spotswood calls it) in the queen’s name. The owner, Alexander Forbes, was not at home, and his lady confiding too much in her sex, not only refused to surrender, but gave Ker very injurious language; upon which, unreasonably transported with fury, he ordered his men to set fire to the castle, and barbarously burnt the unfortunate gentlewoman, with her whole family amounting to thirty-seven persons. Nor was he ever so much as cashiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon share both in the scandal and the guilt.”

The hand of a master is visible throughout this whole performance, and there are particular passages, infinitely touching, and tender. I might adduce, as examples of the most powerful pathos, the lady’s exclamation with her old servant setting fire to the house, the speech of the infant, sitting on the nurse’s knee, “O mither deir, gi owr this house, for the reik it smithers me,” &c. &c. but who tells another the sun is shining, when he illuminates earth and heaven with meridian splendour.

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

Is that my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie
From Scotland now come home?

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,

Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret !
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret !
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;
And it is but my sp'rit, Marg'ret,
That's now speaking to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie;
God send your saul good rest !

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live long winter night
The dead corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep ?

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so inect.

Then up and crew the red cock,
 And up then crew the gray,
 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
 That you were going away.

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
 But, with a grievous groan,
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd;
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

ANE BALLAT OF EVILL WYFFIS

Be mirry bretheren ane and all,
 And set all sturt on syd;
 And every ane togidder call
 To God to be our gyd:
 For als lang levis the mirry man
 As dois the wretch for oecht he can,
 Quhen deid him streks, he wait nocht quhen,
 And chairgis him to byd.

The riche then soll nocht sparit be,
 Thoch thay haif gold and land;
 Nor yit the fair for thair bewty;
 Can nocht that chaire geane stand:
 Thoch wicht or waik wald fle away,
 No dowt bot all mon ransone pay,
 Quhat place, or quhair, can no man say,
 Be sie, or yit be land.

Quhairfuir my counsall, brethir is,
 That we togiddir sing,
 And all to loif that Lord of bliss,
 That is of hevinis king.

Quha knawis the secret thocht and dowt
 Of all our hairets round about;
 And he wha thinks him nevir so stout
 Mone thoill that purissing.

Quhat man but stryf, in all his lyfe,
 Dois test moir of deid's pane,
 Nor dois the man, quhilk on the sie
 His leving seiks to gane?
 For quhen distress dois him oppress,
 Than to the Lord for his redress,
 Quha gaif command for all express
 To call and nocht refrain.

The myniet man that leivis on lyfe
 He sailis on the sie;
 For he knawis nowdir sturt nor stryfe,
 Bot blyth and mirry be.
 Bot he that hes an evill wyfe
 Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe:
 And that man quhilk levis ey in strife
 How can he mirry be?

Ane evill wyfe is the werst aucht
 That ony man can haif;
 For he may nevir sit in faucht,
 Unless he be hir sklaif.
 Bot of that sort I knew nane nder
 Bot owtir a kukald, or his bruder,
 Fondlars and kukalds all togidder
 May wiss thair wyfis in graif.

Beacaus thair wyfis hes maistery
 That thay dar nawayis cheip,
 Bot gif it be in privity,
 Quhan thair wyfis ar on sleip.
 Ane mirry in thair cumpasie
 Were to thame worth baith gold and sie;
 Ane menstral could nocht becht be,
 Thair mirth gif he could beit.

Bot of that sort quhilk I report
 I knew name in this ring;
 Bot we may all baith grit and small,
 Gladly baith dance and sing.
 Quha list nocth heir to mak gude cheir,
 Perchance his gudes ane uthir yeir
 Be spent, quhen he is brocht to beir,
 Quhen his wyfe taks the fling.

It has bene sene that wyse wemen,
 Eftir thair husband's deid,
 Hes gotten men hes gart them ken
 Gif thay might beir grit laid.
 With ane grene sting hes gart them bring
 The geir quhilk won wes be ane dring;
 And syne gart all the bairnis sing
 Ramukloch in thair bed.

Than wad scho say, Alsace ! this day
 For him that wan this geir :
 Quhen I him had I skairly said,
 My haire anis mak gud cheir.
 Or I had lettia him spend a plak,
 I lever haif wittin him brokin his tak ;
 Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak
 Our the heicht of the stair.

Ye neigartis then example tak,
 And leir to spend your awin :
 And with gud freynds ay mirry mak,
 That it may be weil knawin
 That thou art he quha wan this geir ;
 And for thy wyfe se thou not spair
 With gud freynds ay to mak repair,
 Thy honesty may be shawin.

Finis, quoth I, quha settis nocth by
 The ill wyfis of this toun ;
 Thoch for despyt with me wald flyte
 Gif thay might put me down.

Gif ye wald know quha maid this sang.
 Quhidder ye will him heid or hang,
 Flemynghis his name quhair evir he gang,
 In place, or in quhat toun.

This, and the following Ballad, seem to be of one age, and very much of one spirit; but whether they are the production of the same writer, or not, I have been unable to discover. The writer, by engrossing his name in his "Ballat," has taken care that it shall be as lasting as his work, but there is nothing known concerning him, further, than that he lived some time in the 16th century. It may not be improper to notice, for the sake of any luckless individual who may have caught a Tartar, or termagant, no uncommon thing in the lottery of matrimony, that the green sting, or goad, spoken of in the Ballad, is, in the hand of the husband, according to the law of Scotland, a perfectly legal instrument of correction, provided it be not thicker than his thumb.

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BALLAT OF GUDE FALLOWIS.

I MAK it kend he that will spend,
 And luve God lait and air,
 God will him mend, and grace him send,
 Quhen catyvis soll haif cair.
 Thairfoir pretend weill for to spend
 Of geir, and nocht till spair:
 I knew the end that ell mon wend
 Away nakit and bair.
 With an O, and an I,
 Ane wrech soll haif na mair,
 Bot ane schort scheit at heid and feit,
 For all his wrek and wair.

For all the wrak a wrech can pak,
 And in his beggis imbrace,
 Yet deid soll tak him be the bak,
 And gar him cry, Allace!
 Than soll he swak away with lak
 And wat nocht to quhat place;
 Than will they mak at him a knak
 That maist of his gud hais.

With an O, and an I,
 Quhyle we have tyme and space,
 Mak we gud cheir quhyle we are heir,
 And thank God of his grace.

Were thair ane king to rax and ring
 Amang gude fallowis cround,
 Wrechis wald ring, and mak murnyng,
 For dule thay said be dround.
 Quha finds ane dring, owder auld or ying,
 Gar hoy him out and hound:
 Now lat us sing with Chrystis blissing,
 Be glaid, and mak gude sound.
 With an O, and an I,
 Now or we furder found:
 Drink thow to me, and I to the
 And let the cop go round.

Quha undirstude suld haif his gude
 Or he were clos'd in clay,
 Sum in thair mude they wald go wude,
 And de lang or thair day.
 Nocht worthe ane hude, or an auld snude,
 Thou sall beir hyne away,
 Wrech, be the rude, for, to conclude,
 Full few will for the pray.
 With an O, and an I,
 Gude fallowis, quhill we may,
 Be mirry and fre, syne blyth we be,
 And sing on tway and tway.



CHILD MAURICE.

CHILD MAURICE was an erle's son,
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was nae for his great riches,
 Nor yit his meikle pride,
 But it was for his mother gay
 Wha liv'd on Carron side.

' Whar sall I get a bonny boy,
 ' That will win hose and shoen,
 ' That will gae to lord Barnard's ha',
 ' And bid his lady come?

 ' And ye maun rin ane errand Willie,
 ' And ye maun rin wi' speid;
 ' When ither boys gang on their feet
 ' Ye sall ha prancing steid.'

 " Oh no ! oh no ! my master deir !
 " I dar na for my life ;
 " I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
 " For to triest furth his wife."

 ' My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
 ' My deir Willie,' he said,
 ' How can ye strive against the strewn ?
 ' For I sall be obey'd.'

 " But O my master deir !" he cry'd,
 " In grenewode ye're your lane ;
 " Gi owr sic thochts I wald ye red,
 " For feir ye sold be tane."

 ' Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,
 ' Bid her come here wi' speid ;
 ' If ye refuse my hie command,
 ' I'll gar your body bleid.

 ' Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
 ' 'Tis a gowd but the hem :
 ' Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
 ' Ein by hersel alone :

 ' And there it is, a silken sark,
 ' Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve ;
 ' And bid her come to Child Maurice,
 ' Speir nae bauld baron's leive.'

“ Yes I will gae your black errand,
 “ Thoich it be to your cost;
 “ Sen ye will nae be warn’d by me,
 “ In it ye shall find frost.

“ The baron he’s a man o’ nicht,
 “ He neir cold bide to taunt :
 “ And ye will see before its nicht,
 “ Sma cause ye ha to vaunt.

“ And sen I maun your errand rin
 “ Sae sair against my will,
 “ I se mak a vow and keip it trow,
 “ It shall be done for ill.”

When he cam to the broken brig,
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And when he cam to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to Barnard’s yeast
 Wold neither chap nor ca,
 But set his bent bow to his breast,
 And lightly lap the wa’.

He wald na tell the man his errand
 Thoich he stude at the yeast;
 But straight into the ha’ he cam,
 Whar they were set at meat.

“ Hail ! hail ! my gentle sine and dame !
 “ My message winna wait,
 “ Dame ye maun to the grenewode gae,
 “ Afore that it be late.

“ Ye’re bidden tak this gay mantel,
 “ ‘Tis a’ gewd bot the hem :
 “ Ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,
 “ Ein by yoursell alone.

‘ And there it is, a silken sark,
 ‘ Your ain hand sew’d the sleive;
 ‘ Ye maun gae speik to Child Maurice;
 ‘ Speir na bauld baron’s leive.’

She lady stamped wi’ her foot,
 And winked wi’ her eie;
 But a’ that she could say or do,
 Forbidden he wald nae be.

“ It’s surely to my bower-woman,
 “ It neir cold be to me.”
 ‘ I brocht it to lord Barnard’s lady,
 ‘ I trow that ye be she.’

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon her knie),
 “ If it be come from Child Maurice
 “ It’s deif welcum to me.”

‘ Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
 ‘ Sae loud as I hear ye lie;
 ‘ I brocht it to Lord Barnard’s lady
 ‘ I trow ye be nae shee.’

Then up and spake the bauld baron
 An angry man was he:
 He has tane the table wi’ his foot,
 Sae has he wi’ his kate,
 Till crystal cup and esar dish
 In flinders he gard flie.

“ Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
 “ Wi’ a’ the haste ye can,
 “ And I’ll gae to the gude grenewode,
 “ And speik wi’ your leman.”
 ‘ O bide at hame now Lord Barnard!
 ‘ I ward ye bide at hame;
 ‘ Neir wytte a man for violence,
 ‘ Wha neir wytte ye wi’ name.’

Child Maurice sat in the grenewade,
 He whistled and he sang;
 " O what means a' the folk coming?
 " My mother tarries lang."

The baron to the grenewode cam,
 Wi' meikle dule and care;
 And there he first spy'd Child Maurice,
 Kaming his yellow hair.

' Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
 ' My lady loes thee weil:
 ' The fairest part of my body
 ' Is blacker than thy heil.

' Yet neir the less now, Child Maurice,
 ' For a' thy great bewtie,
 ' Ye'se rew the day ye eir was born;
 ' That head soll gae wi' me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slaided owr the strae;
 And through Child Maurice fair body
 He gar'd the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid,
 And set it on a speir;
 The meinest man in a' this train
 Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Child Maurice up.
 Laid him across his steid;
 And brocht him to his painted bower,
 And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wa'
 Beheld baith dale and down;
 And there she saw Child Maurice heid
 Cum trailing to the toun.

“ Better I loe that bluidy heid,
 “ Bot and that yellow hair,
 “ Than Lord Barnard and a’ his lands
 “ As they lig here and thare.”

And she has tane Child Maurice heid,
 And kissed baith cheik and chin;
 “ I was anes fow of Child Maurice,
 “ As the hip is o’ the stane.

“ I gat ye in my father’s house
 “ Wi’ meikle sin and shame;
 “ I brocht ye up in the grenewode
 “ Ken’d to mysell alone:

“ Aft have I by thy craddle sitten,
 “ And fondly sein thee sleip;
 “ But now I manna gae ‘bout thy grave
 “ A mother’s teirs to weip.”

Again she kiss’d his bluidy cheik,
 Again his bluidy chin;
 “ O better I leed my son Maurice,
 “ Than a’ my kyth and kin !”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
 “ An ill deth may ye die !
 “ Gin I had ken’d he was your son
 “ He had neir been slayne by me.”

“ Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard !
 “ Obraid me not for shame !
 “ Wi’ that sam speir, O perce my heart,
 “ And save me frae my pain !

“ Since nothing but Child Maurice heid
 “ Thy jealous rage cold quell,
 “ Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
 “ That neir to thee did ill.

" To me nae after days nor nichts
 " Will eir be soft or kind :
 " I'll fill the air wi' heavy sicks,
 " And grait till I be blind."

' Eneuch of bhuid by me's been spilt,
 ' Seek not your dethe frae me ;
 ' I'd rather far it had been myself,
 ' Than either him or thee.

' Wi' hopeless wae I hear your plaint,
 ' Sair, sair I rue the deid,—
 ' That eir this cursed hand of mine
 ' Sold gar his body bleid !

' Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
 ' They neir can heal the wound ;
 ' Ye see his heid upon the speir,
 ' His heart's bluid on the ground.

' I curse the hand that did the deid,
 ' The heart that thocht the ill,
 ' The feet that bare me wi' sic speid,
 ' The comelie youth to kill.

' I'll aye lament for Child Maurice
 ' As gin he war my ain ;
 ' I'll neir forget the dreiry day
 ' On which the youth was slain.'

This Ballad, incomparable for pathos, is undoubtedly Scottish, and one of the oldest in print. It is here given from one of the oldest copies, and has been carefully collated with more than a dozen different editions. Several verses to be found in modern editions, describing the Child as having hair "like threads of gold drawn from the *loom of Minerva*," a "snowy brow, cheeks like roses," and a breath remarkable for perfume, I have omitted as evident interpolations nowise harmonising with the general tone and spirit of the Ballad. I may add that it has been generally supposed that this Ballad furnished Home with the plot for his Tragedy of Douglas.

GILDEROY.

GILDEROY was a bouny boy,
 Had roses till his shoon ;
 His stockings were of silken soy,
 Wi' garters hanging doun.
 It was, I ween, a comedie sight
 To see sae trim a boy :
 He was my joy, and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

O sic twa charming een he had !
 Breath sweet as ony rose :
 He never ware a highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes.
 He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
 Nane eer to him was coy :
 Ah wae is me, I mourn the day
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae toun together ;
 We scant were seven years befor
 We gan to luve ilk ither :
 Our dadies and our mamies thay
 Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding sark of Holland fine
 Wi' dainty ruffles wrought ;
 And he gied me a wedding ring
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy :
 Nae lad nor lassie eer could sing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsome time
 Amang the leaves sae green:
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
 And sweetly kiss and toy;
 While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life!
 But, ah, his maunfu' heart was bent
 To stir in feats of strife.
 And he in many a venturous deed
 His courage bauld wad try;
 And now this gars my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat mine ee:
 I gied him sic a parting luik!
 ' My benison gang wi' thee!
 ' God speid thee weil my ain dear heart,
 ' For gane is all my joy;
 ' My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
 ' My handsome Gilderoy.'

My Gilderoy, baith far and near
 Was fear'd in every toun;
 And bauldly bare awa the geir,
 Of mony a lawland loun.
 For man to man durst meet him nae,
 He was sae brave a boy;
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws
 To hang a man for gear;
 To reave of life for sic a cause
 As stealing horse or mare!

Had not their laws been made sae strick
 I ne'er had lost my joy;
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He mought hae banisht been;—
 Ah what sair cruelty is this,
 To hang sic handsome men !
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy :—
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
 Wi' irons his limbs they strung;
 To Edinborow led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung.
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae bauild a boy;
 Thair dyed the youth wham I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath
 I bare his corse away,
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
 I wash'd his comelie clay;
 And siker in a grave right deep
 I laid the dear lued boy:
 And now for ever I maun weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

The author of this Ballad was Sir Alexander Halket, the subject thereof a notorious freebooter in the upper district of Perthshire, where he committed great outrages upon the inhabitants. Spalding relates that seven of his followers were taken by the Stuarts of Athol, brought to Edinburgh and hanged. In recompence of this injury, Gilderoy burnt their houses, for which, he and five other lyndars were taken and hanged likewise. See Spalding's History, vol. i. page 49—53.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men amang
 On women do complayne;
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vayne,
 To love them wele; for never a dele
 They love a man agayne:
 For let a man do what he can,
 Theyr favour to attayne,
 Yet yf a newe do them perse,
 Theyr first true lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
 He is a banyshed man.

I say nat, nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd
 That woman's faith is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decay'd;
 But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love true, and continue:
 Recorde the not-browne mayde:
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.

Then betwaine us let us dyscus
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two; we wyl also
 Tell all the Payne, and fere,
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
 So that ye me answerē;
 Wherfore, all ye, that present be
 I pray you, gyve an ere.
 " I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can;
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banyshed man."

She. And I your wyll for to fulfyll
 In this wyll nat refuse;
 Trustyng to shewe, in wordes fewe,
 That men have an yll use
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,
 And causelesse them accuse:
 Therfore to you I answere nowe,
 All women to excuse,—
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
 I pray you, tell anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. It standeth so; a dede is do
 Whereof grete harme shall growe;
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe;
 Or elles to fle: the one must be;
 None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
 None other rede I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. O Lord, what is this worldys blysse,
 That changeth as the mone!
 My somers day in lusty May
 Is derked before the none.
 I here you say, farewell; nay, nay,
 We depart nat so sone:
 Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
 Alas! what have ye done?
 All my welfare to sorrowe and care
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. I can beleve, it shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dystrayne;
 But aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
 Within a day or twayne
 Shall sone salake; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne.
 And thus I do; and pray you to,
 As hartely, as I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde:
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
 I wolle not leve behynde;
 Shall never be sayd, the not-browne mayd
 Was to her love unkinde:
 Make you redy, for so am I,
 Although it were anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say:
 Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away;
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfyll
 In grene wode yon to play;
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 No lenger make delay:
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me
 Be called an yll woman,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Though it be songe of old and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blame,
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 In hurtynge of my name :
 For I wyll prove, that saythfulle love
 It is devoy'd of shame ;
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
 To part with you, the same ;
 And sure all tho' that do not so,
 True lovers are they none :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. I cunceyle you, remember howe
 It is no maydens lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe :
 For ye must there in your hand bere
 A bowe, redy to drawe ;
 And, as a these, thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe ;
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe :
 Yet had I lever than,
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. I thinke nat, may, but as ye say,
 It is no maydens lore :
 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have sayd before
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote,
 To gete us mete in store ;
 For so that I your company
 May have, I aske no more :
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. For an outlawe this is the lawe,
 That men hym take and bynde;
 Without pyte, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede, (as God forbede !)
 What rescous coude ye fynde ?
 Forsooth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde drawe behynde :
 And no mervayle : for lytell avayle
 Were in your cunceyle than :
 Wherfore I wyl to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght ;
 No womanhede it is indede
 To be bolde as a knyght :
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save ; as women have
 From deth 'men' many one :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
 That ye coude nat sustayne
 The thornie wayes, the depe valeies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne ;
 And, us above, none other rofe
 But a brake bush, or twayne :
 Which sone sholde greve you, I believe ;
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Syth I have here bene partynere
 With you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is:
 Yet am I sure of one plesure;
 And, shortely, it is this:
 That, where ye be, me semeth, parde,
 I coude nat fare amysse.
 Without more speche, I you beseche
 That we were sone agone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
 When ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for you gete,
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
 Ne shetes clene, to lye betwene,
 Maden of thred and twyne;
 None other house, but leves and bowes,
 To cover your hed and myne.
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyete
 Sholde make you pale and wan;
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Amonge the wylde dere, such ane archere,
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plente:
 And water clere of the ryvere
 Shall be full swete to me;
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele
 Endure, as ye shall see:
 And, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me :
 As cut your here up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the kne ;
 With bowe in hande for to withstande
 Your enemyes, yf nede be :
 And this same nyght before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
 Do it shortly as ye can ;
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede ;
 To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, before all other
 For you I have most drede :
 But nowe, adue ! I must ensue,
 Where fortunne doth me lede.
 All this make ye : now let us fle ;
 The day cometh fast upon ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go,
 And I shall tell ye why, —
 Your appetyght is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele espy ;
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
 In lyke wyse hardely
 Ye wolde answere whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde, sone hote, sone colde ;
 And so is a woman.
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
 Such wordes to say by me;
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
 Or I you loved, pardē:
 And though that I of auncestry
 A baron's daughter be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved
 A squyer of lowe degré;
 And ever shall, whatso befall;
 To dy therfore anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

He. A baron's chylde to be begylde !
 It were a cursed dede;
 To be felawe with an outlawe !
 Almighty God forbede !
 Yet better were, the pore squyere
 Alone to forest yede,
 Than ye sholde say another day,
 That, by my cursed dede,
 Ye were betray'd: wherfore, good mayd,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd;
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betray'd.
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
 Your love, the not-browne mayd,
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy
 Sone after ye be gone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent,
 For in the forest nowe
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you;
 Another fayrere, than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe;
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
 With other, as I trowe:
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
 So wyll I, yf I can;
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your:
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde,
 And courteys every hour;
 Glad to fulfull all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power:
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 'Of hem I wolde be one;'
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
 That ye be kynde, and true;
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged nowe;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rewre:
 Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
 To you, whan I began;
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
 I am no banyshed man.

She. These tydings be more gladd to me,
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
 But it is often sene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
 The wordes on the splene.
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stelē from me, I wene:
 Than, were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
 I wyll nat dysparage
 You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
 Of so grete a lynage.
 Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you bryngē; and with a ryngē,
 By way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make,
 As shortely as I can:
 Thus have you won an erlys son,
 And not a banyshed man."

Author. "Here may ye se, that women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
 Late never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable;
 But rather, pray God, that we may
 To them be comfortable;
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth,
 Yf they be charytable.
 For syth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one;
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but hym alone.

This fine old Ballad is the original of Prior's Henry and Emma, and on that account, though its merit was of a much more questionable kind, intitld to particular notice. Its author has not even been guessed at, and its date is conjectural. It was revived in "The Muses' Mercury," for June, 1707, and, by the united judgment of the learned Wanley, and the poet Prior, was concluded to be then above three hundred years old. Later, and perhaps more discerning antiquarians, have supposed its era to be about the end of the 14th or beginning of the 15th century.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
 These wordes, which I shall write;
 A doleful story you shall heare,
 In time brought forth to light:
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolke dwelt of late,
 Who did in honour far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
 No helpe his life could save;
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,
 And both possest one grave.
 No love between these two was lost
 Each was to other kinde,
 In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
 And left two babes behinde;

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three yeares olde;
 The other a girl more young than he,
 And fram'd in beautyes molde.
 The father left his little son
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chanc'd to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespeak their mother deare,
O brother kinde, quoth shee,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard.
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
God bless you both, my children deare;
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sickle couple there,
The keeping of your little ones
Sweet sister, do not feare;

God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaie.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood:
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merrye minds,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye.

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife;
 With one another they did fight,
 About the childrens' life:
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slaye the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood,
 While babes did quake for feare.

He took the children by the hand,
 Teares standing in their eye,
 And bad them straitwaye follow him,
 And look they did not crye:
 And two long miles he ledd them on,
 While they for food complaine:
 Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I come backe againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and downe;
 But never more could see the man.
 Approaching from the town:
 Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,
 And when they sawe the darksome night,
 They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till deathe did end their grief,
 In one anothers armes they dyed,
 As wanting due relief:
 No burial this pretty pair
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell:

His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
 His landes were barren made,
 His cattle dyed within the field,
 And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sonnes did dye;
 And to conclude, himselfe was brought
 To want and miserye:
 He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven yeares came about.
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this meanes come out.

The fellowe, that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judged to dye,
 Such was God's blessed will;
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been display'd:
 Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
 Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek;
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such like miserye
 Your wicked minds requite.

This most pathetic Ballad has received ample elucidation, from the pen of Mr. Addison, in the 85th No. of the Spectator, to which, as the Spectator either is or should be in every reader's possession, I shall content myself with referring.

ILLI BURLERO.

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Ho! hy shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote,

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Dough by my shoul de English do prat,

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

De law's on dare side, and Chreist knows what.

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

But if dispence do come from de pope,

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

For de good Talbote is made a lord,

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

And with brave lads is coming aboard;

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Who all in France have taken a sware,

Lilli burlero, bullen-a-la.

Dat dey will have no Protestant heir.

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Arrah! but why does he stay behind,

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by my shoul 'tis a Protestant wind.

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

And we shall have commissions gillore.
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Now, now de hereticks all go down
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

By Chreist and shaint Patrick de nation's our own.
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog.
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

For Talbote's de dog and James is de ass.
 Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

This Ballad has been generally attributed to Lord Wharton. It was written and published upon Richard Lord Talbot, newly created Lord Tyrconnel, being appointed to the lieutenancy of Ireland, in 1688, on account of his being a violent Papist. Slight and insignificant as it now seems, its effect was more powerful than the Philippics of Demosthenes, or the orations of Cicero, and contributed in no small degree, to bring about the great revolution that happened the same year. "A foolish Ballad," says Burnet, "was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, Lero, lero, lilli burlero, &c. that made an impression on the [King's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing, so great an effect."

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

IMPATIENCE chaungeth smoke to flame,
 But jelousie is hell;
 Some wives by patience have reduc'd
 Ill husbands to live well:
 As did the ladie of an earle,
 Of whom I now shall tell.

An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd;
 Was lov'd, and lived long
 Full true to his fayre countesse; yet
 At last he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace,
 Long fasting, and the heat
 Did house him in a peakish graunge
 Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd, as the place
 And persons might afforde,
 Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds, and milke
 Were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
 Halfe backed with a hoope
 Were brought him, and he sitteth down
 Besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread
 Were wheat, their whig were perry,
 Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
 Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while, in russet neatly clad,
 With linen white as swanne,
 Herselue more white, save rosie where
 The ruddy colour ranne:

Whom naked nature, not the aydes
 Of arte made to excell,
 The good man's daughter sturres to see
 That all were feat and well;
 The earle did marke her, and admire
 Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
 And held him at a feast:
 But as his hunger slaked, so
 An amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks,
 And welcome too; he sayd
 Unto his host and hostesse, in
 The hearing of the mayd:

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord
 Of this, and many townes;
 I also know that you be poore,
 And I can spare you pownes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,
 That yonder lasse and I
 May bargaine for her love; at least,
 Doe give me leave to trye.
 Who needs to know it? nay who dares
 Into my doings pry?

First they mislike, yet at the length
 For lucre were misled;
 And then the gamesome earle did wowe
 The damsell for his bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet
 So coyish to be kist,
 As mayds that know themselves belov'd,
 And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large
 She lastly did consent ;
 With whom he lodged all that night,
 And early home he went.

He tooke occasion oftentimes
 In such a sort to hunt.
 Whom when his lady often mist,
 Contrary to his wont,

And lastly was informed of
 His amorous haunt elsewhere ;
 It greev'd her not a little, though
 She seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe,
 Some fault perhaps in me ;
 Somewhat is done, that so he doth :
 Alas ! what may it be ?

How may I winne him to myself ?
 He is a man, and men
 Have imperfections ; it behooves
 Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke,*
 Although hee now were chaste :
 A man controuled of his wife,
 To her makes lesser haste.

If duty then, or daliiance may
 Prevayle to alter him ;
 I will be dutifull, and make
 My selfe for daliiance trim.

So was she, and so lovingly
 Did entertaine her lord,

* To *check* is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit : to *check* also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

As fairer, or more faultles none
Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and
Did still pursue that game,
Suspecting nothing less, than that
His lady knew the same:
Wherefore to make him know she knew,
She this devise did frame:

When long she had been wrong'd, and sought
The foresayd meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the simple graunge
But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth greets them well,
And then did looke about her:
The guiltie houshold knowing her,
Did wish themselves without her;
Yet, for she looked merily,
The lease they did misdoubt her.

When she had seen the beauteous wench
(Than blushing fairnes fairer)
Such beauty made the countesse hold
Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait?
Thought she: and who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt?
Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd
Of proffer'd gold denied,
Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she: and she thus declares
Her cause of coming thether;
My lord, oft hunting in these partes,
Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house;
 I thanke you for the same;
 For why? it doth him jolly ease
 To lie so neare his game,

But, for you have not furniture
 Beseeming such a guest,
 I bring his owne, and come myselfe
 To see his lodging drest.

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
 In which were hangings brave,
 Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
 And all such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd,
 She prayes them to have care
 That nothing hap in their default,
 That might his health impair:

And, Damsell, quoth shee, for it seemes
 This houshold is but three,
 And for thy parents age, that this
 Shall chiefly rest on thee;

Do me that good, else would to God
 He hither come no more.
 So tooke she horse, and eer she went
 Bestowed gould good store.

Full little thought the countie that
 His countesse had done so;
 Who now return'd from far affaires
 Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within
 The late deformed cote,
 But that the formall change of things
 His wondring eies did note.

But when he knew those goods to be
 His proper goods; though late,
 Scarce taking leave, he home returnes
 The matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he
 With her his lodging tooke;
 Sir, welcome home (quoth shee;) this night
 For you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such
 His stiffe bestowed soe.
 Forsooth, quoth she, because I did
 Your love and lodging knowe:

Your love to be a proper wench,
 Your lodging nothing lesse;
 I held it for your health, the house
 More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her,
 Your lordship loveth me;
 And greater hope to hold you such
 By quiet, then brawles, you see.

Then for my duty, your delight,
 And to retaine your favour,
 All done I did, and patiently
 Expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought
 His gentle teares to fall:
 When (kissing her a score of times)
 Amend, sweet wife, I shall:
 He said, and did it; 'so each wife
 'Her husband may' recall.

This Ballad is only an extract from "Albion's England, or a historical map of the same island," written by William Warner, an attorney of the common pleas in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which, though now

forgotten, was in the Poet's own day ranked with the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*, and went through four large impressions in the author's lifetime. Popular, however, as he must have been, of his history there is nothing now known, further than that he died suddenly in his bed, without any previous trouble, at Amwell in Herts, March 9th, 1468-9.

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## FAIR ROSAMOND.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,  
The second of that name,  
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde  
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,  
Her favour, and her face;  
A sweeter creature in this worlde  
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde  
Appear'd to each man's sight;  
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearles,  
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes  
Did such a colour drive,  
As though the lillye and the rose  
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,  
Her name was called so,  
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,  
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,  
Against the furious queene,  
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,  
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built  
 Of stone and timber strong,  
 An hundred and fifty doors  
 Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd  
 With turning round about,  
 That none but with a clue of thread,  
 Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,  
 That was so faire and brighte,  
 The keeping of this bower he gave  
 Unto a valiant knyghte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne  
 Where she before did smile,  
 The kinges delighte and ladyes joy  
 Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,  
 Whom he did high advance,  
 Against his father raised warres  
 Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king  
 The English land forsooke,  
 Of Rosamond, his lady faire,  
 His farewelle thus he tooke:

“ My Rosamonde, my only Rose,  
 That pleasest best mine eye:  
 The fairest flower in all the worlde  
 To feed my fantasye:

The flower of mine affected heart,  
 Whose sweetness doth excelle:  
 My royal Rose, a thousand times  
 I bid thee nowe farewelle !

For I must leave my fairest flower,  
 My sweetest Rose, a space,  
 And cross the seas to famous France,  
 Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt  
 My coming shortlye see,  
 And in my heart, when hence I am,  
 Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,  
 Did heare the king saye soe,  
 The sorrowe of her grieved heart  
 Her outward lookes did shewe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes  
 The teares gusht out apace,  
 Which like the silver-pearled dewe  
 Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippea, erst like the corall redde,  
 Did waxe both wan and pale,  
 And for the sorrow she conceivde  
 Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone  
 Before king Henryes face,  
 Full oft he in his princelye armes  
 Her bodye did embrase:

And twentye times, with watery eyes,  
 He kist her tender cheeke,  
 Untill he had revivde againe  
 Her senses milde and meeke.

" Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?"  
 The king did often say.  
 " Because," quoth shee, " to bloodye warres  
 My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes  
 Amonge your foes unkinde  
 Must goe to hazard life and limble,  
 Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,  
 Your sworde and target beare ;  
 That on my breast the blowes may lighte,  
 Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,  
 Prepare your bed at nighte,  
 And with sweete baths refresh your grace,  
 At your return from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye  
 No toil I will refuse ;  
 But wanting you, my life is death ;  
 Nay, death Ild rather chuse !"

" Content thy self, my dearest love ;  
 Thy rest at home shall bee  
 In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle ;  
 For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres ;  
 Soft peace their sexe delights ;  
 ' Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers ;  
 Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.'

My Rose shall safely here abide,  
 With musicke passe the daye ;  
 Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,  
 My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,  
 Whilst I me in armour dighte ;  
 Gay galliards here my love shall dance,  
 Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste  
To bee my loves defence;  
Be carefull of my gallant Rose  
When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,  
As though his heart would breake:  
And Rosamonde, for very grieve,  
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they myghte  
In heart be grieved sore:  
After that daye faire Rosamonde  
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,  
And into France was gone;  
With envious heart, queene Ellinor,  
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calles this trustye knighte,  
In an unhappy houre;  
Who with his clue of twined thread,  
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,  
The queene this thread did gette,  
And went where ladye Rosamonde  
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye  
Beheld her beauteous face,  
She was amazed in her minde  
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,  
That riche and costlye bee;  
And drinke thou up this deadiye draught,  
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees  
 Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;  
 And pardon of the queene she crav'd  
 For her offences all.

“ Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,  
 Faire Rosamonde did crye ;  
 And lett mee not with poison stronge  
 Enforced be to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,  
 And in some cloyster bide ;  
 Or else be banisht, if you please,  
 To range the world soe wjde.

And for the fault which I have done,  
 Though I was forc'd theretoe,  
 Preserve my life, and punish mee  
 As you thinke meet to doe.”

And with these words, her lillie handes  
 She wrunge full often there ;  
 And downe along her lovelye face  
 Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene  
 Therewith appeased bee ;  
 The cup of deadlye poysone stronge,  
 As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;  
 Who tooke it in her hand,  
 And from her bended knee arose,  
 And on her feet did stand :

And casting up her eyes to heaven,  
 Shee did for mercye calle ;  
 And drinking up the poison stronge,  
 Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe  
 Had shewde its greatest spite,  
 Her chiefeſt foes did plaine confesse  
 Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,  
 When life was fled away,  
 At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,  
 As may be ſeene this day.

This is another of the productions of the age of Elizabeth, which seems to have been, in literature, nearly as productive as our own. The author was Thomas Delone, who is mentioned by Kemp as "the great Ballade maker, Chronicler of the memorable lives of the six yeomen of the west, Jack of Newbury, The gentle craft and ſuch like honest men omitted by Stowe, Hollinſhede, Grafton, Hall, Froisart and the rest of these deserving writers." Nashe calls him the Balletting Silk-weaver, from which it is probable that he was of that profession, but of his life there appears to be nothing certainly known.



### KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story Ile tell you anon,  
 Of a notable prince, that was called king John ;  
 And he ruled England with maine and with might,  
 For he did great wrong, and mainteind little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,  
 Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;  
 How for his house-keeping, and high renoune,  
 They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare ſay,  
 The abbot kept in his house every day ;  
 And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,  
 In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,  
Thou keepest a farrs better house than mee,  
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,  
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,  
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;  
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,  
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,  
And now for the same thou needest must dye;  
For except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,  
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride the whole world about;  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;  
But if you will give me but three weekes space,  
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,  
 And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:  
 How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;  
 What newes do you bring us from good king John?

“ Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;  
 That I have but three days more to live:  
 For if I do not answer him questions three,  
 My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
 With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,  
 Among all his liege men so noble of birth,  
 To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,  
 How soone he may ride this whole world about:  
 And at the third question I must not shrinke,  
 But tell him there truly what he does thinke.”

“ Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,  
 That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?  
 Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,  
 And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,  
 I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:  
 And if you will but lend me your gowne,  
 There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.”

“ Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,  
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;  
 With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,  
 Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.”

“ Now welcome, sire abbot,” the king he did say,  
 “ 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;  
 For an if thou canst answer my questions three  
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
 With my crown of golde so fair on my head,  
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
 Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

" For thirty pence our Saviour was sold  
 Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told;  
 And twentye nine is the worth of thee,  
 For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,\*  
 I did not think I had been worth so littel!  
 —Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
 How soone I may ride this whole world about.

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
 Until the next morning he riseth againe;  
 And then your grace need not make any doubt,  
 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
 " I did not think, it could be gone so soone!  
 —Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,  
 But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

" Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :  
 You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;  
 But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,  
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,  
 " Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"  
 " Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,  
 For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

" Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee,  
 For this merry jest thou hast shown unto mee;  
 And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,  
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John."

\* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

This appears to be a Ballad of great antiquity, and to have been at all times extremely popular. The present copy seems to have been modernised about the time of James the first, and serves to give us some idea of the zeal displayed and the arts employed to bring the dignitaries of the church into contempt with the people.

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### DICK O' THE COW.

Now Liddisdale has lyan lang in,  
 There is nae riding there at a':  
 Their horses are grown sae lidder fat,  
 They downa stur out o' the sta'.

Then Johnie Armstrong to Willie can say,  
 Billie a riding then gae will we:  
 England and us has been lang at a feid;  
 Ablins we'll hit on some bootie.

Then they're com'd on to Hutton Ha',  
 They rade the proper place about:  
 But the laird he was the wiser man,  
 For he had left nae gear without.——

Then he had left nae gear to steal,  
 Except sax sheep upon a lee:  
 Quo' Johnie, I'd rather in England die,  
 Ere thir sax sheep gae t' Liddisdale wi' me.

But how ca'd they the man we last met,  
 Billie, as we came o'er the know;  
 That same he is an innocent fool,  
 And some men ca' him Dick o' the Cow.

That fool has three as good ky o' his ain,  
 As there's in a' Cumberland, Billie, quo' he;  
 Betide me life, betide me death  
 These three ky shall gae t' Liddisdale wi' me.

Then they're com'd on to the poor fool's house,  
 And they hae broken his wa's sae wide;  
 They have loos'd out Dick o' the Cow's three ky,  
 And tane three co'erlets aff his wife's bed.

Then on the morn, whan the day was light,  
 The shouts and cries rose loud and hie :  
 O had thy tongue, my wife, he says,  
 And o' thy crying let me be.—

O had thy tongue, my wife, he says,  
 And o' thy crying let me be;  
 And aye that where thou wants a cow,  
 In good sooth I'll bring thee three.

Then Dickie's com'd on for's lord and master,  
 And I wat a dreirie fool was he;  
 Now had thy tongue, my fool he says,  
 For I may not stand to jest wi' thee.

Shame speed a' your jesting, my lord, quo' Dickie,  
 For nae sic jesting gree wi' me :  
 Liddisdale's been i' my house last night,  
 And they hae tane my three ky frae me.

But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,  
 To be your poor fool and your leal,  
 Unless ye gi' me leave, my lord,  
 T' gae t' Liddisdale and steal.

I gi' thee leave, my fool, he says,  
 Thou speakest against my honour and me,  
 Unless thou gi' me thy trowth and thy hand  
 Thou'l steal frae nane but wha sta frae thee.

There is my trowth and my right hand;  
 My head shall hang on *Hairibe* ; \*  
 I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,  
 If I steal frae a man but wha sta frae me.

\* The place of Execution at Carlisle.

Dickie's tane leave at lord and master,  
 And I wat a merry fool was he;  
 He's bought a bridle and a pair o' new spurs,  
 And pack'd them up in his breek thigh.

Then Dickie's come on for *Pudding-burn*\*,  
 E'en as fast as he might drie.—  
 Now Dickie's come on for Pudding-burn,  
 Where there were thirty Armstrongs and three.

O ! what's this com'd o' me now, quo' Dickie,  
 What meikle wae's this happen'd o' me, quo' he;  
 When here is but ae innocent fool,  
 And there is thirty Armstrongs and three.

Ye he's com'd up to the ha' amang them a'  
 Sae weil's he became his curtesie.  
 Weil may ye be, my good laird's Jock,  
 But the de'il bless a' your companie.

I'm come to 'plain o' your man, fair Johnie Armstrong,  
 And syne o' his billie Willie, quo he;  
 How they hae been i' my house the last night,  
 And they hae tane my three ky fras me.

Quo' Johnie Armstrong, we will him hang.  
 Na' then, quo' Willie, we'll him slae.  
 But up and bespeak anither young man,  
 We'll gie 'im his batts, and let him gae.

Then up and bespeak the good laird's Jock,  
 The best fallow in a' the companie,  
 Sit thy ways down a little while Dickie,  
 And a piece o' thy ain cow's hough I'll g' thee.

\* Pudding-burn Hall was, at that time, the place of abode of the Armstrongs: It is on the farm of Readmoss, and is now converted into a sheep-fold.

But Dickie's heart it grew sae great,  
 That ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat.—  
 Then Dickie was 'ware o' an auld peat-house,  
 Where a' the night he thought for to sleep.—

Then Dickie was 'ware o' an auld peat-house,  
 Where a' the night he thought for to ly;  
 And a' the prayers the poor fool pray'd,  
 I wish I had a mens for my ain three ky.

Then it waa the use of Pudding-burn,  
 And the house of Mangerton, all hail,  
 These that came na at the first ca'  
 They got nae mair meat t' the neist meal.

The lads that hungry and weary were,  
 Aboon the door-head they hang the key;  
 Dickie he took good notice to that,  
 Says, there's a bootie yonder for me.

Then Dickie into the stable is gane,  
 Where there stood thirty horses and three;  
 He has tied them a' wi' St. Mary's Knot,\*  
 A' these horses but barely three.—

He has tied them a' wi' St. Mary's Knot,  
 A' these horses but barely three:  
 He's loupen on aine, tane anither in hand;  
 And out at the door and gane is Dickie.

Then on the morn, whan the day grew light,  
 The shouts and cries rose loud and hie;  
 O ! where's that thief, quo' the good laird's Jock,  
 Tell me the truth and the veritie.—

O ! where's that thief, quo' the good laird's Jock,  
 See unto me ye dinna lie;  
 Dickie's been i' the stable last night,  
 And has my brother's horse and mine frae me.

\* Ham-stringed the horses.

Ye wad ne'er be tel'd, quo' the good laird's Jock,  
 Have ye not found my tales fu leel;  
 Ye wad ne'er out o' England bide,  
 Till crooked and blind, and a' wad steal.

But lend me thy bay, Johnie Armstrong can say,  
 There's nae horse loose in the stable but he;  
 And I'll either bring Dick o' the Cow again,  
 Or the day is come that he shall die.

To lend thee my bay, the laird's Jock can say,  
 He's worth baith goud and good monie;  
 Dick o' the Cow has away twa horse,  
 I wish na thou may make him three.

He's tane the laird's jack on his back,  
 The twa handed sword that hang by his thigh;  
 He's tane the steel-cap on his head,  
 And on he is gane to follow Dickie.

Then Dickie was na a mile aff the town,  
 I wat a mile but barely three,  
 Till he's o'ertane by Johnie Armstrong,  
 Hand for hand on *Cannobie-Lee*.\*

Abide, abide now Dickie than,  
 The day is come that thou maun die:  
 Then Dickie look'd o'er his left shoulder,  
 Johnie, has thou any moe in companie.

There is a preacher in our chapel,  
 And a' the lee lang day teaches he;  
 Whan day is gane, and night is come,  
 There's ne'er ae word I mark but three:

The first and second is Faith and Conscience,  
 The third, ne'er let a traitour free;  
 But, Johnie, what faith and conscience hadst thou,  
 Whan thou took my three ky frae me.

\* A rising ground in Cannobie, near the border of Liddisdale.

And when thou had tane away my three ky,  
 Thou thought in thy heart thou was no well sped;  
 But sent thy billie Willie o'er the know,  
 And he took three co'erlets aff my wife's bed.

Then Johnie let a spear fa' laigh by his thigh,  
 Thought weil to hae slain the innocent, I trow;  
 But the powers above were mair than he,  
 For he ran but the poor fool's jerkin through.

Together they ran, or ever they blan,  
 This was Dickie the fool and he;  
 Dickie cou'd na win to him wi' the blade o' the sword,  
 But feld 'im wi' the plumet under the eie.

Now Dickie has feld fair Johnie Armstrong,  
 The prettiest man in the south countrie.  
 Gramercy, then can Dickie say,  
 I had but twa horse thou has made me three.

He has tane the laird's jack aff his back,  
 The twa handed sword that hang by his thigh;  
 He has tane the steel-cap aff his head;  
 Johnie, I'll tell my master I met wi' thee.

When Johnie waken'd out o' his dream,  
 I wat a drierie man was he:  
 And is thou gane, now Dickie than,  
 The shame gae in thy companie.—

And is thou gane, now Dickie, than,  
 The shame gae in thy companie;  
 For, if I should live this hundred years,  
 I ne'er shall fight wi' a fool after thee.

Then Dickie's come hame to lord and master,  
 E'en as fast as he may drie.—  
 Now Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,  
 Till hie hanged thou shalt be.

The shame speed the liars, my lord, quo' Dickie,  
 That was no the promise ye made to me;  
 For I'd ne'er gane t' Liddisdale t' steal,  
 Till I had got my leave at thee.

But what gard thou steal the laird's Jock's horse,  
 And limmer, what gard thou steal him, quo' he;  
 For lang might thou in Cumberland dwelt,  
 Ere the laird's Jock had stawn fræ thee.

Indeed I wat ye lied, my lord,  
 And e'en sae loud as I hear ye lie,  
 I wan him fræ his man, fair Johnie Armstrong,  
 Hand for hand on Cannobie Lee.

There's the jack was on his back,  
 The twa handed sword that hang laigh by his thigh;  
 And there's the steel-cap was on his head;  
 I hae a' these takens to let thee see.—

If that be true thou to me tells,  
 I trow thou dare na tell a lie,  
 I'll gi' thee twenty punds for the good horse,  
 Weil tel'd in thy cloak lap shall be.

And I'll gi' thee ane o' my best milk-ky  
 To maintain thy wife and children three;  
 And that may be as good, I think,  
 As ony twa o' thine might be.

The shame speed the liers, my lord, quo' Dickie,  
 Trow ye aye to make a fool o' me;  
 I'll either hae thirty punds for the good horse,  
 Or he's gae t' Mortan fair wi' me.

He's gi'en hirf thirty punds for the good horse,  
 All in goud and good monie;  
 He has gi'en him ane o' his best milk-ky,  
 To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie came down through Carlisle town,  
 E'en as fast as he might drie;  
 The first o' men that he met with,  
 Was my lord's brother, *Bayliff Glozenbutrie.*\*

Weil may ye be, my good Ralph Scroope.  
 Welcome, my brother's fool, quo' he;  
 Where did thou get fair Johnie Armstrong's horse.  
 Where did I get him but steal him, quo' he.

But wilt thou sell me fair Johnie Armstrong's horse.  
 And billie wilt thou sell him to me, quo' he.  
 Aye, and tell me the monie on my cloak lap;  
 For there's no ae fardin I'll trust thee.

I'll gi' thee fifteen punds for the good horse,  
 Weil tel'd on thy cloak lap shall be;  
 And I'll gi' thee ane o' my best milk-ky,  
 To maintain thy wife and children three.

The shame speed the liers, my lord, quo' Dickie,  
 Trow ye aye to make a fool o' me, quo' he;  
 I'll either hae thirty punds for the good horse,  
 Or he's gae t' Mortan fair wi' me.

He's gi'en him thirty punds for the good horse,  
 All in goud and good monie;  
 He has gi'en him ane o' his best milk-ky,  
 To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie lap a loup fu' hie,  
 And I wat a loud laugh laughed he;  
 I wish the neck o' the third horse were broken;  
 For I hae a better o' my ain, if better can be.

Then Dickie's com'd hame to his wife again,  
 Judge ye how the poor fool sped,  
 He has gi'en her threescore English punds  
 For the three auld co'erlets was tane aff her bed.

\* Brother to Lord Scroope, the then Governor of Carlisle.

Hae, take thee these twa as good ky,  
 I trow as a' thy three might be;  
 And yet here is a white-footed nagie,  
 I think he'll carry baith thee and me.

But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide,  
 The Armstrongs they will hang me hie:  
 But Dickie's tane leave at lord and master;  
 And at Burgh under Stanmuir there dwells he.



### JOCK O' THE SIDE.

Now Liddisdale has ridden a raid,  
 But I wat they had better staid at hame;  
 For Mitchel o' Winfield he is dead,  
 And my son Johnie is pris'ner tane.

For Mangerton-house Auld Downie is gane,  
 Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;  
 And down the water wi' speed she rins,  
 While the tears, in spaits, fu' fast frae her eie.

Then up and bespake the Lord Mangerton,  
 What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?  
 Bad news, bad news, my lord Mangerton,  
 Mitchel is kill'd, and tane they hae my son Johnie.

Ne'er fear sister Downie, quo' Mangerton,  
 I hae yokes of oxen four and twentie,—  
 My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weel fill'd;  
 And I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie shall die.

Three men I'll take, to set him free,  
 Weel harness'd a' wi' best o' steel;  
 The English rogues may hear, and drie  
 The weight o' their braid swords to feel.

The laird's Jock ane, the laird's Wat twa;  
 Oh ! Hobie Noble thou ane maun be,  
 Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,  
 Since England banish'd thee to me.

Now Hobie was an English man,  
 In Bewcastle dale was bred and born;  
 But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
 They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave,  
 Your horses the wrang way maun a' be shod;  
 Like gentlemen ye must not seem,  
 But look like corn caugers gawn ae road.

Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
 Nor ance appear like men o' weir;  
 As country lads be all array'd,  
 Wi' branks and brecham on ilk mare.

Sae now a' their horses are shod the wrang way;  
 And Hobie haas mounted his grey sae fine,  
 Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind;  
 And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.

At the Cholerford they a' light down,  
 And there, wi' the help o' the light o' the moon,  
 A tree they cut, wi' fifteen naggs upo' ilk side,  
 To climb up the wa' o' Newcastle town.

But when they came to Newcastle town,  
 And were alighted at the wa',  
 They fand their tree three ells o'er laigh—  
 They fand their stick baith short and ama'.

Then up and spake the laird's ain Jock :  
 There's naething for't, the gates wi' maun force :  
 But when they came the gates unto,  
 A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung,  
 Wi' hand or foot he ne'er play'd paw;  
 His life and his keys at anes they hae tane,  
 And cast his body ahind the wa'.

Now soon they reach Newcastle jail,  
 And to the pris'ner thus they call:  
 Sleips thou, wakes thou Jock o' the Side,  
 Or is thou wearied o' thy thrall?

Jock answers thus, wi' dolefu' tone,  
 Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep;  
 But wha's this kens my name sae weel,  
 And thus to hear my waes do seik?

Then up and spake the good laird's Jock,  
 Ne'er fear ye now, my billie, quo' he;  
 For here's the laird's Jock, the laird's Wat,  
 And Hobie Noble, come to set thee free.

O ! Had thy tongue, and speak nae mair,  
 And o' thy tawk now let me be;  
 For if a' Liddisdale were here the night,  
 The morn's the day that I maun die.

Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron  
 They hae laid a' right sair on me,  
 Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound  
 Into this dungeon mirk and drearie.

Fear ye no that, quo' the laird's Jock,  
 A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladie,  
 Work thou within, we'll work without;  
 And I'll be bound we set thee free.

The first strong dore that they came at,  
 They loosed it without a key;  
 The next chain'd dore that they came at,  
 They gard it a' in flinders fice.

The pris'ner now, upo' his back,  
 The laird's Jock's gotten up fu' hie;  
 And down the stair, him irons and a',  
 Wi' nae ama' speed and joy brings he.

Now Jock, I wat, quo' Hobie Noble,  
 Part o' the weight ye may lay on me;  
 I wat weel no, quo' the laird's Jock,  
 I count him lighter than a flee.

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,—  
 The pris'ner's set on horseback hie;  
 And now wi' speed they've tane the gate,  
 While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie.—

Oh! Jock, sae winsomely's ye ride,  
 Wi' baith your feet upo' ae side—  
 Sae weel's ye're harness'd, and sae trig,  
 In troth ye sit like ony bride.

The night, tho' wat, they didna mind,  
 But hied them on fu' mirrilie,  
 Until they came to Cholerford brae,  
 Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they came to Cholerford,  
 There they met with an auld man:  
 Says, Honest man will the water ride?—  
 Tell us in haste, if that ye can.

I wat weel no, quo' the good old man,—  
 Here I hae liv'd this threty yeirs and three;  
 And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
 Nor rinning ance sae like a sea.

Then up and spake the laird's saft Wat,  
 The greatest coward in the companie,  
 Now halt, now halt—we needna try't;  
 The day is com'd we a' maun die.

Poor faint-hearted thief, quo' the laird's Jock,  
 There'll nae man die but he that's fie;—  
 I'll lead ye a' right safely through;  
 Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me.

Sae now the water they a' hae tane,  
 By anes and twas they a' swam through:  
 Here are we a' safe, says the laird's Jock;  
 And poor faint Wat, what think ye now?

They scarce the ither side had won,  
 When twenty men they saw pursue;  
 Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,  
 A' English lads right good and true.

But when the land-sergeant the water saw,  
 It winna ride my lads, quo' he;  
 Then out he cries, Ye the pris'ner may take;  
 But leave the irons, I pray, to me.

I wat weel no, cry'd the laird's Jock,—  
 I'll keep them a'—shoon to my mare they'll be;  
 My good grey mare,—for I am sure  
 She's bought them a' fu' dear frae thee.

Sae now they're away for Liddisdale,  
 E'en as fast as they cou'd them hie;  
 The pris'ner's brought to his ain fire-side,  
 And there o's irons they make him free.

Now Jock, my billie, quo' a' the three,  
 The day was com'd thou was to die;  
 But thou's as weel at thy ain fire-side,  
 Now sitting, I think 'tween thee and me.

They hae gard fill up ae punch-bowl,  
 And after it they maun hae anither;  
 And thus the night they a' hae spent,—  
 Just as they had been brither and brither.

## HOBIE NOBLE.

Foul fa the breast first treason bred in,  
 That Liddisdale may safely say;  
 For in it there was baith meat and drink,  
 And corn unto our geldings gay.

We were stout hearted men and true,  
 As England it did often say:  
 But now we may turn our backs and fly,  
 Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobie he was an English man,  
 And born into Bewcastle dale;  
 But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
 They banish'd him to Liddisdale.

At Kershope foot \* the tryst was set—  
 Kershope of the lily lee:  
 And there was traitor Sim o' the *Mains*,†  
 With him a private companie.

Then Hobie has graith'd his body gay,  
 I wat it was wi' baith good iron and steel,  
 And he has pull'd out his fringed grey,  
 And there brave Noble he rade him weel.

Then Hobie is down the water gane,  
 E'en as fast as he may drie;  
 Tho' they shou'd a brusten and broken their hearts  
 Frae that tryst Noble he would not be.

Weel may ye be my feiries five;  
 And aye, what is your wills wi' me?  
 Then they cry'd a' wi' ae consent,  
 Thou'rt welcome here brave Noble to me.

\* At the joining of the Rivers of Kershope and Liddal, where there is still some remains of an old tower to be seen.

† The Mains is a farm house about six hundred yards above the Cattaloun Church, on the north side of Liddal.

Wilt thou with us in England ride,  
 And thy safe warrand we will be;—  
 If we get a horse worth a hundred punds,  
 Upon his back that thou shalt be.

I dare not with you into England ride;  
 The land-sergeant has me at feid:—  
 I know not what evil may betide,  
 For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

And Anton Shiel he loves not me;  
 For I gat twa drifts of his sheep:—  
 The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not;  
 For nae gear frae me he e'er cou'd keep.

But will ye stay till the day gae down—  
 Until the night come o'er the grund,  
 And I'll be a guide worth ony twa  
 That may in Liddisdale be fund.

Tho' dark the night as pick and tar,  
 I'll lead ye o'er yon hills fu' hie;  
 And bring ye a' in safety back,  
 If you'll be true, and follow me.

He's guided them o'er moss and muir,—  
 O'er hill and houp, and mony se down;  
 Till they came to the Foul-bog-shiel,  
 And there brave Noble he lighted down.

Then word is gane to the land-sergeant,  
 In Askirtoun where that he lay:  
 The deer that ye hae hunted lang  
 Is seen into the Waste this day.—

Then Hobie Noble is that deer,  
 I wat he carries the style fu' hie,  
 Aft has he beat your slough-hounds back  
 And set yourselves at little fee.

Gar warn the Bows of Hartlie-Burn,  
 See they sharp their arrows on the wa':  
 Warn Willeva and spear Edom,  
 And see the morn they meet me a'.—

Gar meet me on the Rodrie-haugh;  
 And see it be by break o' day:  
 And we will on to Concowhart Green,  
 And there I think w'll get our prey.

Then Hobie Noble has dream'd a dream,  
 In the Foul-bog-sheil where that he lay:  
 He thought his horse was 'neath him shot,  
 And he himself got hard away.

The cocks could crow and the day could dawn,  
 And I wat so even down fell the rain:  
 If Hobie had no waken'd at that time,  
 In the Foul-bog-sheil he had been tane or slain.

Get up, get up, my feiries five;  
 For I wat here makes a fu' ill day;  
 And the warst clock of this companie,  
 I hope shall cross the Waste this day.

Now Hobie thought the gates were clear,  
 But ever alas! it was not sae;  
 They were beset wi' cruel men and keen,  
 That away brave Noble could not gae.

Yet follow me my feiries five,  
 And see of me ye keep good ray;  
 And the worst clock of this companie,  
 I hope shall cross the Waste this day.

There was heaps of men now Hobie before,  
 And other heaps was him behind;  
 That had he been as wight as Wallace was,  
 Away brave Noble he could not win.

Then Hobie he had but a laddies sword,  
 But he did more than a laddies deed ;  
 In the midst of Conscowthart green  
 He brake it o'er Jersawigham's head.

Now they have tane brave Hobie Noble,  
 Wi' his ain bow-string they band him sae :  
 And I wat his heart was ne'er sae sair  
 As when his ain five band him on the brae.

They have tane him for West Carlisle ;  
 They ask'd him if he knew the way.  
 Whate'er he thought yet little he said,  
 He knew the way as well as they.—

They hae tane him up the Ricker-gate,  
 The wives they cast their windows wide ;  
 And ilka wife to anither can say,  
 That's the man loos'd Jock o' the Side.

Fy on ye women, why ca' ye me man ?  
 For its nae man that I'm us'd like ;  
 I'm but like a forfoughen hound,—  
 Has been fighting in a dirty syke.

Then they hae tane him up thro' Carlisle town,  
 And set him by the chimney fire ;  
 They gave, brave Noble a wheat loaf to eat,  
 And that was little his desire.—

Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat,  
 And after that a can o' beer.—  
 Then they cried a' wi' ae content,  
 Eat brave Noble and make good cheer.

Confess my lord's horse, Hobie they say ;  
 And the morn in Carlisle thou's no die.  
 How shall I confess them Hobie says  
 For I never saw them with mine eye,

Then Hobie has sworn a fu' great aith  
 By the day that he was gotten or born,  
 He never had ony thing o' my lord's,  
 That either eat him grass or corn.

Now fare thee weel sweet Mangerton ;  
 For I think again I'll ne'er thee see.  
 I wad betray nae lad alive  
 For a' the goud in Christentie.

And fare thee weel now Liddisdale,  
 Baith the hic land and the law—  
 Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains ;  
 For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.

I'd rather be ca'd Hebie Noble,  
 In Carlisle where he suffers for his faut,  
 Before I were ca'd traitor Mains,  
 That eats and drinks of meal and maut.

The three preceding Ballads are evidently of one age; viz. the reign of James VI. They possess very uncommon merit, and from their minuteness of detail, present us with a view of life and manners, more striking than any commentary that could be added to them. In the poems of Richard Maitland, who was Chancellor to James, we find one "against the thieves of Liddisdale," in which some of the principal heroes of these Ballads have a conspicuous place.

Thal thieves that steals, and tursis hame,  
 Ilk ane o' them has a *to-name* ;  
*Will of the Lawis,*  
*Hab of the Schwaws,*  
 To mak bare wawis  
 They think na shame.

They spollie poor men of their pakis,  
 They leave them nought on bed nor beikis,  
 Baith hen and cock  
 With reel and rock  
*The Laird's Jot*  
 All with him takis.

They leave nor spindle, spoon nor speit,  
 Bed, bolster, blanket, sark nor shelt.  
*John of the Park*  
*Rype kist and ark,*  
 For all sick wark,  
 He is right meet.

He is weel kend, *John of the Side*,  
 A greater thief did never ride.  
 He never tires  
 For to break byres.  
 Owre muir and mires  
 Owre guide a guide.

There is ane callit *Clement Hob*,  
 Frae ilk pair wife reaves the wob—  
 And all the lave  
 Whatever they have.  
 The devil receive,  
 Therefore his Gob.

We may add, to complete the history of these outlaws, that poor Dick o' the Cow, was pursued into his retreat by the Armstrongs, and most cruelly murdered. That the five Armstrongs who betrayed Hobie Noble, were pursued by the relentless vengeance of the chief of the clan, the laird of Mangerton; to avoid which, Sim o' the Mains, who was the chief actor in the faithless and ungrateful transaction, fled into England, where he was shortly after taken and hanged.



## THE HEIR OF LINNE.

### PART FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,  
 To sing a song I will begin :  
 It is a lord of fair Scotland,  
 Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,  
 His mother a lady of high degree;  
 But they, alas ! were dead, him frae,  
 And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry clear,  
 To drink and revel every night,  
 To cards and dice from even to morn,  
 It was I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,  
 To always spend and never spare,  
 I wott, an' it were the king himself,  
 Of gold and fee he mote he bare.

Sae fares the unthrifty lord of Linne  
 Till all his gold is gone and spent;  
 And he maun sell his lands sae broad,  
 His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,  
 And John o' the Scales was called he:  
 But John is become a gentleman,  
 And John has got baith gold and fee.

Says, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,  
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheer,  
 If thou wilt sell thy lands sae broad,  
 Good store of gold I'll give thee here.

My gold is gone, my money is spent;  
 My land now take it unto thee,  
 Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,  
 And thine for aye my land shall be.

Then John he did him to record draw,  
 And John he gave him a gods-pennie;\*  
 But for every pound that John agreed,  
 The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,  
 He was right glad his land to win:  
 The land is mine, the gold is thine,  
 And now I'll be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land sae broad,  
 Baith hill and holt, and moor and fen,  
 All but a poor and lonesome lodge,  
 That stood far aff in a lonely glen.

For sae he to his father hight:  
 My son when I am gane, sayd he,  
 Then thou wilt spend thy land sae broad,  
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

\* Earnest-money.

But swear me now upon the ride,  
That lonesome lodge thou'l never spend;  
For when all the world doth frown on thee,  
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heir of Linne is full of gold!  
And come with me, my friends, sayd he,  
Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,  
And he that spares, ne'er mote he be.—

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
Till all his gold it waxed thin;  
And then his friends they slunk away;  
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He hadna a penny left in his purse,  
Never a penny left but three,  
The tane was brass, and tother was lead,  
The third it was of white monie.

Now well-a-day, sayd the heir of Linne,  
Now well-a-day, and woe is me,  
For when I was the lord of Linne,  
I never wanted gold or fee.

But mony a trustie friend have I,  
And why should I feel dole or care?  
I'll borrow of them all by turns,  
Sae need I not be ever bare.

But ane, I wis, was not at hame,  
Another had payd his gold away;  
Another call'd him thriftless loon,  
And bad him sharply wend his way.

Now well-a-day, sayd the heir of Linne,  
Now well-a-day, and woe is me!  
For when I had my lands so broad,  
On me they liv'd right merrilie.

To beg my bread from door to door  
 I wis, it were a brenning shame :  
 To rob and steal it were a sin :  
 To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now I'll away to lonesome lodge,  
 For there my father bade me wend ;  
 When all the world should frown on me,  
 I there should find a trusty friend.



### PART SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heir of Linne  
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,  
 Until he came to lonsome lodge,  
 That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,  
 In hope some comfort for to win,  
 But bare and lothly were the walls :  
 Here's sorry chear, quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window dim and dark  
 Was hung with ivy, brere and yew ;  
 No shimmering sun here ever shone ;  
 No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table he mote spyne,  
 No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,  
 Nought save a rope with renning noose,  
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,  
 These words were written so plain to see :  
 " Ah ! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,  
 " And brought thyself to penurie ?

“ All this my boding mind misgave,  
“ I therefore left this trusty friend :  
“ Let it now shield thy foule disgrace,  
“ And all thy shame and sorrows end.”

Sorely shent wi’ this rebuke,  
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne,  
His heart, I wis, was near to brast  
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,  
Never a word he spake but three,  
“ This is a trusty friend indeed,  
“ And is right welcome unto me.”

Then round his neck the cord he drew,  
And sprung aloft with his bodie :  
When lo ! the ceiling burst in twain,  
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonyed lay the heir of Linne,  
Nor knew if he were live or dead,  
At length he looked, and saw a bill,  
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and lookeit it on,  
Strait good comfort found he there :  
It told him of a hole in the wall,  
In which there stood three chests in fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold,  
The third was full of white monie,  
And over them in broad letters  
These words were written so plain to see.

“ Once more, my son, I set thee clear ;  
“ Amend thy life and follies past ;  
“ For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
“ That rope must be thy end at last.”

And let it be, sayd the heir of Linne;  
 And let it be, but if I amend;\*  
 For here I will make mine avow,  
 This redē† shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heir of Linne;  
 Away he went with a merry chear:  
 I wis, he neither stint nor stayd,  
 Till John o' the Scales house he came near.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
 Up at the speer then looked he;  
 There sat three lords at the boards end,  
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heir of Linne  
 To John o' the Scales then louted he:  
 I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,  
 One forty-pence for to lend me.

Away, away, thou thriftless loon,  
 Away, away, this may not be:  
 For Christ's curse on my head, he sayd,  
 If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heir of Linne,  
 To John o' the Scales wife ther spake he:  
 Madam, some alms on me bestow,  
 I pray for sweet saint charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loon,  
 I swear thou gettest no alms of me;  
 For if we shold hang any losel here,  
 The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellow,  
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;  
 Sayd, turn again, thou heir of Linne,  
 Some time thou wast a well good lord:

\* Unless I amend.

† Advice, counsel.

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,  
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee,  
 Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,  
 And other forty if need be.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,  
 To let him sit in thy companie:  
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,  
 All wood he answer'd him again:  
 Now Christ's curse on my head, he sayd,  
 But I did lose by that bargain.

And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,  
 Before these lords so fair and free,  
 Thou shalt have it back again better cheap,  
 By a hundred marks, than I had it of thee.

I draw you to record, lords, he said,  
 With that he gave him a gods-pennie:  
 Now by my fay, sayd the heir of Linne,  
 And here, good John, is thy monie.

And he pull'd forth three baggs of gold,  
 And layd them down upon the board:  
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,  
 So shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,  
 He told it forth with little din.  
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And now I'm again the lord of Linne.

Says, have thou here, thou good fellow,  
 Forty-pence thou didst lend me:  
 Now I am again the lord of Linne,  
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now well-a-day ! sayth Joan o' the Scales ;

Now well-a-day ! and woe is my life !

Yesterday I was lady of Linne,

Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heir of Linne ;

Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said he :

When next I want to sell my land,

Good John o' the Scales I'll come to thee.

\*\*\*\*\*

### SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,

In Scotland for to ride-a,

With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,

To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight,

With half so gay a bravada,

Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,

Hee'ld have conquered a whole Armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see

So gallant and warlike a sight-a,

And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,

Sir John, why will you go fight-a ?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on ;

His heart would not relent-a,

For, till he came there, what had he to fear ?

Or why should he repent-a ?

The King (God bless him !) had singular hopes

Of him and all his troop-a :

The borderers they, as they met him on the way,

For joy did hollow and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,  
 Who took him for John de Wert-a,\*  
 But when there were shows of gunning and blows,  
 My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,  
 And all prepared to fight-a,  
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,  
 He swore he must needs go sh-te-a.

The colonell sent for him back again,  
 To quarter him in the van-a,  
 But Sir John did swear he would not come there,  
 To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear he was sent to the rear,  
 Some ten miles back and more-a;  
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away,  
 And near saw the enemy more-a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to encrease  
 His money, which lately he spent-a,  
 But his lost honour must lie still in the dust;  
 At Berwick away it went-a.

\* A German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII.

The hero, and, as some would have it, the author of this biting madrigal, was Sir John Suckling, a witty, but obscene poet of that day, who to show his loyalty, or if you will his love of arbitrary power, raised a troop of horse for the service of his master Charles I. so richly accoutréed that it cost him £12,000. The king's army was indeed splendidly equipped, but it was by no means able to cope with the hardy Scots, who, with less of scarlet and gold, had a great deal more of sound principle and soldierly hardihood. Charles, when he surveyed his splendid retinue of devoted followers, and summed their number, as a great, though somewhat uncourtly, poet has represented the archdeströyer Satan, on a supposed similar occasion, felt his heart hardening, and though he gloried exulting in his strength, he could not deny himself the pleasure of a joke upon the poor Scots. "After all" said he "the rogues cannot fail to fight stoutly if it were only to come at the Englishmen's fine clothes." Many of his Englishmen, however, and among the rest this Sir John and his splendid troop, took the hint, and by a timely flight kept their fine clothes out of danger. Had Sir John been a Presbyterian or an Independent, he

had, no doubt, found a place in the doggerels of Butler, and would certainly have filled it much better than many of the honest men that are there, but being engaged in the *divine cause of tyranny, spiritual and temporal*, his weakness was kindly overlooked, and these verses, severe as they are, were given out, in order to abate a little their sarcasm, as having been written by himself! Their author appears to have been Sir John Mennia, in whose works they are found—London, printed, 1656.



### BANNOCKBURN.

*An Heroic Ballad.*

From the ocean emerged bright Phœbus's ray,  
 Big with the importance of Bannockburn's day;  
 To deck out the pomp of the broad shining field,  
 Which now a glittering harvest of lances did yield.  
 Resolv'd on a conquest of Scotia's plains,  
 To annex them for ever to England's domains,  
 Bold Edward, with the hugest host e'er England did  
 produce,  
 With haughty strides advanced to dethrone Robert  
 Bruce.

From an army compos'd of an hundred thousand men,  
 Well serv'd in every article to fight upon the plain;  
 Where the whole strength of England collected you  
 might see,  
 Who could not dream of any thing but certain victory.  
 So confident of success, a bard they brought along,  
 To celebrate the glory of their actions in a song;  
 And in their retinue they brought some waggon loads of  
 chains,  
 To lead their Scottish captives in triumph o'er the plains.

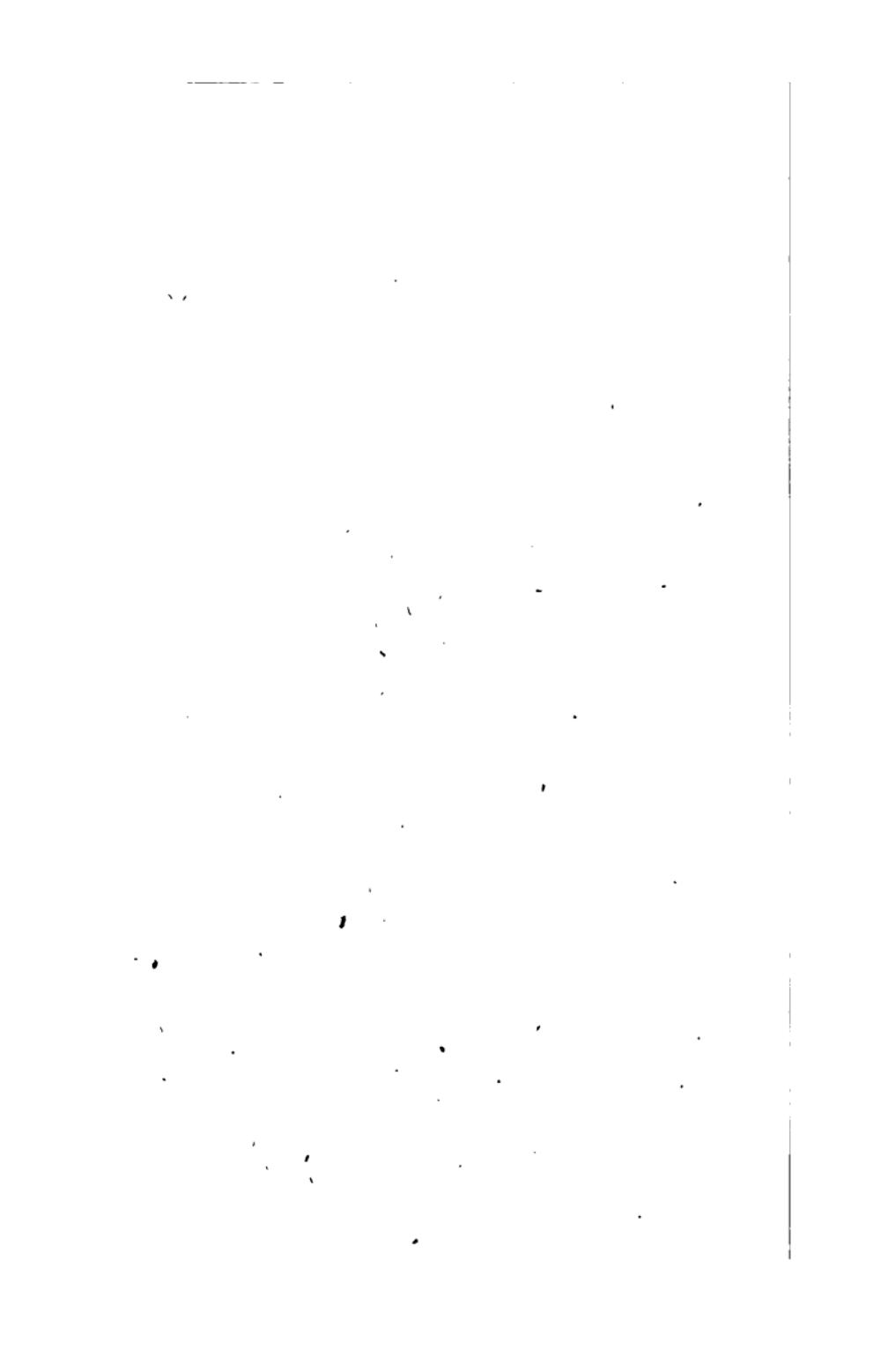
An Asiatic luxury their camp did overspread,  
 Up from the meanest sentinel to Edward their head;  
 Of discipline regardless, the despicable few,  
 They dreamt the very sight of their numbers would  
 subdue.



*King Robert gave his orders*

*W. & D. Downey Scap.*

**BANNOCKBURN**



Whilst English oaths from line to line did like to mil-  
dew flee,

The little Scottish army was found upon their knee,  
The aid of heaven imploring for a distressed land;  
Then starting to their feet, they grasp'd their weapons  
in their hand.

Towards Stirling a march the lord Clifford did steal,  
But the bold earl of Murray upon him did wheel;  
Their spears made such havock, tho' with foes encem-  
pass'd round,

That many gallant Englishmen lay gasping on the ground.  
The sacred love of liberty did like a god inspire,  
And made their haughty num'rous foes most prudently  
retire;

Precipitate inglorious flight was all they could attempt,  
While th' hardy Scots harrass'd their rear almost to  
Edward's camp.

King Robert gave his orders in front of the line,  
Where in resplendent armour he royally did shine,  
Which pointed him out to a bold English knight,  
Who from the rest detach'd himself with Robert for to  
fight;

With ardour on the wings of hope, advancing with his  
spear,  
But Robert with his battle-axe met him in full career,  
And thro' the temper'd shining helm did cleave his head  
in two,

Till reeling to the earth with a thud he did go.

Such two successful preludes did raise king Robert's  
heart,  
And fir'd each Scottish warrior his courage to exert;  
Then brazen trumpets flourishing with peals of death  
did ring,  
Each army join'd in loud huzza's, and cry'd, Long live  
our king !

The hurricane of doubtful war began on ev'ry side,  
And death in every awful form did o'er the field preade.  
O muse ! thy kind assistance lend to paint the warlike  
scene,  
Else description will be lost in so lofty a theme.

From twanging strings the deadly shafts did fly as thick  
as hail,  
The jav'ljins, spears, and faulchions, as fiercely did pre-  
vail.  
Each combatant on either side such valour did display,  
As on his single arm had hung the success of the day.  
Renowned chiefs in shining steel bestrow'd the gory plain,  
Till room was hardly left to fight for mountains of the  
slain;  
The limpid stream of Bannockburn, which wont so  
smooth to glide,  
Was totally converted to a sanguinary tide.

As a rock in the ocean with fortitude braves  
Th' impetuous assault of the proud swelling waves,  
When with formidable efforts they beat the solid stone,  
Which repels the angry surges in white lashing foam;  
Thus the hardy Scots intrepidly their num'rous foes  
repell'd,  
On right and left with total rout their boasted courage  
quell'd.  
This Edward in the centre saw, and grieved at the sight,  
To find no other safety left but in a speedy flight.

On a hill a little distant unarmed swains beheld  
The huge devastation and carnage of the field;  
Exulting they gave a shout which made the hills resound,  
And the fluctuating enemy did totally confound.  
A gen'ral panic then prevail'd, inglorious flight ensu'd,  
Lord Douglas with light-armed horse most vigorously  
pursu'd,  
Till Edward reached to Dunbar, where joyously he saw  
A scurvy fishing-boat, in which he meanly sneak'd awa'.

Thus ended the dread campaign of Edward the great,  
Thus vanish'd into smoke every formidable threat;  
While the riches of his camp did repay the victors toil,  
Who gloriously expos'd their lives to guard the Scottish  
soil.

The generous love of liberty, our country and our laws,  
Thus fir'd our noble ancestors to fight in freedom's  
cause;

They boldly fought for liberty, for honour and applause,  
And defy'd the power of England's king to alter their  
laws.

Bannockburn is a name that fires every Scottish bosom, and might be supposed to awaken, in all who have any thing like poetic inspiration, conceptions the most brilliant, and a flow of expression the most vivid and expressive. So far however is this from being the case, that writers of the first order have sunk into mere mediocrity when they have touched upon it, while those of mediocre powers have generally fallen into the most childish and contemptible puerility. Nor can it well be otherwise upon a theme so important and so clearly understood, the plain narrative of which perfectly fills the imagination, leaving no room for the illusions of fancy or the embellishments of art. Whoever has stood upon *the Boar-Stone* (the stone into which the colours of the Scottish army were fixed on that memorable day) and cast his eye over that field forever consecrated to Independence and Liberty, has a fancy without fire, and a heart without feeling, if he was not in a state of rapturous extacy which left all poetry immeasurably behind it. The foregoing Ballad, though not by any means equal to the subject, is not without merit; but the best poetical description of the Battle of Bannockburn, is, probably, the oldest, that of Barbour; and perhaps the only piece it has called forth altogether worthy of the subject, is that inimitable effusion by Burns,

Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
Scots! wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lower;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chalus and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave!  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',  
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every fee !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Onward, do or die !

~~~~~

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

“ O wha will shoe my fair foot,
 And wha will glove my han' ?
 And wha will lace my middle jimp
 Wi' a new-made London ban' ?

“ Or wha will kemb my yellow hair
 Wi' a new-made silver kemb ?
 Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
 Till love Gregor come hame ? ”

“ Your father'll shoe your fair foot,
 Your mother glove your han' ;
 Your sister lace your middle jimp
 Wi' a new-made London ban' ;

“ Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair
 Wi' a new-made silver kemb ;
 And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn,
 Till love Gregor come hame.”

“ O gin I had a bonny ship,
 And men to sail wi' me,
 It's I wad gang to my true love,
 Sin he winna come to me ! ”

Her father's gien her a bonny ship,
 And sent her to the stran' ;
 She's taen her young son in her arms,
 And turn'd her back to the lan' .

She hadna been on the sea sellin'
 About a month or more,
 Till landed has she her bonnie ship
 Near her true-love's door.

The nicht was dark, and the wind blew cauld,
 And her love was fast asleep,
 And the bairn that was in her twa arms
 Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true-love's door,
 And lang tir'd at the pin;
 At length up gat his fause mother,
 Saya, " Wha's that wad be in?"

" O, it is Annie of Lochroyan,
 Your love, come o'er the sea,
 But and your young son in her arms;
 So open the door to me."

" Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
 You're nae come here for gude;
 You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
 Or mermaid o' the flude."

" I'm nae witch or vile warlock,
 Or mermaiden," said she;—
 " I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;—
 O open the door to me!"

" O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
 As I trust not ye be,
 What taiken can ye gie that e'er,
 I kept your companie?"

" O dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
 " Whan we sat at the wine,
 How we changed the napkins frae our necks,
 It's nae sae lang sinsyne?"

“ And yours was gude, and gude enough,
 But nae sae gude as mine;
 For yours was o’ the cambrick clear,
 But mine o’ the silk sae fine.

“ And dinna ye mind, love Gregor,” she says,
 “ As we twa sat at dine,
 How we chang’d the rings frae our fingers,
 And I can shew thee thine :

“ And yours was gude, and gude enough,
 Yet nae sae gude as mine;
 For yours was o’ the gude red goud,
 But mine o’ the diamonds fine.

“ Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
 And open it wi’ speed;
 Or your young son, that is in my arms,
 For cauld will soon be dead.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman;
 Gae frae my door for shame,
 For I hae gotten anither fair love,
 Sae ye may hie you hame.”

“ O hae ye gotten anither fair love,
 For a’ the oaths you sware?
 Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor,
 For me ye’s never see mair !”

O, hooly hooly gaed she back,
 As the day began to peep;
 She set her foot on good ship board,
 And sair sair did she weep.

“ Tak down, tak down the mast o’ goud,
 Set up the mast o’ tree;
 Ill sets it a forsaken lady
 To sail sae gallantlie.

" Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk,
 Set up the sails o' skin;
 Ill sets the outside to be gay,
 When there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started free his sleep,
 And to his mother did say,
 " I dreamt a dream this night, mither,
 That makes my heart richt wae;

" I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
 The flower o' a' her kin,
 Was standin' mournin' at my door,
 But nane wad let her in.

" O there was a woman stood at the door,
 Wi' a bairn intill her arms;
 But I wadna let her within the bower,
 For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
 And fast ran to the strand;
 And there he saw her, fair Annie,
 Was sailing frae the land.

And " heigh, Annie!" and " how, Annie!
 O, Annie, winna ye bide?"
 But ay the louder that he cried " Annie,"
 The higher rair'd the tide.

And " heigh, Annie!" and " how, Annie!
 O, Annie, speak to me!"
 But ay the louder that he cried " Annie,"
 The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
 And the ship was rent in twain;
 And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
 Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
 Baith toss'd aboon the tide;
 He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
 And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
 And drew her to the strand;
 But cauld and stiff was every limb,
 Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kist her cherry cheek,
 And syne he kist her chin;
 And sair he kist her ruby lips;
 But there was nae breath within.

O he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,
 Till the sun was ganging down;
 Syne wi' a sick his heart it brast,
 And his soul to heaven has flown.

Of this very pathetic Ballad there are a great variety of editions, differing considerably from each other, and, all that I have fallen in with, bearing evident marks of modern improvement. Even this, which is from Jamieson's popular Ballads, and copied from a MS. collection of professor Scott's of Aberdeen, though certainly among the most pleasing of these various editions, is not without strong appearances of interpolation. Though upon the whole the language is concise and natural, it is not without extravagancies that detract considerably from its general merit. Lochroyan the scene of the Poem is in Galloway, a place where, I suspect, it could never be other than ridiculous to speak of a ship with "masts of gowd" and "sails o' silk." Gowd seems to be an object of peculiar veneration with the bards of that quarter, particularly with some late revivers of ancient song, and to some one of this Pluto-loving brotherhood, I suspect we are indebted for these splendid stanzas, and not to the apparently simple author of the original Ballad.

Burns has made this story the subject of a song, which has had the good fortune to be set to very fine music, but is not certainly to be classed among the more happy effusions of his muse. The late Peter Pindar, *alias Dr. Walcot* has also tried his hand upon the same subject, with little better success. The old Ballad must still be allowed to be fairly worth them both.

SATIRE ON THE AGE.

QUHAIR is the blythnes that hes bein,
 Bayth in burgh, and landwart, sein
 Amang lordis, and ladeis schein;
 Dansas, singing; game, and play?
 Bot weil I wait nocht quhat thay mein;
 All merrines is worne away.

For nou I heir na wourde of Yule,
 In kirk, on cassay, nor in skuil.
 Lordis lat thair kitchings cule;
 And drawis thame to the Abbay:
 And scant hes ane to keip their mule.
 All houshalding is worne away.

I saw no gysars all this yeir,
 Bot—kirkmen cled lyk men of weir;
 That never cummis in the queir:
 Lyk ruffians' is thair array:
 To preitche and teitchte, that will not leir,
 The kirk gudis thai waste away.

Kirkmen, affoir, war gude of lyf;
 Preitchet, teitchit, and staunchit stryf.
 Thai feirit nother swerd nor knyf
 For luif of God, the suith to say.
 All honorit thame, bayth man and wyf;
 Devotioun wes nocht away.

Our faders wys war, and discreet;
 Thai had bayth honour, men, and meit.
 With luif thai did thair tennents treit;
 And had aneuch in press to lay.
 Thai wantit nother malt, nor quheit;
 And merrines was nocht away.

And we hald nother Yule, nor Pace :
 Bot seik our meit from place to place.
 And we have nother luk nor grace ;
 We gar our landis dowbil pay :
 Our tenments cry ' Alace ! Alace !
 ' That reuth and petie is away !'

Now we have mair, it is weil kend,
 Nor our forbearis had to spend ;
 Bot far les at the yeiris end :
 And never hes aue merie day.
 God will na ryches to us send,
 Sa long as honour is away.

We waist far mair now, lyk vane fulis,
 We, and our page, to turse our mulis,
 Nor thai did than, that held grit Yulis ;
 Of meit and drink said never nay.
 Thai had lang formes quhair we have studis ;
 And merrines wes nocht away.

Of our wanthrift sum wytis playis ;
 And sum thair wantoun vane arrayis ;
 Sum the wyt on thair wylfis layis,
 That in the court wald gang sa gay ;
 And care nocht quha the merchand payis,
 Quhil pairt of land be put away.

The kirkmen keipis na professioun,
 The temporale men commits oppressioun,
 Puttand the puir from thair possessioun ;
 Na kynd of feir of God have thai.
 Thai cummar bayth the court, and session ;
 And chasis charitic away.

Quhen ane of thame sustenis wrang,
 We cry for justice heid and hang:
 Bot, quhen our neighbours we our-gang,
 We lawbour justice to delay.
 Affection blindis us sa lang,
 All equitie is put away.

To mak actis we have sum feil;
 God wait gif that we keip thame weil!
 We cum to bar with jak of steil,
 As we wald boist the juge and 'fray,
 Of sic justice I have na skeil;
 Quhair rewle, and order, is away.

Our laws ar lichtleit, for abusioun
 Sumtyme is clokit with colusioun.
 Quhilk causis of blude grit effusioun,
 For na man sparis now to slay.
 Quhat bringis cuntries to confusioun,
 Bot quhair that justice is away?

Quha is to wyte, quha can schaw us?
 Quha, bot our nobils, that suld knew us,
 And till honourabil deidis draw us?
 Lat never comoun weil decay;
 Or els sum mischief will befaw us,
 And nobilnes we put away.

Put our awn laws to execution;
 Upon trespasses mak punitioun:
 To crewel folk seik na remission.
 For peac and justice lat us pray;
 In dreid sum strange new institutioun
 Cum, and our custome put away.

Amend your lyvis, ane, and all;
 Els bewar of ane suddane fall.
 And pray to God, that maid us all,
 To send us joy that Iestis ay;
 And lat us nocht to sin be thrall;
 Bot put all vyce, and wrang, away.

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### SATIRE ON THE TOUN LADYES.

*Som wyfis of the burroustoun*  
 Sa wondir vane ar, and wantoun,  
     In world they wait not quhat to weir:  
 On claythis thay wair monye a croun;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair bodyes bravellie thay attyir,  
 Of carnal lust to cik the fyir.  
     I fairlie quhy thai have no feir  
 To gar men deime quhat thay desyre;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair gouns [fou] coistlie trimlie traillis;  
 Barrit with velvous, sleif, nek, taillis.  
     And thair foirskirt of silkis seir:  
 Of fynest canaroche thair fuk saillie;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

And of fyne silk thair furrit cloikis,  
 With hingeand sleivis, lyk geill poikis.  
     Na preiching will gar thame foirbeir  
 To weir all thing that sinne provoikis;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair wylecots man weill be hewit,  
 Broudrat richt braid, with pasments sewit.  
     I trow, quha wald the matter speir,  
 That thair gudmen had caus to rew it,  
     That evir thair wyfes wair sic geir.

Thair wovin hois of silk ar schawin,  
 Burrit abone with tasteis drawin :  
     With gartens of ane new maneir ;  
 To gar thair courtlines be knawin ;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Sumtyme thay will beir up thair gown,  
 To schaw thair wylecot hingeand down ;  
     And sumtyme bayth thay will upbeir,  
 To schaw thair hois of blak or broun ;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair collars, carcets, and hals beidis !—  
 With velvet hats heich on thair heidis,  
     Coirdit with gold lyik ane younkeir,  
 Broudit about with goldin threidis ;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair schone of velvot, and thair muillis !—  
 In kirk thai ar not content of stuillis,  
     The sermon quhen thay sit to heir ;  
 Bot earyis cuschings lyik vaine fuillis :  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

I mein of nane thair honour dreidis,—  
 Quhyould thay not have honest weidis,  
     To thair estait doand effeir ?  
 I mein of thame thair stait exceedis ;  
     And all for newfangilnes of geir.

For sumtyme wyes sa grave hes bein,  
 Lyk giglets cled wald not be sein.—  
     Of burges' wyes thoich I speik heir,  
 Think weil of all wemen I mein  
     On vanities that waistis geir.

They say wifis ar so delicate  
 In feiding, feasting, and banket,  
 Sum not content ar with sic cheir  
 As weill may suffice thair estait,  
 For newfanglednes of cheir, and geir.

And sum will spead mair, I heir say,  
 In spycie and droggis, on ane day,  
 Nor wald thair mothers in ane yein.  
 Quhilk will gar monye pak decay,  
 Quhen they sa vainlie waist thair geir.

Thairfoir, young wifis speciallie,  
 Of all sic faultis hald yow frie :  
 And moderathly to leif now leir  
 In meit, and clayth accordinglie;  
 And not sa vainlie waist your geir.

Use not to skift athort the gait ;  
 Nor na mum chairtie, air nor lait.  
 Be na dainser, for this daingeis  
 Of Yow be tane an ill conseit  
 That ye ar habill to waist geir.

Hant ay in honest cumpannie ;  
 And ell suspicions places flic.  
 Lat never harlot cum yow neir ;  
 That wald yow leid to leicherie,  
 In houp to get thairfoir sum geir.

My counsell I give generallie  
 To all wemen, quhat ever thay be ;  
 This lessoun for to quin per queir ;  
 Syne keip it weill continuallie,  
 Better nor onye worldlie geir.

Leif, burges men, or all be loist,  
 On your wyfis to mak sic cost.  
 Quhilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.  
 Scho that may not want wyne and roist,  
 Is abill for to waist sum geir.

Betwene thame, and nobils of blude,  
 Na difference bot ane velvous huid !  
 Thair camroche curcheis ar als deir ;  
 Thair uther claythis ar als guid ;  
 And thai als costlie in uther geir.

Bot, wald grit ladyis tak gud heid  
 To thair honour, and find remeid ;  
 Thai suld thole na sic wyfis to weir,  
 Lyk lordis wyfis, lady's weid,  
 As dames of honour in thair geir.

I speik for na despyt trewlie,  
 (Myself am not of faultis frie,)  
 Bot that ye sould not perseveir  
 Into sic folische vanitie,  
 For na newfangilnes of geir.

Of burges' wyfis thoch I speik plaine,  
 Sum landwart ladyis ar als vain,  
 As be thair clething may appeir ;  
 Werand gayer, nor thame may gain ;  
 On our vaine claythis waistand geir.

The foregoing two very curious Poems, are the work of Sir Richard Maitland, who was born in 1496, was educated at St. Andrews, went to France to study law, and on his return became a favourite of James V. Before his sixty-fifth year, it appears he had lost his sight. He was notwithstanding made a Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Lethington, 12th November, 1561, and on the 20th of December, 1562, one of the council, and Lord Privy Seal ; which office he held till 1567, when he resigned it in favour of his second son John. He continued a Lord of Session till 1584, when he resigned, and died, March 20th, 1586.

He appears to have been a man of great amiability of disposition. The following very pleasant portrait of the venerable bard, was drawn by himself when he had attained his eightieth year.

Thoch that this wairld be verle strange;  
 And theves bes done my rowmis range,  
 And teynd my fald:  
 Yet wald I leif, and byde ane change;  
 Thoch I be ald.

Now me to spulie sum not speiris;  
 To tak my geir no captane calris;  
 Thai ar sa bald.  
 Wit tyme may cum, may mend my salris;  
 Thoch I be ald.

Sum now, be force of men of weir,  
 My hous, my landis, and my geir,  
 Fra me thai hald,  
 Wit, as I may, sali mak gud cheir;  
 Thoch I be ald.

So weil is kend my innocence,  
 That I will not, for name offence,  
 Flyte lyk ane skald:  
 Bot thank God, and tak patience;  
 For I am ald.

For eild, and my infirmitie,  
 Warne clayths ar bettir far, for me  
 To keip fra cald;  
 Nor in dame Venus' chamber be;  
 Now being ald.

Of Venus' play past is the heit;  
 For I may not the mistirs beit  
 Of Meg, nor Mald.  
 For ane young iss I am not melt;  
 I am sa ald.

The fairest wenche in all this toun,  
 Thoch I hir had in hir best goun,  
 Rycht bravlie braid;  
 With hir I micht not play the loun;  
 I am sa ald.

My wyf sumtyme wald talis trow,  
 And mony leisings weil allow,  
 Ywar of me tald:  
 Scho will not eyndill on me now;  
 And I sa ald.

My hors, my harnes, and my speir;  
 And all uther, my holising geir,  
 Now may be said.  
 I am not abill for the weir;  
 I am sa ald.



WILL AND JEAN



W. H. Dallison Sculp.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure;  
Jean the hale day span and sang;  
Will and Jean's her constant treasure;  
Blest wi' them nae day seemd lang.

Published by Kull, Blackie & Co., Glasgow, and A. Fullerton & Co., Edinburgh.

Other wunner-wan comis fra the gates,  
(Playand at the fute-ball had bene)  
With brodin spald;  
I thank my God, I want my one;  
And am sa ald.

Thoch I be swair to ryd or gang;  
Thair is sumthing, I've wantit lang,  
Fane have I wald—  
Thame punysit that did me wrang;  
Thoch I be ald.

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## SCOTLAND'S SKAITH; OR THE HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.

### PART FIRST.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace,  
Wha in neighbouring town or farm?  
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle?  
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?  
Hap what would, he stood a castle,  
Or for safety, or for war:

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',  
With the bauld he bauld could be;  
But to friends wha had their handfu',  
Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?—  
Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
But were ony half sae fair?

Soft her smile raise like May morning,  
 Glinting o'er Demait's \* brow :  
 Sweet ! wi' opening charms adorning  
 Strevlin's lovely plains below !

Kind and gentle was her nature;  
 At ilk place she bore the bell ;—  
 Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature !  
 But her look nae tongue can tell !

Such was Jean, whan Will first mawing,  
 Spied her on a thraward beast ;  
 Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing  
 Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bore her, pale as ashes,  
 Cross the meadow, fragrant, green !  
 Placed her on the new-mawn rashes,  
 Watching sad her opening een.

Such was Will, whan poor Jean fainting  
 Drapt into a lover's arms ;  
 Wakened to his saft lamenting ;  
 Sighed, and blushed a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd, and soon were buckled ;  
 Nane took time to think and rue.—  
 Youth and worth and beauty cuppled ;  
 Love had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,  
 Jean and Will thought them but ane ;  
 Ilka day brought joy and plenty,  
 Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure ;  
 Jean, the hale day, spun and sang ;  
 Will and weans, her constant treasure,  
 Blest with them, nae day seemed lang ;

\* One of the Ochil hills, near Stirling. Dum-ma-chit, (Gaelic), the hill of the good prospect. It is pronounced Demyit.

Trig her house, and oh ! to busk aye  
 Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!—  
 But at this time News and Whisky  
 Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour when Willie,  
 Hame returning frae the fair,  
 O'er-took Tam, a neighbour billie,  
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair;

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;  
 Calmly smil'd the sober e'en;  
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry  
 Skelping bare-foot o'er the green;

Labour rang with laugh and clatter,  
 Canty hairst was just begun,  
 And on mountain, tree, and water,  
 Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, with hearts a' lowping,  
 Marked the hale, but could nae bide;  
 Far frae hame, nae time for stopping;  
 Baith wished for their ain fire-side:

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,  
 Cracking o'er the news in town;  
 The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youthy  
 Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens  
 To poor merit's modest prayer,  
 And on fools heaps needless blessins,  
 Harkened to our drowthy pair.

In a howm, whase bonnie burnie  
 Whimperin rowed its crystal flood,  
 Near the road, whar trav'llers turn aye,  
 Neat and bield a cot-house stood;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,  
 Window-broads just painted red ;  
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,  
 Haffins seen and haffins hid ;

Up the gavel-end thick spreading  
 Crap the clasping ivy green,  
 Back owre, firs the high craigs cleading,  
 Rais'd a' round a cozy screen ;

Down below, a flowery meadow  
 Join'd the burnie's rambling line ;—  
 Here it was, that Howe, the widow,  
 This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its  
 Bottom, Will first mary'ling sees  
 " *Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,*"  
 Painted bright between twa trees.

" Godsake ! Tam, here's walth for drinking ;—  
 Wha can this new-comer be ?"  
 " Hoot," quo' Tam, " there's drouth in thinking—  
 Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Nae mair time they took to speak or  
 Think of ought but reaming jugs ;  
 Till three times in humming liquor  
 Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slockened now, refreshed and talking,  
 In cam Meg (weel skilled to please)  
 " Sirs ! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking ;—  
 Ye maun taste my bread and cheese."

" Thanks," quo' Will ;—“ I canna tarry,  
 Pick-mirk night is setting in,  
 Jean, poor thing's ! her lane and eery—  
 I maun to the road and rin.”

“ Hoot !” quo’ Tam, “ what’s a’ the hurry?  
 Hame’s now scarce a mile o’ gate—  
 Come ! sit down—Jean winna wearie:  
 Lord ! I’m sure it’s no sae late !

Will, o’ercome wi’ Tam’s oration,  
 Baith fell to, and ate their fill—  
 “ Tam !” quo’ Will, “ in mere discretion  
 We maun hae the widow’s gill.”

After ae gill cam anither—  
 Meg sat cracking ’tween them twa,  
 Bang ! cam in Mat Smith and’s brither,  
 Geordie Brown and Sandie Shaw.

Neighbours wha ne’er thought to meet here,  
 Now sat down wi’ double glee,  
 Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter!—  
 Will gat hame ’tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing ! had lang been greetin’;  
 Will, next morning, blamed Tam Lowes,  
 But ere lang, a weekly meetin’  
 Was set up at Maggie Howe’s.



### PART SECOND.

MAIST things hae a sma’ beginning,  
 But wha kens how things will end?  
 Weekly clubs are nae great sinning,  
 If souk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o’ sober thinking  
 E’er will say that things can thrive,  
 If there’s spent on weekly drinking,  
 What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,  
 Ilka social soul allows;  
 But, in this reforming nation,  
 Wha can speak without the News?

News, first meant for state physicians,  
 Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs;  
 Now, when a' are politicians,  
 Just to set fousk by the lugs.—

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light  
 On some things that should be clear,  
 Found ere lang the fault, and ae night  
 Clubbed and got the Gazetteer.\*

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,  
 Swith! by post the papers fled!  
 Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,  
 Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—  
 “Things are no ga'en right,” quo' Tam;  
 “Let us aftener meet thegither;  
 Twice a week's no worth a d—n.”

See them now in grave Convention,  
 To mak a' things “square and even;”  
 Or at least wi' firm intention,  
 To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinking,  
 Gathering a' the news that fell;  
 Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,  
 Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison  
 Bare ilk firm resolve awa';  
 On the ither, Jean's condition  
 Rave his very heart in twa.

\* The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent opposition paper, published in 1793-4.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow!  
 Weel he saw her bleaching check!  
 Marked the smile she strave to borrow,  
 When, poor thing, she could nae speak!

Jean, at first, took little heed o'  
 Weekly clubs 'mang three or four,  
 Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'  
 Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings  
 Sat and drank frae sax till twa;  
 Whan she found that hard-earned gettings  
 Now on drink ware thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie  
 Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,  
 Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye  
 To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,  
 Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee;  
 And o' love and hame grown wearit,  
 Nightly frae his family flee;—

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?  
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek?  
 Or the tears that now ilk e'enig  
 Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek!—

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered,  
 (Aye ashamed o' past disgrace)  
 Marked the roses as they withered  
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face!

Marked,—and felt wi' inward racking  
 A' the wyte lay on himself,—  
 Swore next night he'd mak a breaking,—  
 D——d the club and News to hell!

But, alas ! whan habit's rooted,  
 Few hae pith the root to pu' ;  
 Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,  
 Promised aye, but aye got fou ;

Aye at first at the convening,  
 Moralized on what was right,—  
 Yet o'er clavers entertaining  
 Dozed and drank till brade day-light.

Things at length draw near an ending ;  
 Cash runs out ; Jean, quite unhappy,  
 Sees that Will is now past mending,  
 Tynes a' heart, and taks a—drappy !

Ilka drink deserves a posy,  
 Port maks men rude, claret civil ;  
 Beer maks Britons stout and rosy,  
 Whisky maks ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bore affliction  
 Wi' sae meek and mild an air,  
 Schooled by whisky, learns new tricks soon,  
 Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,  
 Fond of ilk dear daunted wear !  
 Now, heart-hardened a'thegither,  
 Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye  
 In her hame-spun, thrifty wark ;  
 Now sells a' her braws for whisky,  
 To her last gown, coat, and sark !

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,  
 Loudly sings in whisky's praise ;  
 Sweet his sang !—the mair's the pity  
 E'er on it he wared sic lays.

Of a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,  
 Whisky's ill will scaith her maist !

“ Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace !  
 Wha in neighbouring town or farm ?  
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
 Deadly strength was in his arm !

“ Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
 Wha wi' Jeanie could compare ?  
 Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
 But were ony half sae fair ?”

See them now—how changed wi' drinking !  
 A' their youthfu' beauty gane !—  
 Davered, doited, daized and blinking,  
 Worn to perfect skin and bane !

In the cauld month o' November,  
 (Claise, and cash, and credit out)  
 Cowring o'er a dying ember,  
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout.

Bond and bill, and debts a' stopped,  
 Ilka sheaf selt on the bent ;  
 Cattle, beds, and blankets roup'd  
 Now to pay the laird his rent ;

No anither night to lodge here !  
 No a friend their cause to plead !  
 He ta'en on to be a sodger,  
 She, wi' weans, to beg her bread !

“ Of a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,  
 Whisky's ill will scaith her maist !”

Perhaps few productions either in prose or verse, have been more popular than the History of Will and Jean. It has gone through innumerable editions, and, while by delicacy and taste it charms readers of the most cultivated understanding, such is its easy and natural simplicity, that it is found perfectly level to the meanest capacity.

At the same time, like almost every other work which has all at once risen into more than ordinary popularity, it would be vain to deny that it owed much to circumstances, and has perhaps been rated rather higher than its real merits will warrant. From a mistaken view of the lower orders of society, too its effects have been prodigiously over-rated. The unhappy effects of improper and immoral conduct upon domestic felicity, are certainly therein depicted with great strength of colouring; but wherever these evil habits have taken root, the axiom of the poet may generally be depended upon, " Few hae pith the root to pu' ;" and amidst all the happy effects ascribed to the Poem, I believe it will be somewhat difficult to aduce one instance of real reformation produced by it. Its influence will, it is to be hoped, always be considerable in strengthening and confirming virtuous habits where they are formed or forming, and this to be sure is much; but that revolution of the good sense of the public, which, in the course of twelve months, overwhelmed in irretrievable disgrace, the disciples of Tom Paine, Flache Palmer, &c. together with the frantic admirers of Captain Johnstone, and the Edinburgh *Gazetteer*, was with a laughable degree of credulity, ascribed to the sale of some fifteen thousand copies of Will and Jean. This idea, however, so flattering to his vanity, seems to have been believed by the poet himself, and, probably, induced him to publish the upshot o' Will and Jean, which, though not without marks of that happy conception, which in Scottish composition generally distinguished the author, completely destroyed the unity of the Poem, and in a great measure, annihilated its moral effect. The productions of the author, Hector Macneil, who died at Edinburgh, March 15th, 1818, are various both in prose and verse. Will and Jean, however, with his Scottish Songs, which are admirable, are probably all of his writings that will be inquired after by posterity.

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### WATTY AND MEG; OR THE WIFE REFORMED.

KEEN the frosty winds were blawin',  
 Deep the sna' had wreath'd the ploughs,  
 Watty, weary't a' day sawin'  
 Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dyester Jock was sitting cracky,  
 Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,  
 " Come awa'," quo' Johnny, " Watty !  
 " Haith we'sc ha'e anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,  
 And sae mony neibours roun',  
 Kicket frae his shoon the snaw-ba's,  
 Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a broad, wi' bannocks heapet,  
 Cheese, an' stoups, and glasses stood;  
 Some war roarin', ithers sleepit,  
 Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was sellin' Pate some tallow,  
 A' the rest a racket hel',  
 A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow !  
 Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill't him up a toothfu',  
 Drank his health and Meg's in ane;  
 Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',  
 Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

" What's the matter, Watty, wi' you ?  
 " Trouth your chafts are fa'in in !  
 " Something's wrang—I'm vext to see you—  
 " Gudesake ! but ye're desp'rate thin !

" Ay," quo' Watty, " things are alter't,  
 " But it's past redemption now,  
 " L—d ! I wish I had been halter'd  
 " When I marry'd Maggy Howe !

" I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,  
 " Try't wi' troubles no that sma';  
 " Them I bore—but marrying Maggy  
 " Laid the cape-stane o' them a'.

" Night and day she's ever yelpin',  
 " Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree,  
 " When she's tir'd wi' perfect skelpin',  
 " Then she flees like fire on me.

“ See ye, Mungo ! when she’ll clash on  
 “ Wi’ her everlasting clack,  
 “ Whyles I’ve had my neive, in passion,  
 “ Liftet up to break her back !”

“ O, for gudesake, keep frae cuffets !”  
 Mungo shook his head and said,  
 “ Weel I ken what sort o’ life it’s ;  
 “ Ken ye, Watty, how I did ?

“ After Bess and I war kippl’t,  
 “ Soon she grew like ony bear,  
 “ Brak’ my shins, and, when I tippl’t,  
 “ Harl’t out my very hair !

“ For a wee I quietly knuckl’t  
 “ But whan naething would prevail,  
 “ Up my claes and cash I buckl’t,  
 “ Bess ! for ever fare ye weel.

“ Then her din grew less and less aye,  
 “ Haith I gart her change her tune ;  
 “ Now a better wife than Bessy  
 “ Never stept in leather shoon.

“ Try this, Watty.—Whan ye see her  
 “ Raging like a roaring flood,  
 “ Swear that moment that ye’ll lea’ her ;  
 “ That’s the way to keep her gude.”

Laughing, sangs, and lasses’ skirls,  
 Echo’d now out thro’ the roof,  
 Done ! quo’ Pate, and syne his erts  
 Nail’t the Dyester’s wauket loof.

I’ the thrang o’ stories telling,  
 Shaking hauns, and ither chear,  
 Swith ! a chap comes on the hallan,  
 “ Mungo ! is our Watty here ?”

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and harrer,  
 Dartet thro' him like a knife,  
 Up the door flew—like a fury  
 In came Wattie's scawlin' wife.

“ Nasty, gude-for-naething being !  
 “ O ye snuffy, drucken sow !  
 “ Bringan wife and weans to ruin,  
 “ Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew !

“ Devil nor your legs war broken !  
 “ Sic a life nae flesh endures—  
 “ Toilan like a slave, to sloken,  
 “ You, ye dyvor, and your 'hores !

“ Rise ! ye drucken beast o' Bethel !  
 “ Drink's your night and day's desire :  
 “ Rise this precious hour ! or faith I'll  
 “ Fling your whisky i' the fire !”

Watty heard her tongue unhallowt,  
 Pay't his groat wi' little din,  
 Left the house, while Maggy fallowt,  
 Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door-cam' lampin',  
 Maggy curst them ane and a',  
 Clappit wi' her hauns, and stampin',  
 Lost her bauchies i' the sna'.

Hame, at length, she turn'd the gavel,  
 Wi' a face as white's a clout,  
 Ragin' like a very devil,  
 Kickin' stools and chairs about.

“ Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you,  
 “ Hang you, Sir, I'll be your death,  
 “ Little haunds my hauns, confound you,  
 “ But I cleave you to the teeth.”

Watty, wha midst this oration  
 Ey'd her whyles, but durstna' speak,  
 Sat like patient Resignation  
 Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,  
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,  
 Quietly to his bed he sippet,  
 Sighin' af'en to himself.

“ Nane are free frae some vexation,  
 “ Ilk ane has his ills to dree;  
 “ But thro' a' the hale creation  
 “ Is a mortal vexed like me.”

A' night lang he rowt and gauntlet,  
 Sleep or rest he coudna' tak;  
 Maggy, aft wi' horror hauntet,  
 Mum'lan, startet at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,  
 Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,  
 Kist his weanies while they sleepet,  
 Waukent Meg, and sought fareweel.

‘ Fareweel, Meg. And, oh may Heav'n  
 ‘ Keep you aye within his care:  
 ‘ Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',  
 ‘ Now he'll never fash you mair.

‘ Happy could I been beside you,  
 ‘ Happy baith at morn and e'en:  
 ‘ A' the ills did e'er betide you,  
 ‘ Watty aye turn't out your frien'.

‘ But ye ever like to see me  
 ‘ Vext and sighan, late and air.  
 ‘ Fareweel, Meg ! I've sworn to lea' thee,  
 ‘ So thou'll never see me mair.’

Meg, a' sabban, sae to lose him,  
 Sic a change had never wist,  
 Held his haun close to her bosom,  
 While her heart was like to burst.

' O my Watty, will ye lea' me,  
 ' Frien'less, helpless, to despair,  
 ' O for this ae time forgi'e me :  
 ' Never will I vex you mair.'

' Ay, ye've aft said that, and broken  
 ' A' your vows ten times a-week.  
 ' No, no, Meg ! See—there's a token,  
 ' Glittering on my bonnet cheek.

' Owre the seas I march this morning,  
 ' Listet, testet, sworn an a',  
 ' Forc'd by your confounded girning ;  
 ' Fareweel, Meg, for I'm awa'.

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour,  
 Gusht afresh, and louder grew,  
 While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaummer,  
 Round their sabban mither flew.

' Thro' the yirth I'll waunner wi' you—  
 ' Stay, O Watty ! stay at hame.  
 ' Here, upon my knees, I'll gie you  
 ' Ony vow ye like to name.

' See your poor young lammies pleadin',  
 ' Will ye gang and break our heart ?  
 ' No a house to put our head in,  
 ' No a frien' to tak' our part.'

Ilka word came like a bullet;  
 Watty's heart begoud to shake;  
 On a kist he laid his wallet,  
 Dightit baith his een and spake.

“ If ance mair I could by writing,  
 “ Lea’ the sogers and stay still,  
 “ Wad you swear to drap your fyting ? ”  
 “ Yes, O Watty, yes I will.”

“ Then” quo’ Watty, “ mind, be honest :  
 “ Aye to keep your temper strive ;  
 “ Gin ye break this dreadfu’ promise,  
 “ Never mair expect to thrive.

“ Marget Howe ! this hour ye solemn  
 “ Swear by every thing that’s gude,  
 “ Ne’er again your spouse to scal’ him,  
 “ While life warms your heart and blood.

“ That ye’ll ne’er in Mungo’s seek me,—  
 “ Ne’er put drucken to my name—  
 “ Never out at e’ening steek me,—  
 “ Never gloom when I come hame.

“ That ye’ll ne’er, like Bessy Miller,  
 “ Kick my shins, or rug my hair—  
 “ Lastly, I’m to keep the siller.  
 “ This upo’ your saul ye swear ? ”

“ O—h ! ” quo’ Meg, “ Aweel,” quo’ Watty,  
 “ Fareweel ! faith I’ll try the seas.”  
 “ O stan’ still,” quo’ Meg, and grat aye ;  
 “ Ony, ony way ye please.”

Maggy syne, because he prest her,  
 Swore to a’ thing owr again :  
 Watty lap, and danc’t, and kist her ;  
 Wow ! but he was won’rous fain.

Down he threw his staff victorious ;  
 Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon ;  
 Syne below the blankets, glorious,  
 Held anither Hinney-Moon.

The foregoing admirable Ballad, is the work of the late Alexander Wilson, a native of Paisley, and the celebrated author of American Ornithology, perhaps the most splendid and valuable work that ever issued from the American press. He is likewise author of a volume of Poems, written, partly during his peregrinations through his native country, in the vocation of a pedlar or travelling merchant, and partly after he had settled in America, where he died, in 1813, aged 48 years. He appears to have been a most accurate observer of Nature, and his descriptions have an almost unrivalled fidelity; but they are, for the most part, taken from low life, and pretty generally coarse and vulgar. This, in all probability, was the effect of his circumstances; for though a pedlar's life may afford very ample and very suitable materials for poetry, as it certainly does, if any credit be due to the author of The Excursion, it is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more unsuitable for a poet. I do not allude merely to the circumstance of pedlars being only a sort of privileged beggars, for the poets have, or would gladly have been so, at least since the days of Homer. The poet, however, has the power of chusing his time to make the attack, and generally contrives to do it so as to secure at least a civil denial; while the poor pedlar, plodding from house to house, as accident leads or chance directs, frequently has the misfortune to break in upon family privacy, at the worst time imaginable. Perhaps the door has just been closed to keep in a yet *unweaned* kitten, which, as he attempts to enter, makes its escape with the lightning's speed, through between his legs. Perhaps the young laird has just been laid up in his cradle for his forenoon nap, and the gudewife is busy preparing her kail pot, when the noisy salutation, which colley has been taught to consider it his duty to bestow on pedlars and beggars without distinction, breaks the bairn's sleep and the mother's temper at the same time—perhaps she has forgot the barring o' the door, and has just sat down to her nice tiddly bit twal-hours' bite, whilst nae mortal, it was hoped, wad either see or hear o', when his rude hand upon the sneck, makes her jump at once out of a week's growth, and lose the best part of her dainty, by gulping it at the hazard of her life, or throwing it into the ashpit to escape detection; in any of which cases, he is, for the most part, sure of a welcome, such as nothing but a head of lead, or a heart of stone, could, for any length of time, bear up under. That poor Wilson felt keenly the disadvantages of his situation, we have in more instances than one his own direct testimony.

It fires, it boiks my vera blude,  
And sweats me at ilk pore,  
To think how aft I'm putten wud,  
When drawin' near a door.  
Out springs the mastiff, through the mud,  
With fell Cerberian roar,  
And growling, as he really would  
Me instantly devour  
Alive that day.

" Ye're come frae Glasco', lad, I true;"  
(The pert Gudewife presumes;)  
Ye'll be a Malefactor too,  
Ye'll haes your horse and grooms.  
What de'il brings siccan chaps as you,  
To lea' your wabs and looms?  
Wi' Beggars, Packmen, and sic crew,  
Our door it never tooms  
The five-lang day."

That he was, at the same time, very laudably employed in bringing his feelings into unison with his circumstances, the following lines addressed to a Brither pedlar, to which many like passages might be added, will demonstrate,

Lang may thou, aye right snug an' dry,  
 Frae Barns be kept aback,  
 Whare Tinklen Wives, an' Beggars ly,  
 An' rain seeps through the thack.  
 Aft may some canty kintra wife,  
 Whan hunger wrings thy painches,  
 Draw through her cheese the muckle knife,  
 An' stap thy pouch wi' lunches  
 O' scone, that day.

Unfortunately for his personal comfort, but fortunately for his fame, he seems not to have succeeded. Disappointment followed upon disappointment, which drove him at last to seek shelter in the New World, where, though fortune did not flow upon him, he yet found a pursuit which had sufficient attractions to ensure his unremitting attention, and fully to develop all the qualities of his mighty mind. His Ornithology has secured him a place among the first order of Naturalists, and, while the language in which it is written endures, Watty and Meg will secure him a station beside the first of Scottish Poets.

Notwithstanding the ardour of his studies, after he went to America, he still continued to make poetry an occasional amusement, and several of his pieces, were, from time to time, given to the public. Of these the reader is presented with the following as a specimen.

#### THE AMERICAN BLUE BIRD.

" When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,  
 Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields reappearing,  
 The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,  
 And cloud-cleaving geese to the Lakes are asteerin' ;  
 When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,  
 When red grow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,  
 O then comes the Blue-bird, the Herald of Spring,  
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring ;  
 Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather ;  
 The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,  
 And spicewood and sassafras budding together ;  
 O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair !  
 Your walks border up ; sow and plant at your leisure ;  
 The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,  
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits thro' the orchard, he visits each tree,  
 The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms ;  
 He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,  
 And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms ;  
 He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours ;  
 The worms from their webs where they riot and welter ;  
 His Song and his Services freely are ours,  
 And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleas'd when he gleans in his train,  
Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him ;  
The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,  
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him ;  
The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chide,  
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em  
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,  
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,  
And Autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,  
And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,  
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow ;  
The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,  
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,  
Till forc'd by the horrors of winter to roam,  
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,  
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,  
Or love's native music have influence to charm,  
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,  
Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be ;  
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure ;  
For, thro' bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,  
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure !<sup>15</sup>



## ISABEL.—ORIGINAL.

As thus we wander, hand in hand,  
Along the pebble-cover'd strand ;  
O how, my dear, should we improve,  
The swiftly flying hour of love.  
'Twas by the altar's sacred rays,  
I first beheld thy beauty's blaze ;  
Upon that brow of light they fell—  
I mark'd, and lov'd thee Isabel.  
Timid as doe, thy gentle eye  
Was meekly rais'd in ecstacy,  
And from thy peerless bosom rose,  
The sigh that pled for souls' repose—  
I heard the smother'd strain ascend,  
I saw thee lowly,—earnest bend ;  
And ever since, believe me, maid,  
Have thought and fancy with thee stay'd.  
O while the night around me lowers,  
While morning's balm each sense o'erpowers,

While the rude tempest sweeps the plain,  
 Or calmness sits upon the main :  
 Still will this heart so proudly fond  
 Be seal'd by nature's purest bond,  
 And its warm blood to linger never,  
 In passion's stream, flow, ever—ever—  
 Then maiden if this tongue hath err'd,  
 And I have told and you have heard  
 What nor to hear nor tell was right,  
 (As you must know so erudite :)  
 O pardon maiden, ne'er again  
 Will be indulged so fond a strain—  
 For if by sight we may not guess,  
 The tongue should ne'er love's hope express.—  
 Gone be your fears, my fair one said,—  
 I am no unobserving maid,  
 For you have told what I did know,  
 Inform'd by sight, long—long ago.

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### BALLAD.

For the pleasure afforded by this and the following very beautiful little pieces, my readers are indebted to Mr. A. Laing, a gentleman with whom many of them, I doubt not, are already familiar, from his various and excellent Songs inserted in *The Harp of Caledonia*.

Tho' dowie's the winter, sae gloomie an' drear,  
 O! happy we've been thro' the dead o' the year;  
 An' blithe to sic beild as the bare rowan gave;  
 O! mony a night hae we stowen frae the lave.

Now the spring-time has tane the lang e'enin's awa',  
 We maunna be seen, an' less aften I'll ca';  
 But May-day is comin', our weddin' an' a',  
 Sae wearie na, lassie, tho' I bide awa'.

Our gigglet young hizzies are sairlie mistane;  
 They ken at the Place wi' his honour I've been,  
 An' tane the plough-haudin' o' bonnie Broonlee,  
 But they ken na wha's comin' to baud it wi' me.

They ken i' the e'emin's I'm aften frae hame;  
 They say wi' a lass, as I leuk na to them;  
 They jamph an' they jeer, an' they banter at me,  
 An' twenty they've guess'd o', but never guess'd thee.

I'll sing the hale day, whan your cottage I'm near;  
 I'll whistle whan plewin', as far's you can hear;  
 An' ay whan I see you, gin nae bodie see,  
 I'll blink to my lassie—my lassie to me.

An' sae till that time, baith at kirk an' at fair,  
 In taiken o' *true-love*, dear lassie ye'll wear  
 The green streamin' rockley, my fairin' to thee,—  
 An' I the white overlay ye giftit to me.

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### JEAN OF ABERDEEN.

Ye've seen the blooming rosy brier,  
 On stately Dee's wild woody knowes;  
 Ye've seen the opening lily fair,  
 In streamy Don's gay broomy howes;  
 An' ilka bonnie flower that grows  
 Amang their banks an' braes, sae green—  
 These borrow a' their finest hues  
 Frae lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

Ye've seen the dew-ey'd bloomy haw,  
 When morning gilds the welkin high;  
 Ye've heard the breeze o' simmer blaw,  
 When e'enig steals alang the sky;  
 But brighter far is Jeanie's eye,  
 When we're amang the braes alane—  
 An' softer is the bosom-sigh  
 Of lovely Jean of Aberdeen,  
 Tho' I had a' the vallies gay,  
 Around the airy Bennachie;  
 An' a' the fleecy flocks that stray,  
 Amang the lofty hills o' Dee;

While mem'ry lifts her melting e'e,  
 An' hope unfolds her fairy scene,  
 My heart, wi' them, I'd freely gie  
 To lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

~~~~~

ADAM GLEN.*

PAUKIE Adam Glen,
 Piper o' the clachan,
 Whan he stoitet ben
 Sairly was he pechan;
 Spak a wee, but tint his win';
 Hurklet down, an' hostit syn;—
 Blew his beik, an' dightit's een;
 An' whaисled a' forfoughen.

But his coughin dune,
 Cheerie kyth'd the bodie—
 Crackit like a gun,
 An' leugh to auntie Madie;
 Cried "my callans name a spring,
 ' Jinglan John' or ony thing,—
 For weel I'd like to see the fling
 O' ilka lass and laddie."

Blyth the dancers flew;
 Usquabae was plenty;
 Blyth the piper grew,
 Tho' shakin' hands wi' ninety;

* Adam Glen, was long a favourite in every farmer's ha', village, and fair, in the west of Angus-shire. He was an excellent performer on the bagpipe, a faithful reciter of our ancient Ballads, and every way an eccentric character. In the memorable year of Mar's rebellion, he joined the battalion of his county on its march to Sheriffmuir; and—

" When Angus and Fifemen
 Ran for their life, man,"

he remained behind winding his warlike instrument in the front and fire of the enemy,—and fell on the field of battle, November the 13th, 1715, in the ninetieth year of his age. A few months prior to his death, he espoused his eighth wife, a maiden lady of forty-five, on which circumstance the Ballad is founded. When rallied on the number of his wives, he replied, in his own peculiar way, " A' kist comin' in is writh twa gawn out."

Seven times his bridal vow,
 Ruthless fate had broken thro':
 Wha wad thocht his comin' now
 Was for our maiden auntie.

She had ne'er been sought,—
 Cheerie hope was fadin';
 Dowie is the thocht
 To live an' dee a maiden.
 How it comes we dinna ken,
 Wanters ay maun wait their ain;
 Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
 An' sune we'll hae a weddin'.



THE CANNY COURTSHIP.

Come down to the wooin' dear laddie,
 Come down to the wooin' at e'en;
 An' gin ye can win my auld daddie!
 We'se sune make a bridal I ween!
 'Tis true we hae baith a beginnin',
 Tho' nane o' his sillar we see;
 But the guidwill is ay worth the winnin',
 Whan there's mair na guidwishes to gie.

Ye'll leave a' your luve-tales ahint ye,
 This night a new leman is thine!
 'Tis nae the feul lassie o' twenty!
 'Tis wylie threescore an' fyfteen—:
 Ye'll crack awa doucely an' canny,
 O' markets, o' farmin', an' flocks,
 Ye'll ruse up the days o' your granny!
 Auld fashions an' auld fashion'd fouks!
 An' whan ye maun wiss him guid-e'emin',
 I winna be far out o' view,
 I'll come frae my dairy or spinnin',
 An' gang out the loanin' wi' you!

An' gin the auld bodie's nae gloomin',
 Gin nane o' his tauntin' he flings;
 Niest Friday ye'll ca' i' the gloomin',
 An' overly speik about things!—
 But gin you see stormie leuks brewin',
 Ye'll on i' the auldfarran' strain,—
 An' we'll tak anither week's wooin'!
 Syne cannily try him again!
 I've heard my ain mither declarin',
 An' wha cou'd hae kend him sae weel?—
 My father wad lead wi' a bairn,
 But wadna be ca'd for the de'il.

~~~~~  
 JAMIE.

My Jamie is the fairest lad,  
 The maids o' Logie ever saw;  
 My Jamie is a blythsome lad,  
 But wae's my heart he's gane awa'!  
 How lanely now the e'enings seem,  
 When lads around the ingle draw—  
 This flittin' time's a waefu' time!  
 A waefu' time to mony twa!  
 But cheery Hope will comfort len';  
 An' wing the lazy hours awa';  
 Till faithfu' Jamie come again,  
 When merry Yule-day gathers a';  
 An' when he wins anither fee,  
 He'll plenish out a bonnie ha'—  
 An' till the day—the day we dee,  
 He'll tak me *hame* for quid an' a'.

~~~~~  
 JOHNY ZE MAUN COM AGANE.

In the old Scottish manner.

JOHNY ze maun com agane,
 Johny ze maun com agane;
 Jeany zit wyll bee zour ayne;
 Johny ze maun com agane.

Wi manna heid hir sylene schy,
 Thewles luke and laythfu' eye,
 Qesbilk is the baschfu' maydonis way;
 Johny ze maun com agane.

Johny ze maun com agane,
 Johny ze maun com agane;
 Jeany zit wyll bee zour ayne,
 Johny quhan zou com agane.

Ile ruise zou wiel and speik zou faire,
 Hecht hir geir and mekle maire,
 And sa the maydon wi wyll weer,
 Johny quhan zou com agane.

Johny ze maun com agane,
 Johny ze maun com agane;
 Jeany scho wyll bee zour ayne,
 Johny quhan zou com agane.

A mytheris feiris dois eith begyn—
 Freikis and fuleis ar flokkin yn;
 Busch ze bra and Jeany wyn,
 Johny quhan ze com agane.

Johny ze maun com agane,
 Johny ze maun com agane;
 Jeany wyll bee a' zour ayne,
 Johny quhan zou com agane.

A nakkit luve richt sune growis cauld—
 Bot quhan bein yn byre and fauld,
 Wi grow yn luve als wi grow auld—
 Johny ze maun com agane.

THE HILLS OF THE DEE.

Tho' fair are the maids in the vale of Strathmore,
 And sweetly the wild woodland melodies pour;
 Tho' flowery the meadow, and fragrant the grove,
 And fondly they whisper—Oh! tarry and love—
 The love they would own they will never obtain;
 I'll bid them farewell e'er the summer again—
 And then my dear Ellen, I'm coming to thee,
 To wander no more from the hills of the Dee.

O bright is the landscape in memory's eye,
 The valley so deep, and the mountain so high ;
 The wild heath, the hazel, the birch, and the pine,
 The hill-born stream, and the rocky ravine—
 Where my hopes and affections with Ellen are stay'd,
 Where in mutual endearment we often have stray'd ;
 From the first beam of day on the eastern sea ;
 To its last setting ray on the hills of the Dee.

THE BRAES OF MAR.

THE standard on the braes o' Mar,
 Is up, and streaming rarely ;
 The gathering pipe on Loch-ny-gar,
 Is sounding lang and sairly :
 The highland men
 Frae hill and glen,
 In martial hue,
 With bonnets blue,
 With belted plaids,
 And burnish'd blades—
 Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble Chief, *a*
 The Drummond, *b* and Glengary, *c*
 Macgregor, *d* Murray, *e* Rollo, *f* Keith, *g*
 Panmure *h* and gallant Harry : *i*

a Erskine, earl of Mar, commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's army "a nobleman of great spirit, honour and abilities." He proclaims James the eighth, and raised his standard at Castletoun of Brae-Mar, September 6th, 1715. He died in France, 1732.

b Drummond, marquis of Drummond, lieutenant-general of James army, died in France about 1717.

c Macdonald of Glengary, "a brave and spirited chief"—attainted.

d Macgregor.—Rob Roy Macgregor,—brother to the laird of Macgregor and hero of the celebrated novel which bears his name.

e Murray, marquis of Tullibardine: died in the Tower of London, 1715.

f Rollo, lord Rollo, "a man of singular merit and great integrity," died in 1758.

g Keith, earl marischal of Scotland: died in Switzerland, 1771.

h Maule, earl of Panmure: died in Paris, 1753.

i Harry Maule, brother to the earl of Panmure, "who with every personal accomplishment, possessed great intrepidity, military skill, &c" died about 1740.

Macdonald's men,
 Clan-Ronald's *k* men,
 Mackenzie's *l* men,
 Macgillvary's *m* men,
 Strathallan's *n* men—
 The Lowlan' men
 Of Callender *o* and Airly. *p*

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa,
 We canna langer parley;
 Whan Jamie's back is at the wa',
 The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
 We'll go—we'll go
 An' meet the foe,
 An' fling the plaid,
 An' swing the blade,
 An' forward dash,
 An' hack and slash—
 An' fleg the German Carlie.

 GLEN-NA-H' ALBYN.*

ON the airy Ben-nevis
 The wind is awake;
 The boat's on the shallow,
 The ship on the lake:

John Macdonald, captain of Clan-Ranald. "He was the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans." He fell on the field of battle, November 13th, 1715.

John Mackenzie, earl of Seaforth: died 1740.

John Macgillvary: a name applied to the clans in general.

John Strathallan, viscount Strathallan: he was taken prisoner at Sheriffmuir; pardoned; joined Prince Charles Stuart; and fell in the battle of Culloden, 1746.

John Callender, Livingstoun earl of Callender and Linlithgow: attainted. John Airly, Ogilvie, eldest son of the earl of Airly: attainted, but afterwards pardoned.

Glen-na-h' Albyn, or Glen-more-na-h' Albyn, the great glen of Scotland, is a name applied to the valley which runs in a direction from north-east to south-west, the whole breadth of the kingdom, from the Firth of Inverness, to the Sound of Mull below Fort William; which is almost filled with lakes.

Ah! now, in a moment
 My country I leave!
 The next, I am far away—
 Far on the wave.
 Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Glen-na-h' Albyn;
 Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Glen-na-h' Albyn.

I was proud of the power
 And the fame of my chief,
 And to raise them was ever
 The aim of my life;
 And now in his greatness
 He turns me away,
 When my strength is decay'd,
 And my locks worn gray.
 Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Glen-na-h' Albyn;
 Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Glen-na-h' Albyn.

Farewell the gray stones
 Of my ancestors' graves;
 I go, to have mine
 Of the foam of the waves;
 Or to die unlamented
 On Canada's shore,
 Where none of my fathers
 Were gather'd before!
 Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Glen-na-h' Albyn;
 Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Glen-na-h' Albyn.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

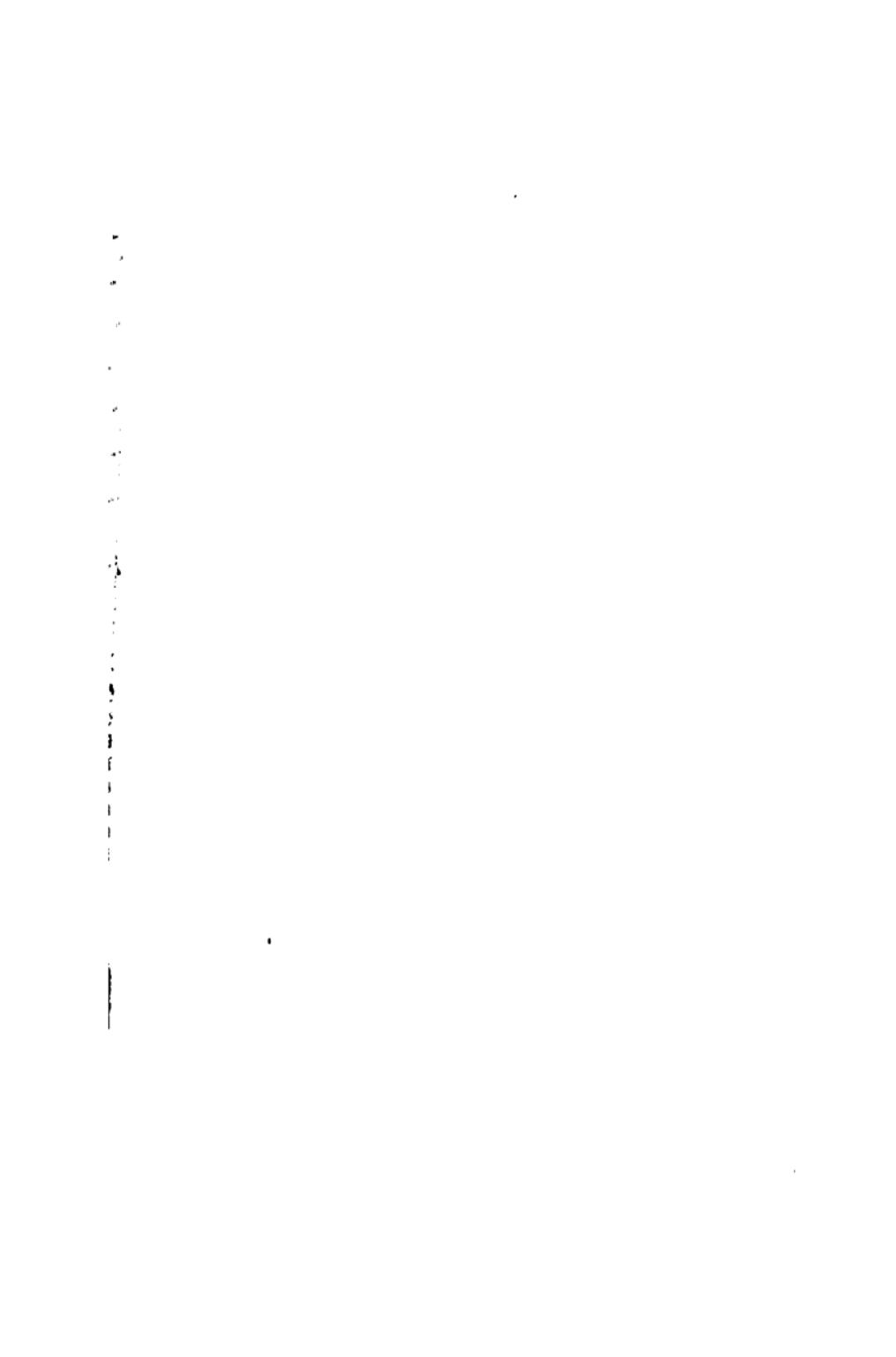
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This book should be returned

